City of Westminster.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD LENDING LIBRARY.

Only Borrowers or responsible messengers admitted to the shelves. Books will not be entrusted to messengers considered unfit to take proper care of them.

Hours. Weekdays, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., except Wednesdays (10 a.m. to 2 p.m.). Entrance barrier shut **five** minutes before closing time. Closed on Sundays and public holidays.

Fifteen days (including days of issue and return) allowed for reading this book. Fine of one half-penny per day or portion of a day if detained longer. Books cannot be exchanged on day of issue.

Renewals. Any book (except a work of fiction) may, on presentation at the Library, be re-borrowed for a further period of fifteen days, unless required by another reader. Books cannot be renewed by post.

Reserve Stock

Care of books. Books must be kept clean, and protected from wet weather. Leaves must not be turned down, nor pencil or other marks made thereon. Any damage done to books will be charged to the last borrower. Books selected should therefore be examined by borrowers and attention called to any damage before leaving the Library.

Change of residence, either of borrowers or their guarantors, must be notified immediately.

Lost tickets to be notified as soon as possible. Borrowers are responsible for any books borrowed on their tickets, which are not transferable.

Satchels or bags and, in wet weather, **umbrellas** must be left with the attendant.

Stocktaking. All books must be returned on or before the THIRD SATURDAY IN JULY OF EACH YEAR, as the Lending Library is then closed for examination of stock. In default of such return a fine of **one shilling** will be incurred.

Infectious disease. IF INFECTIOUS DISEASE SHOULD BREAK OUT IN YOUR HOUSE DO NOT RETURN THIS BOOK, BUT AT ONCE INFORM THE LIBRARIAN. PENALTY FOR INFRINGEMENT OF THIS REGULATION, OR FOR KNOWINGLY PERMITTING THE BOOK TO BE EXPOSED TO INFECTION, £5.

LONDON BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM
LIBRARY SERVICE

Author

Title

BOOK STORE

Books or discs must be returned on or before the last date stamped on label or on card in book pocket. Books or discs can be renewed by telephone, letter or personal call unless required by another reader. After library hours use the Ansafone Service (01-698 7347). For hours of opening and charges see notices at the above branch, but note that all lending departments close at 1 pm on Wednesday and all libraries are closed on Sundays, Good Friday, Christmas Day, Bank Holidays and Saturdays prior to Bank Holidays.

METROPOLITAN
SPECIAL COLLECTION

ABOUT YORKSHIRE

SOME TRAVEL BOOKS.

By MRS. MACQUOID. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.

IN THE ARDENNES. With 50 Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.
PICTURES AND LEGENDS FROM NORMANDY AND BRITTANY. With 34 Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.
THROUGH NORMANDY. With 92 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID, and a Map.
THROUGH BRITTANY. With 35 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID, and a Map.

ABOUT YORKSHIRE. With 67 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

By C. F. GORDON CUMMING. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 8s. 6d. each.

IN THE HEBRIDES. With Autotype Facsimile and 23 Illustrations.
IN THE HIMALAYAS AND ON THE INDIAN PLAINS. With 42 Illustrations.
TWO HAPPY YEARS IN CEYLON. With 28 Illustrations.

VIA CORNWALL TO EGYPT. With Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

By ALFRED RIMMER. Square 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d. each.

OUR OLD COUNTRY TOWNS. With 55 Illustrations.
RAMBLES ROUND ETON AND HARROW. With 50 Illustrations.
ABOUT ENGLAND WITH DICKENS. With 58 Illustrations by C. A. VANDERHOOF, etc.

By L. G. SEGUIN.

THE COUNTRY OF THE PASSION PLAY (OBERAMMERGAU) and the Highlands of Bavaria. With Map and 37 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
WALKS IN ALGIERS. With 2 Maps and 16 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

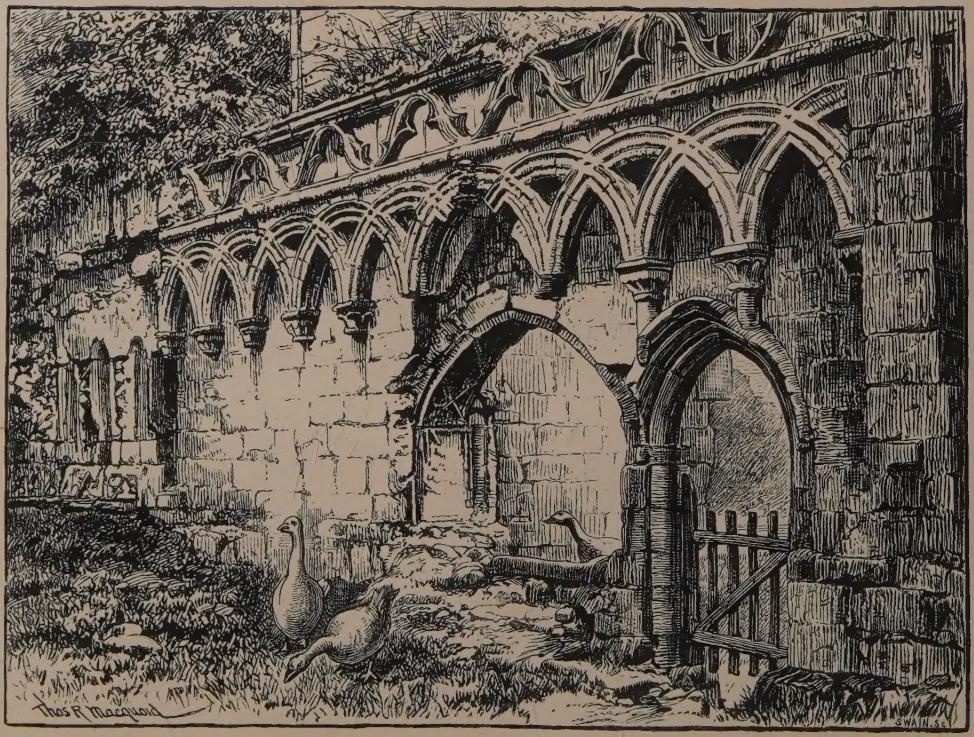
By CHARLES G. HARPER. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 16s. each.

THE BRIGHTON ROAD. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 90 Illustrations.
LONDON TO THE LAND'S END: The Record of a Summer Tramp. With 106 Illustrations.

FIVE THOUSAND MILES IN A SLEDGE: A Midwinter Journey Across Siberia. By LIONEL F. GOWING. With 30 Illustrations by C. J. UREN, and a Map by E. WELLER. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s.
WANDERINGS IN PATAGONIA; or, Life among the Ostrich-Hunters. By JULIUS BEERBOHM. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
ZEPHYRUS: A Holiday in Brazil and on the River Plate. By E. R. PEARCE EDGCUMBE. With 41 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.
TUNIS: The Land and the People. By CHEVALIER ERNST VON HESSE-WARTEGG. With 22 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS, 214 PICCADILLY, W.

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES



IN THE CHANCEL, BOLTON PRIORY.

ABOUT YORKSHIRE

CITY OF WESTMINSTER PUBLIC LIBRARIES

BY

THOMAS AND KATHARINE MACQUOID

AUTHORS OF 'IN THE ARDENNES,' ETC.

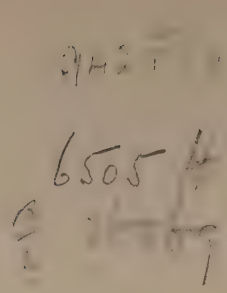
A NEW EDITION

WITH SIXTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS R. MACQUOID

London

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1894



Then came those sixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were, as antique fathers tell,
Sixe valiant Knights of one faire Nymphe yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite.

The Faerie Queene, B. iv. c. xi.

Yorke, Yorke for my monie,
Of all the cities that ever I see,
For merrie pastimes and companie,
Except the citie of London.

16th Century Song.

TO

OUR YORKSHIRE FRIENDS

FROM

THOMAS R. AND KATHARINE S. MACQUOID

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

INTRODUCTORY 1

CHAPTER II.

YORK AND SELBY 8

CHAPTER III.

ROKEBY AND DEEPDALE 39

CHAPTER IV.

WENSLEYDALE.—MIDDLEHAM, RICHMOND, AND EASBY ABBEY 76

CHAPTER V.

PAGE

WENSLEYDALE.—ASKRIGG, BOLTON CASTLE, AYSGARTH FORCE, AND HARDRAW 99

CHAPTER VI.

NIDDERDALE 123

CHAPTER VII.

WHARFEDALE.—BOLTON PRIORY, SKIPTON CASTLE, AND BEN RHYDDING 149

CHAPTER VIII.

LEEDS 178

CHAPTER IX.

RIPON AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD 213

CHAPTER X.

THE ABBEYS OF JERVAUX AND FOUNTAINS . . 236

CHAPTER XI.

PAGE

THIRSK, HELMSLEY AND RIEVAULX, NUNNINGTON, COXWOLD AND BYLAND 273

CHAPTER XII.

WHITBY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD 307

CHAPTER XIII.

ROBIN HOOD'S BAY, SAND'S END, RUNSWICK . . 333

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Drawn by Thomas R. Macquoid.

In the Chancel, Bolton Priory	*Frontispiece*
Middleham Castle	*Vignette*
	PAGE
Bootham Bar and Minster Towers	9
On the Oúse	14
Ruins of St. Mary's Abbey	16
Gateway in the Wall near Bootham Bar	28
Palace of the Stuarts	30
Micklegate, York	32
"The Shambles"	*To face page* 33
Blagrove's	40
Eglistone Abbey	*To face page* 46
"Fairy Thorsgill"	,, 51
Brignall Banks	,, 55
Scott's Cave	,, 58

PAGE

THE DAIRY BRIDGE 59

MORTHAM TOWER 61

BARNARD CASTLE . . . . *To face page* 71

THE PERCY BECK . . . . . „ 72

MIDDLEHAM CASTLE 80

RICHMOND CASTLE . . . . *To face page* 89

GREY FRIARS' TOWER 91

RUINS OF EASBY 94

MILL-GILL FORCE 104

BOLTON CASTLE . . . . *To face page* 106

AYSGARTH UPPER FORCE 113

NAPPA HALL . . . . *To face page* 117

GOWTHWAITE HALL 128

COTTAGE IN RAMSGILL 133

ENTRANCE TO HOW STEAN BECK . . *To face page* 136

BRIMHAM ROCKS 144

RAVENSGILL 145

BOLTON PRIORY . . . . *To face page* 155

ON THE WHARFE, BOLTON WOODS . . „ 158

BARDEN TOWER 160

THE COW AND THE CALF, NEAR BEN RHYDDING . 166

GLEN NEAR BEN RHYDDING 176

PAGE

OLD OAK—HEADINGLEY 180

KIRKSTALL ABBEY 186

NAVE OF KIRKSTALL ABBEY 192

THE LAKE, ADEL GRANGE . . . *To face page* 204

PORCH, ADEL CHURCH 206

LOW HALL . . . . . *To face page* 210

RIPON CATHEDRAL . . . . . „ 222

THE TOMB OF ROBERT MARMION AND HIS WIFE, LAURA ST. QUINTIN 227

JERVAUX ABBEY 233

ROBIN HOOD'S WELL 248

FOUNTAINS ABBEY . . . . *To face page* 249

SOUTH TRANSEPT DOORWAY 254

ENTRANCE GATE, FOUNTAINS HALL . . . 259

LADY CHAPEL, FOUNTAINS 265

THE DOMUS CONVERSORUM, FOUNTAINS . . . 270

HELMSLEY CASTLE 277

RIEVAULX ABBEY . . . . *To face page* 279

EXTERIOR DOORWAY, RIEVAULX 280

ENTRANCE TO THE REFECTORY 283

NUNNINGTON CHURCH 288

SHANDY HALL, THE HOUSE OF LAURENCE STERNE . 296

PAGE

BYLAND ABBEY 301

WHITBY HARBOUR 308

WHITBY ABBEY 311

VILLAGE OF AISLABY 326

VILLAGE OF EGTON BRIDGE 329

THE BEGGAR'S BRIDGE . . . . *To face page* 331

THE GULLY, ROBIN HOOD'S BAY 335

MULGRAVE WOODS 342

SAND'S END . . . . . *To face page* 343

FISHERMEN 346

RUNSWICK 349

Engraved by Joseph Swain.

ABOUT YORKSHIRE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY

We have called this book *About Yorkshire* because it does not deal with the whole county ; it only describes the places visited in sundry journeys, some taken in springtime, some at a later season. In one volume it is difficult to do justice even to the places here set down ; for an exhaustive description of only a part of Yorkshire many volumes would be needed—the large extent of country contains so much beautiful scenery, so many buildings interesting both as architecture and from association. So much of our history has acted itself from the earliest times in Yorkshire that the county contains records of all the possessors of the soil.

The menhir of Rudstone seems to be a unique specimen, but celts have been found in Nidderdale and other places ; in Cleveland and elsewhere there are plenty of traces of British villages ; several Roman encampments exist, but few British ones; there are many dykes; names and tumuli bear witness to the presence

of Northern invaders, and as a county it represents the chief part of the ancient kingdom of Northumbria.

One cannot travel in Yorkshire without learning that it was the stronghold of the Brigantes, and that it did not wholly submit to the Romans till near the end of the first Christian century. York, under different names, was the capital city from earliest times. At one time part of the county was called Deira, and part Bernicia, but under the Anglian Bretwaldas of the seventh century it was called Northumbria, and received Christianity by the preaching of St. Paulinus. The words *kirk* and *by*, among others, are said to be records of the Danish invasions in the next century, and the *Fors* and *Fels* are doubtless Norwegian. The last of the great English earls of Northumbria, Morkere, or Morcar, left his kingdom to the tender mercies of Duke William after he had submitted to him.

Either Anglians or Danes had divided it into three Ridings—the little kingdom of Loidis in Elmete seems to have kept itself distinct longer than any other part of the county. The Ainstey of York, a portion distinct from the rest, is the connecting point of the three Ridings, each of which is divided into wapentakes. A wapentake represented ten Tythings, or one hundred families. "When a person," says Thoresby, "received the government of a wapentake, at the appointed time and usual place the elders met him, and when he was got off his horse rose up to greet him: then he held up

his spear, and took security of all present according to custom: whoever came and touched his spear with theirs, and by their touching of armour, was confirmed in one common interest, and thus . . . they were called wapentakes."

After the Conquest both city and county were governed by vice comites, high sheriffs of the county nominated by the king. The first Earl of Yorkshire, created after the battle of the Standard in 1138, was William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle, and the first Duke of York was Edmund of Langley, fifth son of Edward III.

The country immediately round York is far less beautiful than the rest of the county—a flat plain—so that in leaving the capital city the Minster towers make for some time a grand landmark. The great vale of York runs northward till it is bounded by the Hambleton and Cleveland Hills, and between it and the sea are the Wolds.

On the west are two great groups of hills, one of these reaches from Mickle Fell to Penhill Beacon, and adds much beauty to the scenery of Teesdale and Richmondshire; the other stretches south, and among these hills lie Craven and the rest of hilly Yorkshire.

For variety in its hills and valleys, glens and waterfalls, and above all, its beautiful rivers, Yorkshire is not perhaps surpassed by any part of England, unless it be by the exquisite loveliness of the Combes of South Devon, by the scenery of the Dart, or by the rich colour

of Lynmouth and Cornwall; but, taken as a whole, it possesses a mine of interest, and will well reward the traveller who explores its varied treasures.

The people are most interesting; they are almost always kind and genial, full of a quaint racy humour, and, spite of their proverbial thrift, hospitable to strangers. The dialect differs in the three Ridings; it is not easy to understand, but even when unintelligible there is in it a quaint mellowness of sound in perfect keeping with the comfortable well-kept cottages, nestling two and three together under a tree, or with the large gray farmsteads, surrounded by golden ricks, of which we got glimpses in our journeys through the broad dales that are such distinctive features of the county.

A river runs through the dale, and the hills seem to follow its windings; villages and farmsteads dot the slopes of the peaceful fells; now we come to a ruined abbey, and not far off are the frowning towers of a castle of the Middle Ages. Abbeys and castles are more distinctive features of Yorkshire than its manor-houses, although some of these—Burton Agnes, Howsham Hall, and others—are worth seeing. Old customs and traditions cling to the dales. There are many haunted manor-houses, and both in Teesdale and Nidderdale we heard of the superstition of the Barguest—a boggart in the form of a black dog, with shining eyes as big as saucers, who clanks a chain as he moves.

The Rev. Baring Gould has recounted some of the

best-known Yorkshire oddities, but there must be a fund of amusement for those who live near a Yorkshire village in the old customs and quaint talk of the people. We visited many of the cottages, and were invariably surprised by the exquisite cleanliness of even the poorest; the walls and rafters looked as if they had been newly white-washed, while the metal knobs of the stove glistened with brightness; every article of furniture looked as if it had never known a speck of dust, and the door-stone and lintel were usually a bright fresh yellow. In Wensleydale we saw a pattern chalked on the door-steps and all round the edge of the living-room floors. The people seem to have an utter contempt for Southerners not only with respect to their powers of house-cleaning, but for their general capacity; indeed it may be said of Yorkshire folk that in all ways they carry self-respect beyond a virtue. They seem to be a practical, sensible, but unimaginative race, and are therefore more likely to make money, and to keep it when made, than to understand or do justice to qualities which they do not possess.

In writing this book we have received kind and sympathetic help from Mr. Garnett of the British Museum; C. Clough Robinson, Esq.; Rev. W. C. Lukis of Wath; Rev. T. Farrow of Riccall; also from several other kind Yorkshire friends.

One of these kind Yorkshire friends was the gifted author of *Castle Daly*, dear Annie Keary, who took

some pains in collecting for us various details, especially in reference to the belief in witchcraft, which was rife when she lived in the North Riding forty years ago. Annie Keary was then a child, but the account she sent us was furnished by her elder sister.

Several cows had died in the village of Nunnington, and it was reported that they had been bewitched—that the witch had bought "a coo's heart," had stuffed it with pins, had said "a foul nomony," and then buried it, and that three days after a farmer's cow had died, and when its heart was examined it was found "full o' larl holes." The elders of the village were going to consult the wise woman, and find out the witch.

The Rev. William Keary, then vicar of Nunnington, hearing of this "sent for a leading farmer in the village, and told him that it was his duty to talk to his labourers, and as far as possible put a stop to their frequenting the wise woman, who was supposed to be able to point out the authors of the mischief. I think the villagers were in commotion, and some sort of disturbance was probable. Our father imagined that this belief was prevalent only among the very ignorant and stupid of the labouring class. He found, however, on talking with the farmer that he and several other farmers were leaders in the belief, and in the determination to find out the witch and avenge themselves. I remember most clearly also that our father was so much shocked at all he heard that he preached a

sermon the following Sunday afternoon on the subject, and in the evening the same farmer came up to the rectory rather angry at being 'preached at,' and concluded his remarks by saying (I remember his very words), 'Ye're mebbe very wise, passon, an' Ah knaws ye're larned, but in this matter ye knaws nothing whatever, an' ye're altogether mista'en; ye're sadly wrang, passon, ye're sadly wrang; Ah knaws, Ah knaws it,—seed it wi' me own eyes.'"

Annie Keary's own testimony to the vehemence of the farmer's belief is that she thought he was in the right. "The story," she says, "made a strong impression on my childish mind, and I was, I remember, at the end of the talk rather disposed to think that old John had had the best of the argument, since he clearly spoke from experience, and my father had only opinion to oppose to it."

The witches often took the form of a hare—but it is useless to repeat these stories, for Mr. Baring Gould and others have dealt fully with Yorkshire superstitions.

Some of the illustrations in this volume have been aided by the photographs of Mr. Codman of Pateley Bridge, Mr. Smithing of Leyburn, Mr. Sutcliffe of Whitby, and Mr. Yeoman of Barnard Castle.

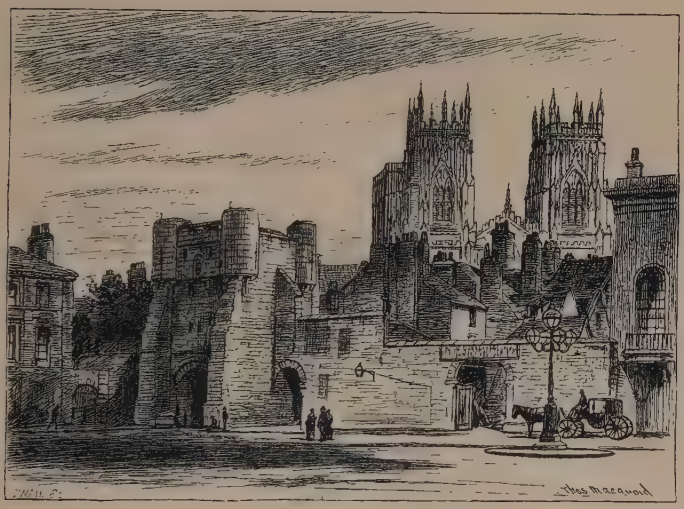
CHAPTER II.

YORK AND SELBY.

OUR first view of York was most impressive. It was a bright morning in August, and the light and shade on the old buildings showed them at their best. We felt that all we had read about this old historic city had not prepared us for the grandeur with which it presents itself. The towers of the Minster, the feudal aspect of the old walls and gates, excite at once an interest which has a strange power of fascination. I do not know any foreign city which possesses a stronger power of leading one on to explore it than does this quaint, quiet northern metropolis.

But so much has been written about York and its Minster that any attempt at describing either must sound like a repetition, and as in this volume we have to tell as much as possible about Yorkshire, it is impossible to give more than a very incomplete notice of what is still the most interesting of English country towns.

Doubtless York was a British settlement before Agricola landed and fortified it, and probably this settlement was, like the Roman Eboracum, on the left bank of the Ouse. Mediæval York, as marked out by its walls, lay on both banks of the river reaching east



BOOTHAM BAR AND MINSTER TOWERS.

as far as the Foss, which now fills up the gap between the curious old Red Tower and another old tower near St. Anthony's Hospital.

York is indeed a very quaint old city. It seems full of a quiet life of its own, and has a refined, well-to-do leisurely aspect, in harmony with the fund of

interest it offers to those who care for the picturesque, for antiquity, or for historic associations.

Its narrow streets or gates, as they are called, and the ancient houses still left in them, seemed to us full of attraction, and here and there we got grand views of the Minster towers grouped with the old buildings. It is curious to find the streets called "gates," and the gates "bars," according to the old Saxon usage. These last are of early date, though parts of them have been restored; but Walmgate Bar alone retains its barbican. It was on one of these Bars that Edward IV. saw whitening his father's head and quartered limbs. The Bars, with the city wall between, form the most distinctive features of York, and we found it was possible to walk some distance round the walls, from which there are fine views of the Minster towers.

It was sunset when we reached the little bridge over the Foss, and the old castle stood out in solid blackness against the copper-red sky behind it. But from Lendal Bridge the sluggish Ouse forms an unpoetic foreground to the interesting view; not worse, perhaps, than the yellow Pegnitz at Nuremberg. The Ouse is a great contrast to its parents, the brilliant Yore and the clear and beautiful Swale; it is a most unworthy offspring, and perhaps it is for this cause that its name has been changed, as some writers assert that the present name York has its origin in the Jorvik of the early Danish settlers. So that Yore was

probably the name then borne by the river, which rises near Westmoreland, and dances merrily through Wensleydale, receiving the Swale near Boroughbridge, changing its name and its nature as it approaches York.

Leland says that the ancient name of the city was Isure-wic, then Yure-wic, and so York. At different times, under different masters, York has been called Eboracum, Civitas Brigantium, Kaer-Ebrave, Caer Effroc, Evervic, Ceaster, Isvronicvum, Altera-Roma, Victoria Sexta, Civitas Eboracum, Yure-wic, Yorke, York. It is said to have been the birthplace of Lucius, king of Britain, the first royal personage who became a Christian. Constantine the Great was born here in 272. More than one church in York was dedicated to Constantine's sainted mother, the British Princess Helen, who was, as a learned Yorkshireman suggests, "clearly a favourite saint in the neighbourhood, for within a few miles of the city the churches of the following places are among others named in her honour: Escrick, Stillingfleet, Wheldrake, Thorgamby, and Skipwith." The Emperor Hadrian resided in York in the second century; and Severus died here in 217. Constantius, father of Constantine the Great, also died here in 307, and is said to have been buried in the Church of St. Helen's on the walls, which existed before the Reformation. In the church was a vase supposed to hold his ashes.

King Arthur is said to have kept Christmas at York in 524,—the first Christmas ever celebrated in Britain. York paid an early tribute of suffering and spoil to the Danes, and Goodram Gate is doubtless named from Guthrum, a Danish officer, once deputy governor of the city. But the Danes were not so ruthless as the Normans were under Duke William. At first he left York and the North in peace, but in about a year from the battle of Hastings he marched northwards, conquering wherever he showed his bold, crafty face. York submitted, and William built a castle there and filled it with a Norman garrison. Then came King Sweyn sailing up the Humber, and the men of Northumbria in their folly thought that the brute force of the Vikings would end William's rule. They joined in a general attack on the Normans, who in their terror set fire to the city, and burned it and the Saxon minster.

Then William came in great haste and fury, and so laid waste the whole north country as far as the Tweed that for years it remained a desert. The Norman archbishop rebuilt the minster; and in something less than a hundred years York must have regained its position as a place of importance, for the first Parliament on record was held at York by William's great-grandson, Henry II.

In *Ivanhoe* Sir Walter Scott has illustrated the ill-treatment of the Jews of York during the twelfth century, and the persecuted race has left enduring

memories in the names Jewsbury, the site of the Jewish cemetery, and Jubbergate. In Jubbergate the Jews had splendid houses, and lived under the royal protection of both Henry II. and his son Richard I. As soon, however, as Richard I. sailed for the Holy Land, the citizens of York, following the lead of the rest of England, began the celebrated persecution, and massacred all the Jews they could find. A large number fled to the castle with their gold. The castle was besieged. When the Jews found they could no longer defend themselves they determined to perish; they set fire to the castle, and then, first killing their wives and children, they stabbed one another dead. There were some cowards among them, and at daybreak these offered to open the gates, provided their lives were spared; but they were all put to death. Richard seems to have ordered an inquiry to be made, but no serious punishment was inflicted on the murderous people of York for their fiendish cruelty. Punishment came in the loss of commerce, which, unsupported by money lent by the Jews, dwindled away.

York is not a tiring town to see, though it is rather up and down, and some of the round paving-stones in the older streets remind one of a foreign city; it is small and compact, and it has a most perfect resting-place for tired travellers—the new Station Hotel, where comfort and good management in all ways are united with moderate charges.

On our last visit to York, going up from this hotel we crossed Lendal Bridge, and then, attracted by the view of ruins on the left, we passed into the grounds of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. On the right are the ruins of St. Leonard's Hospital, a very ancient and interesting old building, said to have been founded by

ON THE OUSE.

King Athelstan; there are many ancient stone coffins here. Beyond this we came to a still older ruin, the Multangular tower containing Roman work. Farther on is the Museum, and in the entrance-hall on the right is a large stone sarcophagus, recording a touching story. Camden, at the close of the sixteenth century, speaks of having seen an ancient inscription in York, the translation of which is, "Marcus Verecundus Diogenes, Sevir or Sex Vir, of the colony of York, and who died there

a citizen of the Bituriges, made these things for himself during his lifetime." Dr. Gale, Dean of York, writing in the last century, describes this inscription as being on a stone theca or chest six feet long by three feet wide. It had then been removed to Hull, and served as a horse-trough at an inn.

On Saturday, March 17, 1877, not far from the banks of the Ouse and the new railway station, the stone coffin now in the entrance of the Museum was discovered, and on it may be read the original of this inscription: "To Julia Fortunata, whose home was Sardinia, a faithful partner to Verecundus Diogenes, her husband."

So at last the other half of the story revealed itself; it is, however, sad that the husband's monument has been lost sight of—probably destroyed, or these records of the loving pair might have been placed together. The mention of the home of the faithful Julia seems to suggest that the Sardinian woman pined in her barren sunless exile in the cold North. I have taken this account from the *York Herald* of March 23, 1877.

The ruins of St. Mary's Abbey Church are very beautiful—enough remains of the windows to show the varied tracery—and we were deeply interested in seeing the old home of the founders of Fountain's Abbey. But very little of it exists; the north wall of the nave, with its windows and a part of the west front, and the foundations of choir and chapter-house, can be traced;

RUINS OF ST. MARY'S.

but before they were possessed by the Yorkshire

Philosophical Society, the ruins were cruelly plundered for building purposes. The chief entrance is said to have been through the Norman arch set in the abbey wall in Marygate, and doubtless remains of the monastery exist beneath the old palace built by Henry VIII. on its ruins after the Dissolution. Lower down, near the river, is the ancient Hospitium of the abbey. We saw here some most interesting Roman and other relics discovered during the excavations for the new railway station. In one of the cases is the hair of a Roman lady, with the hair-pins still fastening it into a coil; this, I believe, was found a few years ago by the well-known antiquary, Canon Raine; perhaps many such links to ancient times lay beneath our feet as we made our way up a narrow street towards the Minster. On the right, behind the Mansion House, we went into a fine old room, the Guildhall, divided by a double row of oak pillars with quaintly carved capitals. After seeing this, we turned into Stonegate, a picturesque old street, the farther end filled up by the luminous gray of the Minster. The brilliant effects of light and shade in this street were most remarkable.

First we went round and looked at the superb west front with its grand porches and towers; and then we entered the Minster by the south transept. Here the general effect is magnificent; and when one grows accustomed to the first impression which the sight of the church creates, the detail is found to be most perfect

and interesting. The transepts are so large that this one might almost be mistaken for a short nave ; it was most judiciously and lovingly restored some years ago by Mr. Street, and is therefore not entirely interesting as a piece of antiquity. The view of the north transept, with its beautiful five Sisters' window, and of the splendid lantern, are very grand and solemn. The massive tower piers look as if they might stand for ever. As we stood looking down the nave, it seemed to us marvellously impressive ; cold, and perhaps somewhat wanting in interest, but truly English, grand, and simple.

The first church built by command of Edwin, the powerful Bretwalda, was quadrangular.

Edwin, King of Northumbria, still a heathen, had married, in 625, a Christian, the Kentish Princess Ethelburga, who had brought with her to Northumbria the Bishop Paulinus. On Easter Eve Edwin narrowly escaped assassination, and his queen gave birth to a daughter, the Princess Ealfled. Edwin offered up thanksgiving to his gods ; but Paulinus rebuked him, and gave thanks to Jesus Christ, telling the king that the queen's safe deliverance should be ascribed to Him.

Edwin was about to make war against Cwichelm, the traitorous King of Wessex, and, bidding Paulinus pray for the success of his enterprise, he swore to him that if he returned victorious he would become a Christian. He defeated Cwichelm, and, after some hesitation,

he summoned his thegns and his high priest, Coifi, to hold conference at his dwelling, near Goodmanham on the Derwent, with the Christian bishop.

Coifi seems to have been quite unlike the received idea of a pagan priest; he listened attentively to Paulinus, and then declared that although he had been a faithful worshipper, hitherto his gods had done nothing for him, and that he was quite willing to take service under a Greater Deity. He also asked Paulinus to instruct him, and after listening for some time, and seeing that the chiefs also listened with willing ears, he announced that he was a convert to the new faith, and told the king that if he would lend him a horse and arms he would destroy the false gods and their altars. "Then Coifi, the high priest, seated on horseback and habited in the dress of a warrior, came to the place where he had offered sacrifice (in the great pagan temple of Godmundingaham), and sent a javelin into the body of his former god." This was followed by the burning of the temple.

What grand effects they made in those days! There were no Laodiceans then; they either resisted to the death, or they gave themselves up heart and soul to the new faith. But one would like to hear more about Coifi, and whether later on he became a priest of the new religion.

Edwin and his court then became catechumens, and during this period a wooden oratory was built in York,

on the site of the present Minster; and on Easter Day 627, the king and all his chiefs were baptised therein by St. Paulinus. After this the king commanded that a square stone church should be built outside this wooden erection; but before the walls were finished Edwin was slain in battle, and there was a delay in completing the building. The first church was finished by Oswald in 642.

Several churches seem to have been built and destroyed, chiefly by fire, between 642 and 1361, when John Thoresby laid the first stone of the present choir. This end of the church has many interesting memories: here Edward III. was married by Archbishop Melton to Philippa of Hainault. They are not all royal memories here, for after the battle of Marston Moor the three Parliamentary leaders returned thanks in the Cathedral for their success. Both of the transepts are older than the choir, but the crypt is the oldest part of the church. It is interesting to learn that, although much of the Minster was built out of moneys raised by the sale of indulgences, the Archbishop, Walter de Gray, the treasurer, John de la Romayne, his son, Archbishop Romayne, and Archbishop Thoresby and other prelates, contributed largely out of their own private fortunes. There are several very interesting monuments; in the vestry we were shown the horn of Ulphus, made of the tusk of an elephant and once richly ornamented with gold; it is elaborately carved with griffins and

other animals. Ulph, son of Thorold, who owned the eastern side of Yorkshire, laid this horn on the high altar of the Minster not long before the Conquest, in token of the offering he then made of certain lands to St. Peter. It is curious that among these lands was Godmundham (now Goodmanham), for here had once stood the great heathen temple wherein the high priest Coifi stabbed the pagan idol he had worshipped. In the vestry is also the "indulgence cup" of Archbishop Scrope, with its strange inscription ; and there are many other curious pieces of antiquity. Shakespeare's Archbishop Scrope was condemned to death by command of Henry IV., and buried in the Minster after his execution in a field between Bishopthorpe and York.

The stained glass in this church is worthy a long description ; it is so very old ; some of it in the Jesse window is said to date about 1200—most of the glass is as early as the fourteenth century, and its quiet, subdued tone is in perfect harmony with the grand simplicity of the architecture. Afternoon service began before we had finished our inspection, and the effect of the organ tones swelling along the splendid aisles was most thrilling. As the west door stood open, the patch of golden light seen through it made a vivid contrast with the grand gloom within, and here and there coloured light fell from the windows on the massive piers and sepulchral monuments.

The chapter-house on the north side is very beauti-

ful, and its exterior groups admirably with the front of the north transept. From this point going on towards St. William's College the view of the Minster is most striking; flying buttresses and projecting gurgoyles of most grotesque and varied forms redeem the building on this side from the grand severity of its west front. Splendid as this is, it is a little hard, perhaps from the removal of all that may have obstructed the view of it. One is glad to see encumbering buildings removed from the outside of a cathedral, but there can be no doubt that such excrescences aid its picturesque effect, and suggest even greater beauty than their removal reveals. Doubtless in one of the little shops formerly near the Minster was born the heroine of the following legend.

Some three hundred years ago a very poor man kept a shop underneath the Minster towers. He had very few customers, and he had already five children. To add to his trouble one morning his wife gave birth to a sixth, a fine little girl. The poor father sighed; he took the child into the shop and laid it on the counter. Then he fairly broke down and sobbed over his new possession. Now the shop was an open one, and a knight who happened to be riding by stopped his horse when he saw the poor man's distress.

"What ails you, friend?" he said.

"Alas," said the father, "God forgive me—but I have already five young ones, and know not how to

find food for them, and lo, my wife has but now given me another daughter. I would that it had not come into this suffering world."

"I will see what will happen to this child," the knight said; for he was a sorcerer, and he always carried his great Book of Fate at his saddle-bow.

The poor man gazed at him as he read. Presently he saw the knight turn pale, his hair bristled on his head, but he spoke with a smiling face to the distressed father.

"Be consoled, friend; I have no daughter, and if you will give me your unwelcome infant I will adopt it and make it heir to my possessions."

The father's delight was great; he loaded the knight with thanks, and placed the baby in his arms. The knight then spurred his horse and rode swiftly to the banks of the Ouse at some distance from the city. Here he dismounted and flung the infant into the middle of the river, for in the Book of Fate he had read that this new-born babe was destined to marry his only son.

He rode away rejoicing. But the river was more compassionate than the knight had been; it washed the baby ashore, and a fisherman hearing its cries carried it home to his cottage.

Fifteen years after, the knight, with some of his friends, came riding along the banks of the Ouse, and stopped at the fisherman's cottage to buy fish. A young girl came to the door, and the knight and all

his friends were astonished at her wonderful beauty. Her manner, too, was so sweet and gracious that as they went on their way they continued to praise her and to wonder at her loveliness, till the knight said with a laugh,

"I will search my Book and see which of you is destined to be the fisher-maiden's husband."

But his laughter ceased and his face grew white when he read that this maiden had been the baby he flung into the stream long ago.

He soon made an excuse to leave his friends, and going back to the cottage he asked the fisherman if he would allow his daughter to carry a message from him to his brother, a noble knight who lived at Scarborough.

The fisherman consented; and the knight wrote a letter, and sealing it gave it to the girl.

She put the letter into her purse and started at once on her journey. When night fell she went to a little inn, where she asked for a bed, and slept soundly. Now it happened that a thief found his way into the inn that night, and prowling about he came into the maiden's room, and saw her purse lying on the table. He opened it, and seeing the letter, opened that too, and found in it these words :—

"Dear Brother,—Take the bearer and put her to death immediately."

The thief turned his lantern on to the face of the sleeper, and seeing how young and beautiful she was he

felt compassion. "She deserves a better fate," he said, "and she shall have it." Then he wrote a note, imitating the knight's handwriting:

"Dear Brother,—Take the bearer and marry her at once to my son."

He fastened the letter, laughing to himself, and placed it in the girl's purse, instead of the other.

Next morning the girl waked early and hurried on to Scarborough. The knight's brother received her kindly, but when he had read the letter he embraced her, and went to seek his nephew, who happened to be on a visit to his castle. As soon as the youth beheld the maiden he became enamoured of her, and desired to be wedded next day; and the marriage was celebrated with much splendour, the bride looking more beautiful than ever in her wedding garments.

After a day or two the knight told his nephew that he must go to York to seek the knight, his father, and tell him that he had obeyed his commands. The young husband was unwilling to leave his wife; however, he departed with many promises of a speedy return.

He had not been gone long when his father arrived —they had missed each other on the road, and when the York knight learned what had happened he was almost mad with rage. He asked his daughter-in-law to come with him outside the castle; then seizing her by the hair, he dragged her to the sea-shore and drew his dagger. She fell on her knees.

"Spare my life," she said, "and tell me how I have angered you."

At this he told her her history and bade her prepare for death; but at last her tears and entreaties so far softened him that he sheathed his dagger; then plucking a gold ring from his finger he flung it into the sea.

"Swear to me," he said, "that you will not come into my sight or that of my son till that ring is on your finger, and I will spare your life."

She swore, and then she fled away in wild terror, till she found herself in a strange place, obliged to beg for food.

At last, after long wanderings, she became cook to a nobleman.

One day as she looked out of window at the guests arriving for a banquet, she saw her cruel enemy and his son, her dearly loved husband.

She drew back hastily, and then she trembled so that she could hardly cook the dinner. Just before it was ready a fisherman came to the door. He had brought a splendid fish for sale, and she took it in and began to clean it. All at once she saw something glitter inside it.

She looked closer; it was the knight's ring; then she ceased trembling, her fear changed to joy, and she cooked the dinner to perfection.

"Who is your cook, my lord?" asked the knight,

who, notwithstanding his cruelty, was extremely fond of good eating.

"She is a strange girl, but she is fair to see," his host answered; "she came begging to my door, and I took her in from charity;" then turning to the servants behind him: "Some of you bid the cook come up into the dining-hall."

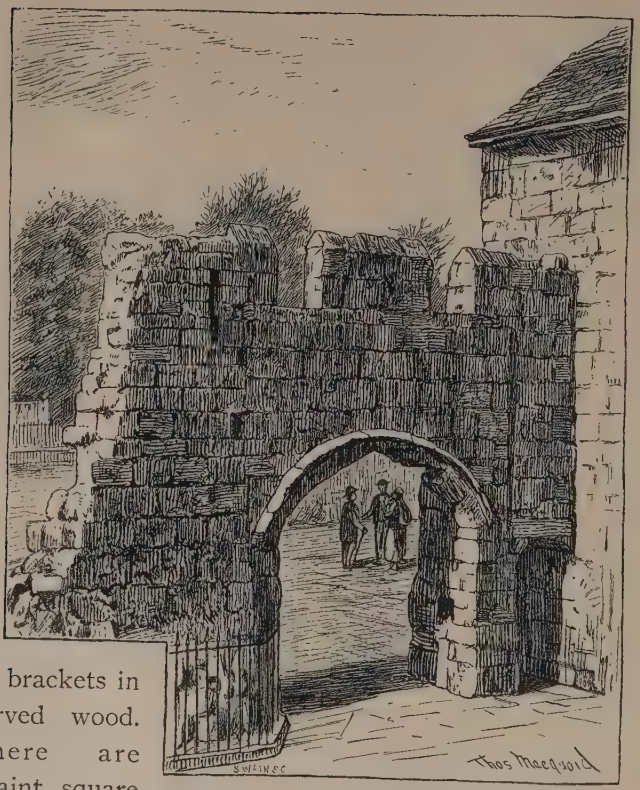
The girl washed her face and smoothed her hair, then she put on her best clothes, and with the ring on her finger she entered the hall.

The guests looked at her with wonder, for she seemed to them "as fair as the moon, as lovely as a rose."

But the knight uttered a fierce cry and started from his seat. He drew his sword and made a rush at her, but she smiled and held up her hand. On it he saw the ring which he had cast into the sea. He saw too that her young husband stood beside her and clasped her in his arms. Then the knight bent his head, for he felt that fate had been too strong for him, and he suffered the young wife to dwell peacefully with her loving husband; and she became famous through the country for her beauty, her courtesy, and her goodness.

At the east end of the Minster we came to an old building with an oriel, and passing under an archway, above which is a figure in a niche, we found ourselves in St. William's College; a quaint quadrangle sur-

rounded by old houses with a projecting half-timbered upper story: this is coved out below and supported



GATEWAY IN THE WALL NEAR BOOTHAM BAR.

by brackets in carved wood. There are quaint square projecting windows of three lights, and on the red-tiled roof are little peeping dormers. The stone porch has a square-

headed doorway and seats on either side, and from this point is a charming view of some of the pinnacles of the Minster. It is supposed that St. William was the patron saint of the city of York. There was a chapel dedicated to him on the old Ouse bridge.

We found our way to Goodramgate, and to Bedern. There are still some very old houses here, but most of them have been destroyed. In this part of the city is the site of the palace of the Roman emperors; one of the churches dedicated to the mother of Constantine the Great, St. Helen's on the Walls, where Constantine was buried, stood in this district. Holy Trinity Church, in Goodramgate, has some fine stained glass. We passed under some old houses, and soon reached the walls and Monk Bar—a very fine old gateway, loftier than some of the others, with the portcullis still remaining; on the Bar are some figures flinging down stones. From the bit of city wall between Monk Bar and Bootham Bar there is a fine view of the Minster towers. Just beyond Bootham Bar we came to the most interesting secular building in York—now called the Blind Asylum—once the palace built by Henry VIII., and dwelt in by James I., whose face, with that of Anne of Denmark, appears over the doorways. In front of the asylum the city wall is taken down, but an archway remains, through which tradition says the king used to pass on his way from the palace. Here, too, Charles I. sought refuge from

his refractory Parliament; and here, walking in the palace gardens, he may have concocted the measures which led to the Parliamentary outbreak. Going in through the pleasant entrance, we found a large quaint quadrangle, built on three sides with red-brick; square windows of varied size have stone string courses, and there are huge chimney buttresses. The upper end of this courtyard is in stone, gray-green with age; a quaint frieze divides the upper and lower story; the gateway is arched and has carved pilasters, and above these are Strafford's arms, a sad memorial, for the intrusion of these on

PALACE OF THE STUARTS.

the wall of the royal palace made one of the articles of his impeachment. Strafford resided here while he was President of the Council of the North. In the left-hand corner a moss-grown flight of steps leads to a doorway, and at right angles with this is another doorway with a pediment and coat of arms. Ivy clings to the old walls, and although there is no attempt at restoration, there is no desolation about the picturesque old place; and every now and then one of the sightless inmates comes through the arch below Strafford's arms, walking so directly and firmly that one has to be heedful in remembering that he cannot see, and will certainly walk over all that comes in his way. The sunny old garden seemed peopled with historic ghosts as we strolled along its walks, getting picturesque peeps of the old house.

Next day we went along Coney Street, which is full of excellent shops. We crossed the bridge over the Ouse, and went down Micklegate to see its famous Bar, which in old coaching days was the chief entrance into York. It is larger than the others, and very perfect; the gateway is round-headed; on the battlements are stone figures of soldiers. Then we came back to Ouse-gate, and went on to the castle. Clifford's tower standing on a mound is filled with trees; the interior was blown up in the seventeenth century. Across the Ouse is a mound which marks the site of another Norman castle built by William. There is a new bridge

just beyond the castle, and a pleasant walk planted with trees beside the river.

MICKLEGATE, YORK.

The Foss borders the farther side of the castle,

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

THE SHAMBLES.

which stands just between the rivers. Through some narrow streets we found our way to Walmgate,—the Bar here with its barbican is very interesting,—and then we walked along the walls to the Red Tower, and across some back lanes to St. Margaret's Church within a walled enclosure. We were bent on seeing this, and after some trouble found its guardian. The archway of the porch is very interesting, but does not belong to the present church ; it is very old in date ; the signs of the zodiac are grotesquely sculptured round the arch. On our way to Walmgate we saw on our right the old Church of St. Dennis, with its curious Norman porch. Up Walmgate, and then over the Foss Bridge, where we got a charming view, and up Foss Gate, we reached the Pavement; here is the market-place and the Church of St. Crux, and close by, behind a large grocer's shop, we saw a most interesting half-timbered house that seems entirely out of place among the modern dwellings near it. A little way on we came to the Shambles, and all at once we seemed to be in the York of the Middle Ages. Here the tops of the houses overhang the butchers' shops below them. Some of the houses are gabled, and have two upper projecting stories which cast a deep shadow over the shops. Out of this semi-darkness the ruddy butcher's meat and the white aprons of the women shopkeepers gleamed as they caught the rays of sunshine that streamed down into the street.

Not far off is Newgate Street, and at the corner stands

a very old house painted red. This seems to be a bit of the ancient city, probably as old as the fourteenth century, and there is doubtless much more that is interesting and out of sight. Petergate is full of quaint houses, and in Coney Street, up a curious passage near the Leopard Inn, we came upon a quaint stone building, but no one could tell us its history. There is some old glass in All Saints', North Street, although it has been too much restored; and we heard that there was old glass in some of the other churches. So much still remains in this most interesting city, that it is impossible even to indicate here; but perhaps its deepest interest lies in the unbroken chain of historic links reaching from British times down to the reign of George II., when the heads of some of the '45 victims were nailed to its Bars.[1] The country round York is flat and ugly, but there are many places of interest not far off.

Selby Abbey Church is very grand and special in its architecture, being the only great Benedictine monastery in the north which has survived as a parish church. The legend of its foundation is even more romantic than that of Fountain's Abbey. A monk of

[1] The heads of two of the rebels were set up at Micklegate Bar, and remained there seven years, a disgusting proof of the coarse unfeeling spirit of the times. In the year 1755 William Arundell, a tailor residing in York, of the Roman Catholic persuasion, was convicted of having traitorously and seditiously taken down from Micklegate Bar the heads of two rebels here affixed, and he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.—See Davis's *Walks through the City of York.*

Burgundy named Benedict had a vision. One night St. Germanus appeared to him in his convent at Autun, and bade him sail over the sea to England. The obedient monk at once departed, carrying with him the saint's finger. He landed in the south of England, and, journeying as far as Salisbury, met with a pious Englishman who gave him a golden casket in which he placed the holy relic. He went on board ship again at a place called Luma, and sailed northward till he reached the Humber. He sailed up this river till he came to the Ouse, but he did not land till he recognised the place which St. Germanus had shown him in the vision. Here he erected a cross, and then made himself a hut beneath an oak tree. All this happened in 1069, the year after William the Ruthless had destroyed every religious house which the Norsemen had left in Northumbria. Hugh, the Norman sheriff, however, seems to have been gentler than his master. As he was sailing up the Ouse he saw the cross, and soon found Benedict praying before the relic. He not only gave the monk his tent, but at once sent carpenters to build an oratory, bidding Benedict seek from King William a grant of the land on which he had settled. William granted it, and soon a collection of wooden cells grew up round the cross, and a community of brethren was established. Benedict ruled over his wooden monastery for twenty-seven years. The next abbot, Hugh, built a stone church and a monastery

some way farther from the river. As this abbot ruled from 1096 to 1122 it is probable that some of the present church dates from his time. In 1618 James I. decreed that the Abbey Church, which had so wonderfully escaped the injuries inflicted at the Dissolution, should be used henceforth as the Parish Church of Selby. We were much impressed by its grandeur and stateliness, though we had been in York Minster the same day. The Abbots of St. Mary's at York, and of St. Mary and Germanus of Selby, were the only mitred abbots north of the Trent. Selby Abbey was built at the beginning of the twelfth century, and at the Dissolution it is said in point of revenue to have been the third house in Yorkshire. The earliest part of the church is in that part of the nave nearest the tower; the capitals of the columns are fine, and the triforium and clerestory very remarkable; very little of the Norman triforium remains; the rest is Transition and Early English. Slender vaulting shafts in front of the triforium piers are attached to it by a circular impost, which has the effect of a small stone table, and on this rests the shaft supporting the arch of clerestory. The choir, the east window, and the canopies of sedilia, are all well worth seeing. There is one tomb to a master mariner with a very curious inscription. It is sad that this beautiful church should not be more reverently cared for; some of its out-of-the-way corners seem to be treated as if they belonged to a barn instead of a church.

The huge old barn of the monastery, now converted into a brewhouse and divided into two, is still standing. The old oak beams are in good preservation. We were courteously shown over this old place by the present owner. There is a tradition that Henry I. was born at Selby, but this does not seem to be authenticated.

Cawood Castle, on the banks of the Ouse, was once the residence of the archbishops, and here Wolsey was living in retirement after his disgrace when he was arrested by the Earl of Northumberland. Before this it had been sometimes used as a royal palace ; the fish ponds still exist. Marguerite of France, the second wife of Edward I., stayed here while Edward was making war in Scotland. A few miles farther on the Ouse is the spot where, in 1066, Harold Harfager and Tosti moored their fleet before the great battle of Stamford Bridge. "Sailing up the Ouse as far as Riccall with a large fleet, they landed, and, having defeated the English army at Fulford, marched to York. On the approach of Harold they retreated to Stamford Bridge, where Harold defeated them, and Harfager and Tosti were left dead on the field." Stamford Bridge is not the only battlefield within a few miles of York. Towton and Marston Moor are both in the neighbourhood ; and all three battles were decisive in their action on three most important periods of our history.

At Riccall there is a very interesting church with a fine Norman doorway, and remains of a leper window

and of a hermit's cell ; the parsonage, part of which was once the prebendal manor-house, has a curious winding staircase in the tower, the newel being of brick, date about 1480, and there is a quaint and well-cared-for village. Near Riccall are some charming woods belonging to Escrick, and these when we saw them were lovely with spring blossoms. There is a park of some extent at Escrick well planted with choice trees, and the flower gardens near the house were then full of beautiful flowers.

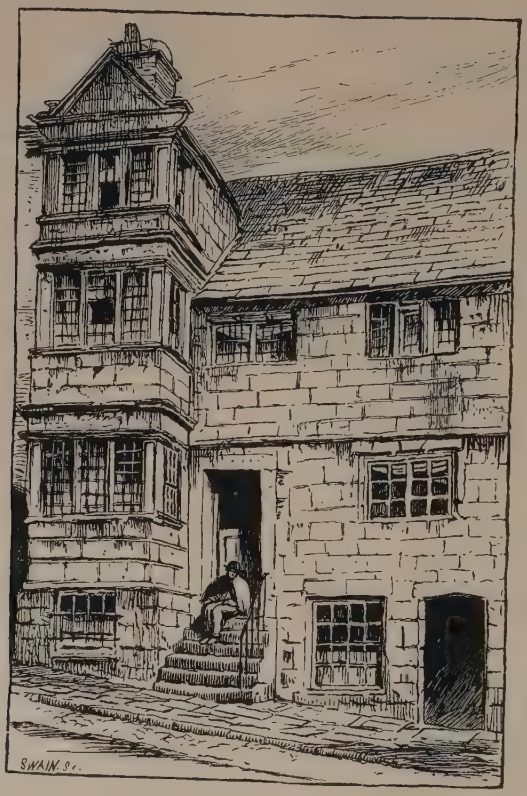
The palace of the Archbishops of York is at Bishopsthorpe, about two miles and a half from the city, but only the foundations remain of the old palace of the thirteenth century, built by Archbishop Grey. In earlier times the archbishops used the archiepiscopal palace at Ripon : we find Thurstan, the benefactor of the Cistercians, keeping Christmas at Ripon with the ejected monks of St. Mary's Abbey before he conducted them to the Skell in order that they might found their Abbey of Fountains.

CHAPTER III.

ROKEBY AND DEEPDALE.

FROM York we travelled northward to Barnard Castle, passing by Northallerton, where we were strongly tempted to halt in order to visit the ruins of Mount Grace, one of the few Carthusian ruins left in England. It is within a short drive of Northallerton. The railway approach to Barnard Castle gives no idea of its real position, for it still "standeth stately upon Teese" as it did in the days of old Leland. Indeed, the castle and the town on one side so overhang the water that the view from the Yorkshire bank of the quaint, tall, gray houses, mirroring themselves in the beautiful river, and of the scar beyond with its grass-grown sides crowned by the bold towers of Baliol's Castle, made to us about the most striking picture we had seen in Yorkshire. Beyond the castle the view of the Tees flowing along between tree-shaded banks is enchanting, but this we could not see at the same time, for the bridge bars the view.

This castle, called after its founder, Bernard Baliol, whose father came from Normandy with Duke William,



BLAGROVE'S.

gives its name to the little town, which, except on market day, is as quiet a long street of dull gray

houses as can be met with; its distinctive features being that it is built on the side of a hill which goes down steeply to the river, and that about half way it has a quaint eight-sided town hall (which seems to be used as an egg-and-butter market on market day) standing out in the middle of the wide street. This street has various names, and is about a mile long. Other streets branch off from it: in one of these is the church, also built, it is said, in 1130 by Bernard Baliol, now restored and rebuilt out of all recognition, except that an ancient font and a Norman doorway have been spared. From this point the street goes down very steeply, and is called The Bank. Here, on the left, is a most quaint old house called Blagrove's, once an inn. In Raine's contemporary MS. it is stated that:—"On the 24th Oct. 1648, Lieutenant General Oliver Cromwell arrived at Barnard Castle on his way to Richmond;" a deputation of the chief inhabitants of the town met him and regaled him "with burnt wine and shortcakes." It is also said that he lodged at Blagrove's. I quote from the useful handbook to Barnard Castle, written, I believe, by Mr. Atkinson, the very intelligent bookseller of the town, who is well "up" in all local information.

Beyond The Bank the street is called Thorngate, and here there are some curious old houses. Barnard Castle seems to be a thriving but somewhat sleepy place; it is really in Durham, but is a most excellent

point from which to visit Teesdale, the Greta, and other places of interest.

We learned that Deepdale was only a short walk from the town, and when we had passed Blagrove's we were told to take the first street on the right, called Bridgegate. There are some curious old houses in this street: and we got peeps of quaint interiors with little courts behind them. When we reached the end we saw the old bridge on our left, and before us the castle perched on the rock that goes straight down to the river. We crossed the bridge, and following the road on the right, soon got a grand view of the castle overlooking the lovely Tees like some beast of prey ready to spring on its victim. Some little way on we quitted the high road, and when we reached a large mill passed through a gate on the left, and at once found ourselves in a scene full of beauty. This is the beginning of Deepdale, wide-mouthed at its entrance, but with an ever-rising bank on one side which soon changes into a grassed cliff about seventy feet high, with large trees here and there. At the foot is a clear brown beck rushing noisily over huge stones which its constant quarrel has rounded. On the mud bank beside it marsh marigolds sat in gorgeous clumps of gold and green; while above them, up the steep side of the dale, tufts of primrose, of forget-me-not, of violets, and lesser celandine, with bright star-like blossoms, gemmed the broken turf and nestled where

the tree roots made miniature caverns by tearing away the earth; wild strawberry runners crept in and out and helped the delicate wood-sorrel leaves in making a green and white carpet; wind-flowers showing like fairy blossoms against their dark leaves. Sometimes the beck ran over smoother ground and lay in a quiet pool, in which grew horsetail in serried array. On the other side of this dale was a wider stream, of which as we went on we found that the beck was an outlet. Soon we reached some shooting butts, and had to cross the stream on a slender bridge.

After this the dale became narrower and more romantic. The banks rose steeply on both sides and the stream had a broad border of coltsfoot in full blossom.

We wandered on and on, feasting continually on some new loveliness; but it had begun to rain, and the ground had become so moist and slippery that it doubled the fatigue of walking; and although we felt that we had only had a taste of Deepdale, we resolved to explore it from the other end on a drier and warmer day. The people in this country are very kind in showing the way, and are anxious that strangers should see the scenery around them; "What'll you think o' Deepdale?" an old man we met asked us triumphantly.

In the afternoon the weather cleared, and we started for another walk. We went through the churchyard and, leaving the town behind us, crossed the Demesne and then some fields on the steep slope of the hill, from

which the Bowes Museum, an imposing building in Renaissance style, commands a view of the country round it. This was built by Mrs. Bowes, who, however, died before its completion, and bequeathed it to the town of Barnard Castle, with the gallery of paintings and other objects of art collected by her and her husband. It gives some idea of the size of this building to say that it is three hundred feet long, and that the central dome is one hundred and fifty feet high, while the wings on either side are one hundred and thirty feet deep.

Presently we left the fields, gay with cowslips and early orchis, and followed the high road above the Tees. In full summer this walk cannot have the same charm that it had when we saw it, for the steep banks are closely wooded and, when clothed in foliage, must obscure the view; but now through the red leafless tracery, varied here and there by feather-like larch sprays, we could see the lovely Tees rushing swiftly over its marble bed, while the gray ruins of Eglistone Abbey appeared on the top of a green knoll. On one side this knoll went down abruptly into a tree-shaded glen, through which bright, chattering Thorsgill beck dashed under the arch of an old gray bridge to the Tees. Barnard Castle and its neighbourhood are full of memories of *Rokeby*. It was "from Eglistone up Thorsgill glade" that Matilda of Rokeby "slowly strayed" in the company of her two lovers; and

earlier in the poem "fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child" is mentioned. Eglistone Abbey itself is the scene of the last canto of the poem. Soon we came in sight of the Abbey bridge shaded by hanging woods. As we approached the bridge the scene became yet more remarkable. The river has channelled for itself a way through the slabs of limestone marble, and the edges project in jagged wildness high above the water, while the top is clothed with turf and trees, some of which bend over the stream; in the wood behind a profusion of wild flowers gleamed through the dark stems. Scott's description is literally accurate:—

> "Far sweeping to the east, he sees
> Down his deep woods the course of Tees.
> . . . . . .
> Tees full many a fathom low,
> Wears with his rage no common foe;
> For pebbly bank, nor sand-bed here,
> Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career,
> Condemn'd to mine a channell'd way
> O'er solid sheets of marble gray."

From this quaint Abbey bridge the view both up and down the river is lovely, and in this early spring-time the contrast was very impressive of the tender green of the leaves that had ventured forth, and of the delicate blossoms in the grass below, with the fierce rush of the river and the rude jagged slabs piled up on either side like the ruins of some giant fortress.

When we had crossed the river we lingered in the wood gathering several rare blossoms among the wild flowers, and looking up the stream. Far away in the distance is Mickle Fell, and nearer are the Lunedale and Teesdale hills, intersected by dales made by tiny becks hurrying to join the Tees. Nearer still are the towers of Barnard Castle and the spire of Startforth Church. We went on and climbed the hill to the Abbey ruins; these are carefully enclosed, and a good deal of the church and of the domestic part of the building still exists. In the church there is a very remarkable east window. But as we stood in the nave we could not realise the famous entry of Bertram; the entrance door seems all too small for such a passage as Scott describes in the last canto of *Rokeby*:—

"The outmost crowd have heard a sound
Like horse's hoof on harden'd ground;
Nearer it came, and yet more near,—
The very death's-men paused to hear.
'Tis in the churchyard now—the tread
Hath waked the dwelling of the dead!
Fresh sod, and old sepulchral stone,
Return the tramp in varied tone.
All eyes upon the gateway hung,
When through the Gothic arch there sprung
A horseman arm'd, at headlong speed—
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.
Fire from the flinty floor was spurn'd,
The vaults unwonted clang returned!—
One instant's glance around he threw,
From saddlebow his pistol drew.

EGLISTONE ABBEY.

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Grimly determined was his look!
His charger with the spurs he strook—
All scatter'd backward as he came,
For all knew Bertram Risingham!
Three bounds that noble courser gave;
The first has reach'd the central nave,
The second clear'd the chancel wide,
The third—he was at Wycliffe's side."

There are several gravestones (within the ruins) of Tees marble from the bed of the river. On one is the inscription :—

Thomas Rokeby
Bastarde

✠

Jesu for thy passion's sake
have mercy on my sinful heart.

There have not been aisles to this nave, but the transepts have had an aisle on the eastern side.

Out of the church we sauntered on round the monastic buildings, which have been used as a farmhouse, but have long been deserted. Till lately one room was occupied by a man who had formerly inhabited Barnard Castle, having seemingly a taste for ruined dwellings; but he died a short time ago, and the place is completely desolate, although it seems as if some of the rooms might be made habitable.

At Barnard Castle we met with a legend of the Wars of the Roses connected with Eglistone Abbey.

Soon after the battle of Towton, when the Lancastrians were put to flight by the victorious Yorkists, Athelstan, Abbot of Eglistone, sat late in the even-

ing alone. Presently there came a tap at the door, and the brother in charge of the gate craved speech of the Abbot.

"Reverend father," he cried, "here be three wayfarers; they seem to be pursued, so desperately do they crave admittance."

The Abbot hesitated. He had not yet heard the result of the battle, and all his sympathies were with the saintly King Henry.

"These are troubled times, my son," he said. "What like are these strangers?"

"Reverend father, one wears a religious habit, another is a stripling, and the third is a man-at-arms."

The Abbot hesitated yet a few moments, then he bade the porter lead the strangers to his presence. There entered first a tall commanding female figure, closely veiled; a youth followed, but the man-at-arms remained at the door. The tall stranger flung back the veil that shrouded her face; and then, as she drew nearer and bent her piercing dark eyes on his face, the Abbot fell on his knees and kissed the hand she held out to him; he had been at the Court, and he well remembered the beautiful, haughty face of Margaret of Anjou. She bade him rise, and in a few hurried words told him that she and her son were striving to escape to France, though she knew that Warwick was in hot pursuit. She told the Abbot that if she could reach Bishopdale she should find her-

self among friends, but to do this she must cross the lines of the Yorkists. Before her parley with the Abbot was over a loud knocking at the great door of the monastery showed the need of haste. The frightened porter rushed in to say that the Abbey was surrounded by the Yorkists, shouting "A Neville! a Neville!" and "Death to the Red Rose!"

While the Abbot stood thinking what he should do the shouts and knocking continued.

"Send in the peasant Walter," he said; and soon the porter came back, ushering in a tall man, who looked like a forester. "Come hither, Walter," said the Abbot, "I have need of your utmost skill and speed." He then gave him some instructions in a low voice, and bade the fugitives follow this guide. The forester led them to the church, and going up to one of the piers he pressed a spring in it—at once the solid masonry opened like a revolving door, and showed a dark opening. At that moment loud shouting close at hand told that the gates had been opened to the Yorkists.

"Enter," said the guide; they went into the darkness within the pillar and he followed them, pulling back into its place the stone doorway. As soon as this was done the forester lit a torch which he carried, showing a flight of steps which seemed to lead into the bowels of the earth. As they descended the Queen and her companions could plainly hear the heavy steps

of their pursuers clanging on the stone floor overhead; it seemed almost impossible that they could escape, and the Prince drew the sword that hung by his side. But their guide hurried them forward till they reached the bottom of the steps; on and on they went, through subterranean passages only wide enough to admit them one by one, till they became faint and dizzy with the close air. All at once the peasant bade the soldier come forward and help him. They began to move away huge stones and billets of wood and branches heaped one on another, which had barred farther progress. When these were displaced, a cooler, fresher air found its way into the dismal tunnel, and presently Walter bade them come forth. Stumbling over scattered stones and branches they soon felt grass beneath their feet, and the wind around them told them they were in the open air.

Walter informed them roughly that they were beyond the reach of the Neville, and then he turned to leave them. But the Queen grasped his arm; once more she flung back her veil, and, fixing her dark eyes on the man's rough face, "Do not leave us," she said; "you have the hope of England in your keeping. Guide us to Bishopdale and we shall be in safety."

Her queenly manner constrained the peasant's obedience; he procured food and a horse for the fugitives; and Margaret and her son escaped to France. History, however, says Margaret was with her husband in York,

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

"FAIRY THORSGILL."

and that they fled to Scotland when the news of the defeat of Towton reached them; so bloody was this battle that the river Cock near the battlefield is said to have poured a crimson tide into the Wharfe. Wild roses, red and white, are still said to blossom on Towton field.

Beyond the monastic buildings we looked down into Thorsgill glen, a romantic place which seemed familiar to us, and when we reached the very ancient little bridge we recognised the scene of one of Creswick's pictures—the softly rising green knoll, and grand old trees scattered beside the bright beck, which sparkled along its bed of large gray stones. Barnard Castle and its neighbourhood were favourite sketching haunts of this artist. "Fairy Thorsgill" beck runs brightly through its wooded glen. Sir Walter says:—

"When Denmark's raven soared on high,
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,
. . . . . .
And the broad shadow of her wing
Blackened each cataract and spring.
. . . . . .
Beneath the shade the Northmen came,
Fixed on each dale a Runic name,
Rear'd high their altar's rugged stone,
And gave their gods the land they won.
. . . . . .
Remembered Thor's victorious fame,
And gave the dell the Thunderer's name."

There is, however, nothing stern or grand in Thorsgill; it is simply charming, with its quaint old bridge

near the Tees. Higher up, Scott's description is still more graphic :—

"Yet Scald or Kemper err'd, I ween,
Who gave that soft and quiet scene,
With all its varied light and shade,
And every little sunny glade,
And the blithe brook that strolls along
Its pebbled bed with summer song,
To the grim god of blood and scar,
The grisly King of Northern War."

When we saw it "the primrose decked the mead" and "the velvet grass" seemed

"Carpet meet
For the light fairies' lively feet.
Hoary yet haughty frowns the oak,
Its boughs by weight of ages broke ;
And towers erect, in sable spire
The pine-tree scathed by lightning fire ;
The drooping ash and birch between
Hang their fair tresses o'er the green ;
And all beneath at random grow
Each coppice dwarf of varied show."

It was beneath these trees, while Matilda sat relating Mortham's dark story to Wilfrid and Redmond, that Bertram aimed his carbine at Mortham's son.

We followed this, the Yorkshire side of the Tees, striking across the fields on our right, and getting a grand view of the hills and of the river, with Barnard Castle lying quiet and gray between. Till lately there was a foot-bridge from these fields across the Tees to

the end of Thorngate, but a violent storm swept this away last year, and now it is necessary to make a long round to the old bridge at the end of Bridgegate; but the round is worth taking for the sake of the view one gets of the town reflected in the river below, bordered with huge slabs of limestone.

Our next excursion was most delightful. As it was fortunately a fine bright morning, we started early for Rokeby. We drove first to the Moorhouses, and then our driver directed us across some fields, till all at once, guided by the sound of the river, we came upon the edge of the ravine called Brignall Banks. Below us, showing distinctly through the half-fledged trees, was the Greta—a lovely brown stream, growling and rushing over the huge stones in its way, foaming round them till it became tawny in its wrath, and then hurrying along with an always increasing "greet"—for the Greta has aptly named itself—between lofty tree-shaded banks. These banks are very steep on either side, perhaps a hundred feet high, strewn with huge moss-covered rocks, on which trees, silver birches chiefly, have perched wherever they can find a footing; every bit of space between the stones was gemmed with flowers or crowded with nettle and garlic. The wind has twisted and bent the birch trees into fantastic forms, and more than once we saw a tree which had dragged out a fragment of rock between its roots and held it up in the air clasped in their embrace. Below us was a

rustic bridge leading to Scargill. Near here must be the spot on which Bertram

> "Laid him down,
> Where purple heath profusely strewn,
> And throatwort with its azure bell,
> And moss and thyme his cushion swell."

Doubtless these flowers carpet the woods in autumn, but the colour was much gayer when we saw it. Great tufts of primroses, so large that we wondered at their size; forget-me-not, large, blue, and luxuriant, looking gem-like as it peeped out among the tree roots, or nestled against the dark-green moss of the rock-strewn bank; while Jack by the hedge blushed rosily in tufts, and wood-anemone and bright starlike celandine made a groundwork for the rest. The sun was shining brightly through the scantily-clothed trees, and we saw, as Bertram did,

> "The course of Greta's playful tide;
> Beneath her banks now eddying dun,
> Now brightly gleaming to the sun,
> As, dancing over rock and stone,
> In yellow light her currents shone,
> Matching in hue the favourite gem
> Of Albin's mountain-diadem."

Or, looking across

> "To where the bank opposing show'd
> Its huge square cliffs through shaggy wood.
> One, prominent above the rest,
> Rear'd to the sun its pale gray breast;

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

BRIGNALL BANKS.

Around its broken summit grew
The hazel rude, and sable yew;
A thousand varied lichens dyed
Its waste and weather-beaten side;
And round its rugged basis lay,
By time or thunder rent away,
Fragments, that, from its frontlet torn,
Were mantled now by verdant thorn."

Across the river is the cave to which Guy Denzil guides the outlaw, and where Edmund the harper sang—

"O Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green."

Every turn in the woods calls up some thought of the poem; and it is singular to realise the galvanising effect which the truth of the descriptions produces; the cumbrous machinery of the story is forgotten, and Bertram and Matilda and Wilfrid seem to be real dwellers beside the Greta. Beautiful as the scene is, its charm is certainly increased by these romantic associations.

As we went on the path descended, and becks, trickling in silver threads from the top of the bank, continually crossed our path. Sometimes they were large enough to form waterfalls of several stages, tumbling over the huge stone blocks and adding their voices to the constant complaint of the Greta. Now the path widened, leaving a space of ground between it and the upper part of the ravine most picturesquely covered with detached masses of rock, posed in fan-

tastic ways and gemmed with flowers, while below us the bank went down steeply, still flower-covered, beneath trees bending over in all kinds of quaint contortions. In one place the river, checked by a huge slab of limestone, made a darkling sweep backward, its blackness fringed with tawny foam; then a ridge of stones parted off a deep dark pool, with trees bending over as if to keep some weird mystery from straying beyond their limits; and then the scene grew tamer, and we walked almost on a level with the stream, crushing the garlic under our feet as we passed, till the scent was more powerful than pleasant. One might spend days here without exhausting the varied charms of this exquisite river (for doubtless the other side of the valley has beauties of its own), but we kept on the bank by which we had descended. The path was so wet from the previous rains, which had also increased the size of the becks constantly crossing our way, that we were almost glad to come to more open park-like country, with fine trees here and there. After this the valley narrowed again, and although the description is perhaps a little high-flown, yet Scott's lines give a good idea of it:—

> "It seem'd some mountain, rent and riven,
> A channel for the stream had given,
> So high the cliffs of limestone gray
> Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way.
>
> . . . . . .

The cliffs that rear their haughty head
High o'er the river's darksome bed,
Were now all naked, wild, and gray,
Now waving all with greenwood spray;
Here trees to every crevice clung,
And o'er the dell their branches hung;
And there, all splinter'd and uneven,
The shiver'd rocks ascend to heaven."

The beautiful Greta makes a loud murmuring as she hurries along to meet the Tees: now she eddies round huge stones, churning her waters into a fury of tawny foam; now she sweeps on in a dark rush, bearing away with the force of her current the branches that bend down from the trees above. She turns and winds: there is constant variety in the pictures she creates between her tree-shaded rock-strewn banks, where flowers nestle in the mossy chinks, and rise above a brown carpet of dead leaves. The rocks are many coloured with moss and lichen, and as the sun poured down through the scantily-leaved branches the effect to us was enchanting.

Close to the river is the picturesque ruin of Old Brignall Church.

When we finally reached the Hall Mr. Morritt, the present owner, a nephew of Sir Walter's friend, received us very kindly, and showed us his charming house; it has been much beautified in the way of decoration and furnishing by the taste of its present owner, and its aspect has changed since the days when Scott

visited it, but still it is indissolubly associated with thoughts of him.

This generation does not seem to care for Scott, perhaps some of us who so worshipped him in our youth could not muster courage to read the Waverley Novels as a whole, and yet there is a certain magic even in the memory of the spell he once held over us. I found myself wondering which of his ideas dawned at Rokeby, and what phantoms among his characters lingered in the old saloon, with its pillars and quaint furniture, where he must sometimes have written.

There are many interesting pictures at Rokeby, among them a remarkable Velasquez; and there are numerous Italian carvings in marble and ivory, etchings, engravings, and other rarities. There is also a collection of pictures in needlework—boldly and artistically executed by one of the Morritt family of a past generation; indeed it is difficult to believe that some of these are not paintings. Having seen the house, we went out into the delightful grounds, and Mr. Morritt pointed out to us on the farther bank of the Greta the cave in which Scott is supposed to have written a part of the poem; and farther on, under some tall trees on the same side of the river, the tomb beside which Bertram retreats from what he thinks is the ghost of Mortham.

After this we turned back and followed the river to the graceful Dairy Bridge, shaded with light foliage; it spans the foaming fury of the Greta as she dashes

SCOTT'S CAVE.

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

over broad slabs of marble and loses herself in the Tees.

The river is very wide at the meeting, and the hills are tamer and less interesting. We wished we had

THE DAIRY BRIDGE.

seen this point before we had taken our walk beside Brignall Banks and the Greta. Close by the bridge is Mortham Tower, a very interesting old fortress

house of the fifteenth century, surrounded by buildings of later date; standing here above the river, we got a more striking view of this meeting of the waters. Mortham Tower is now a farmhouse; on the stairs are some blood stains: the tradition is that a lady was killed by her jealous husband, and a headless lady still haunts the ground between the tower and the Dairy Bridge. Rokeby Hall is probably too late in date to be haunted; but Yorkshire certainly appears to be a ghost-ridden county, so many weird stories did we hear related during our wanderings. Not far from Mortham's silent hall, in a tree-shaded nook, is the monument removed from Eglistone Abbey.

It is only a few miles' drive through open country from Rokeby to Bowes. We seemed to go up hill nearly all the way, and the view of the surrounding hills soon became very fine and extended. There is something painfully bleak and desolate in the first aspect of Bowes; the moor slopes down on all sides from the straight line of gray dull houses crowned by the church and the old Norman Castle; there is scarcely a tree to be seen, and the wind felt bitter enough to cut us in two. Indeed, except in its distance from Greta Bridge, the wind seems to be the one special feature that fits Bowes as the locality of Dotheboys; for on arriving, Mr. Squeers says to Nicholas Nickleby, "Come in, then, the wind blows in at this door fit to knock a man off his legs."

Bowes was formerly full of schools, and we were told that the school popularly identified with Dotheboys Hall was entirely ruined by the publication of *Nicholas Nickleby*, and that its master and his wife died broken-hearted in consequence of the odium thus cast on them —an odium which, we were also assured, was unde-

MORTHAM TOWER.

served. It is evident that Dickens purposely avoided all local description, for there is a striking contrast between the Balzac-like minuteness of the "Saracen's Head" picture and the bald and colourless mention of Dotheboys Hall; it seems to be of set purpose that

he makes Nicholas arrive in the dark, and afterwards gives so meagre a description of the surroundings; but one cannot imagine a more bleak abode for homeless children. The wind on this May afternoon felt ice-laden, and we shivered as we drove up the hill. It was delightful to meet with a most hospitable reception at the parsonage, and to get thoroughly warm while we drank tea and inspected some of the church registers shown us by the vicar. Among these is the well-known entry of the death of the two lovers afterwards celebrated in Mallet's poem as "Edwin and Emma"—

"Rodger Wrightson junr. and Martha Railton, both of Bowes. Buried in one grave. He died in a Fever, and upon tolling his passing Bell she cry'd out, 'My heart is broke,' and in a Few hours expir'd purely thro' Love March 15, 1714."

In a previous register we had come to an entry of the death of a young man and then this:—

"John Matthews a young man buryed same day —these two were carried to church both together and died within an hour one after the other, which has not happened since I came to Bowes April 4, 1685."

In recording the death of a woman, the wife of an innkeeper in the present century, the then vicar takes up some pages of the register in relating that she was a highly respectable person, and that more than once he has stayed a night at her house, and that he and his

horse have been both well cared for—with more to the same effect in a large, leisureful handwriting.

Bowes, the ancient Lavatrae, is said to have been held by the Romans for three hundred years. There are traces of two great roads here—one from York to Carlisle, and another which branched from the main road at Lavatrae and crossed the Tees where Barnard Castle now stands on its way to the Wall of Hadrian. There are distinct traces of the station and also of the remains of Roman Baths. Many years ago an inscription was found here on an altar dedicated to the Goddess Fortune. I give it translated :—

"To the Goddess Fortune. Virius Lupus, Imperial Lieutenant, Governor of Britain. The Baths burned to the ground, the first cohort of the Thracians rebuilt, under the superintendence of Valerius Fronto, Præfect of the Cavalry of the Ala of the Vettonians."

It is now intended to excavate these Baths, and an account has been opened with the National Provincial Bank of England, Barnard Castle, called "The Bowes Roman Baths Excavation Fund," for which contributions are needed.

The vicar and his wife showed us the church—Norman, but restored. There are two piscinæ ; two curious ancient fonts, one of which is supported on a Roman altar ; also several very early gravestones ; all the brasses have, however, disappeared from them. In the vestry are some curious Roman and Saxon frag-

ments. Outside the church we saw the headstone erected in 1848 by the late Dr. Dinsdale to the memory of the lovers "Edwin and Emma." Then we went shivering in the bitter wind to see the remains of Bowes Castle built by Alan of Brittany, Earl of Richmond. The donjon, a fine old square tower with walls twelve feet thick, is still standing. It is supposed that the inner groutwork of the walls may have formed part of Lavatrae itself, as traces of fire appear on it. The deep moat is plainly visible, and is believed to have been that of the ancient station; from its lofty position and extended outlook Bowes Castle must have been impregnable, for it commands the country on all sides. Before we left the parsonage the rain had begun a fierce downpour. Certainly, under the lowering gray sky, Bowes had the wildest and dreariest of aspects, but we were assured that it was singularly healthy, and that illness rarely came to it. A doctor has found it impossible to make a living at Bowes. As we drove away through the pouring rain we were shown a large gray house where Cobden was at school; but since the appearance of *Nicholas Nickleby* the schools of Bowes have diminished in number; doubtless not one among them fully realised the miseries of Dotheboys Hall.

On our return to Barnard Castle we heard a strange story of Stanmore, a wild stretch of moor to the west of Bowes.

A fragment of Rey-Cross is still said to exist on the

waste ridge of this moor, near an inn called the "Spital." This cross was, according to tradition, the boundary between England and Scotland. Scott says in *Rokeby*—

"And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere Cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale."

This inn of Spital on Stanmore was kept, in the year 1797, by one George Alderson. He, his wife, and son managed the business of this lonely hostel themselves, with the help of a maid named Bella. The inn was a long, narrow building, and turned one end towards the great high road which crossed Stanmore on its way from York to Carlisle. The lower story of the house was used as stabling, for the stage-coaches changed horses at the inn and brought all the last news of the day. The upper part of the solid stone building was reached by a flight of ten or twelve stone steps leading up from the road to a stout oaken door, and the windows, deeply recessed in the thick walls, were strongly barred with iron. One cold October night the red curtains were drawn across the windows, and a huge log-fire sputtered and crackled on the broad hearth, and lighted up the faces of George Alderson and his son as they sat talking of their gains at the fair of Broughton Hill; these gains, representing a large sum of money, being safely stowed away in a cupboard in the landlord's bedroom.

Mrs. Alderson and Bella sat a little way off spinning

by fire-light, for the last coach had gone by and the house door was barred and bolted for the night. Outside the wind and rain were having a battle; there came fierce gusts which made the old casements rattle and stirred the red curtains, and then a torrent of rain swept smartly across the window, striking the glass so angrily that it seemed as if the small panes must shatter under its violence.

Into the midst of this fitful disturbance, only varied by the men's voices beside the hearth, there came a knock at the door.

"Open t' door, lass," said Alderson. "Ah wadna keep a dog out sik a neet as this."

"Eh! best slacken t' chain, lass," said the more cautious landlady.

The girl went to the door, but when she saw that the visitor was an old woman she opened the door wide and bade her come in. There entered a bent figure dressed in a long cloak and hood; this last was drawn over her face; and, as she walked feebly to the arm-chair which Alderson pushed forward, the rain streamed from her clothing and made a pool on the oaken floor. She shivered violently, but refused to take off her cloak and have it dried. She also refused the offer of food or a bed. She said she was on her way to the north, and must start as soon as there was daylight. All she wanted was a rest beside the fire: she could get the sleep she needed in her arm-chair.

The innkeeper and his wife were well used to wayfarers, and they soon said "Good-night" and went to bed ; so did their son. Bella was left alone with the shivering old woman. The girl had kept silence, but now she put her wheel away in its corner and began to talk. She only got surly answers, and although the voice was low and subdued, the girl fancied that it did not sound like a woman's. Presently the wayfarer stretched out her feet to warm them, and Bella's quick eyes saw under the hem of the skirts that the stranger wore horseman's gaiters. The girl felt uneasy, and, instead of going to bed, she resolved to stay up and watch.

"Ah'm sleepy," she said, gaping, but the figure in the chair made no answer. Presently Bella lay down on a long settle beyond the range of the firelight and watched the stranger while she pretended to fall asleep. All at once the figure in the chair stirred, raised its head, and listened ; then it rose slowly to its feet, no longer bent, but tall and powerful-looking : it stood listening for some time. There was no sound but Bella's heavy breathing and the wind and the rain beating on the windows. Then the woman took from the folds of her cloak a brown withered human hand ; next she produced a candle, lit it from the fire, and placed it in the hand. Bella's heart beat so fast that she could hardly keep up the regular deep breathing of pretended sleep ; but now she saw the stranger coming

towards her with this ghastly chandelier, and she closed her lids tightly. She felt that the woman was bending over her, and that the light was passed slowly before her eyes, while these words were muttered in the strange masculine voice that had first roused her suspicions :—

> "Let those who rest more deeply sleep ;
> Let those awake their vigils keep."

The light moved away, and through her eyelashes Bella saw that the woman's back was turned to her, and that she was placing the hand in the middle of the long oak table, while she muttered this rhyme :—

> "O Hand of Glory shed thy light ;
> Direct us to our spoil to-night."

Then she moved a few steps away and undrew the window-curtain. Coming back to the table she said:—

> "Flash out thy blaze, O skeleton hand,
> And guide the feet of our trusty band."

At once the light shot up a bright livid gleam, and the woman walked to the door ; she took down the bar, drew back the bolts, unfastened the chain, and Bella felt a keen blast of cold night air rush in as the door was flung open. She kept her eyes closed, however, for the woman at that moment looked back at her, and then drawing something from her gown she blew a long shrill whistle ; she then went out at the door and down a few of the steps, stopped and whistled

again, but the next moment a vigorous push sent her spinning down the steps on to the road below—the door was closed, barred, and bolted, and Bella almost flew to her master's bedroom and tried to wake him. In vain. He and his wife slept on, while their snores sounded loudly through the house. . . . The girl felt frantic. . . . She then tried to rouse young Alderson, but he slept as if in a trance. Now a fierce battery on the door and cries below the windows told that the band had arrived.

A new thought came to Bella. She ran back to the kitchen. There was the Hand of Glory, still burning with a wonderful light. The girl caught up a cup of milk that stood on the table, dashed it on the flame and extinguished it—in one moment, as it seemed to her, she heard footsteps coming from the bedrooms, and George Alderson and his son rushed into the room with firearms in their hands.

As soon as the robbers heard his voice bidding them depart they summoned the landlord to open his doors and produce his valuables. Meanwhile young Alderson had opened the window, and for answer he fired his blunderbuss down among the men below.

There was a groan—a fall—then a pause, and, as it seemed to the besieged, some sort of discussion. Then a voice called out, "Give up the Hand of Glory, and we will not harm you."

For answer young Alderson fired again, and the party drew off. Seemingly they had trusted entirely

to the Hand of Glory, or else they feared a long resistance, for no further attack was made: the withered hand remained in possession of the Aldersons for sixteen years after.

This story was told to my informant, Mr. Atkinson, by Bella herself when she was quite an old woman.

Barnard Castle abounds in legendary stories. Bridgegate used to be haunted by a goblin called the Briggate Dobie or Barguest: it appeared after sunset in the form of a large black dog trailing a chain behind it, and vanished before daybreak. Often a man would come home very late from the ale-house with a bruised head and clothes covered with mud, and he would tell his wife that the Briggate Dobie had upset him and rolled him in the gutter as he was coming quietly up the street. We heard of the Barguest in several parts of Yorkshire.

There are stories of haunted houses too; and, to those who watch for her, poor Lady Ann Day still appears nightly, clad in white, on the castle walls. She wrings her hands, and then, after much moaning and lamentation, she flings herself over into the Tees; enacting again a tragedy which took place here in the days of Queen Mary.

The castle with its courts covers nearly seven acres. There are four courts, most of which have been cultivated into gardens, separated by high walls and moats. The west side of the building rises sheer from the rock

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

BARNARD CASTLE.

about eighty feet above the river. The great tower, called Baliol's Tower, is very massive, and there is a fine view of Teesdale from the top of the winding staircase, described in the beginning of *Rokeby*. Then there is Brackenbury's Tower, and in this lives the intelligent guide who showed us some pleasant rooms she had to let there overlooking the Tees. Between this part of the castle and the great tower is an oriel window in which a boar is sculptured, and there is a tradition that this was the room occupied by Richard III. when he resided at Barnard Castle. From this window we got a lovely view of the Tees flowing peacefully in its marble bed between tree-covered banks and wooded heights above. Beside its banks, and far behind the castle, stretches the old forest, called Marwood Chase, full of romantic glades and legends. Some way up the river is the huge cliff, called Percy Myre Castle, said to be the scene of a tragedy. The last of the Fitzhughs of Romaldkirk had been warned by an old woman not to hunt in Marwood Chase. She said she had had a dream respecting him ; but Lord Fitzhugh was young, and loved hunting better than any other pastime. He only laughed at her words, and went out a-hunting. Towards evening he became separated from his retainers, but, although the night had grown dark, he knew that the deer was in front of him, followed by the hounds. Suddenly the dogs stopped, but Fitzhugh, cheering them with his

voice, urged on his horse, and then he saw that he was on the edge of a precipice. Below him lay the river, on which light still lingered—he was on the brink of Percy Myre. He reined in his horse, but the creature slipped aside, fell, and then rolled over the edge of the cliff with his young rider. There are delightful walks in this direction, in the Flatts Woods and Marwood Chase, near the Percy Beck, with its romantic glens and waterfalls; and there are exquisite views of the castle, the river, and of the surrounding scenery. Altogether the town of Barnard Castle is a fascinating place, both to artists and to those who care for charming scenery filled with interesting associations. The castle seems to have passed from the Baliols to Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and then to the Nevilles, Richard III. acquiring this castle, as he did that of Middleham, by his marriage with Anne Neville. It was besieged by the rebellious earls during the famous Rising in the North in the reign of Elizabeth.

Between Barnard Castle and Bowes is Lartington Station, and one morning we went by rail and got out here in order to explore Deepdale more perfectly. Lartington is a very pretty straggling village of stone houses, with well-kept gardens in front, and roses and other climbing plants clustered on the walls.

We admired one of these gardens, and the woman who owned it said their landlord took a pride in his village, and loved to see the gardens gay with flowers.

THE PERCY BECK.

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

This landlord is a Roman Catholic priest, and his house—Lartington Hall—is said to contain a museum of pictures and curiosities ; but we were bent on exploring Deepdale, and after asking our way we went over the fields beside a fish-pond ; then, following the railway line for some little distance, we crossed it when we reached the block house, and, after getting fresh directions from the signalman, followed the coal-strewn path on the right to Catcastle rocks. It was some time before we reached them. The scene here is wonderfully picturesque. The rocks raise themselves in a large semicircle ; below them it seems as if some immense pagan temple had been violently destroyed. Enormous masses of moss-encrusted stone lie scattered on the side of the steep valley ; sometimes they are half buried in last year's fallen leafage, sometimes they tower up with trees springing from their mossy summits. Overhead are tall forest trees varied with gloomy pines and silver fir, while under foot, from the frowning circle of rocks down to the beck brawling along its stone-cumbered bed, the steep cliff is carpeted with wild flowers wherever they can raise their heads out of the leaf-strewn earth ; and in the decayed tree trunks nestle knots of forget-me-not and bilberry covered with blossom.

Certainly this bit of Deepdale is more wildly beautiful than anything beside the Greta, and from the top of the rocks we got a splendid view over the surrounding

country ; but the ramble through the woods from Catcastle to the point near the Butts is so full of varied charm that it baffles any attempt at description. Into the midst of this deep wooded valley the railway viaduct sends down long white iron piers, so slender that it is a marvel they can endure the frequent traffic they have to support : this line between Barnard Castle and Tebay is a most picturesque bit of the North-Eastern Railway. It is surprising to see how Nature holds her own in the wild place : the beauty of the brawling beck, with its many curves and endless variety of feature, the trees flinging their branches across the water, and feathering up the steep sides of the dale, absorb attention so completely that the viaduct is far less obtrusive than might be supposed. We had often wished to visit Deepdale, and its many beauties far surpassed our expectation. We were a little early for the trees—many of them were still leafless —but then we saw many beauties through the branches which would have been hidden by a veil of leaves, and the glory of the wild flowers was at its height. It was exquisite as the wood grew thicker and the path narrowed so that sometimes our way was barred by branches; exquisite to see sheets of quivering blue hyacinths, or the paler, stiller blue of forget-me-not, clustered among the primroses. We longed for a fairy's wand to transport such a vision of fresh loveliness into the squalid courts of Whitechapel or the wards of a London

hospital, and we wondered whether it might not be easy for those who live near these woods to supply every London workhouse and hospital with constant relays of primroses and hyacinths in the sweet spring-time, which has so little meaning, without such helps, to the sick poor of our great towns.

Near Lartington there is a knoll crowned with a few trees called the Priest's Hill. This is a haunted spot, for here, in the reign of Elizabeth, an old priest dwelt, who used to administer the rites of his church in secret to those of his flock who clung to the old faith. But after the Rising in the North had been quelled the peaceful old man was betrayed and proscribed. . . . Very soon his house was surrounded by soldiers, who ruthlessly hanged him on the tree that overshadowed his cottage. Sometimes on a summer's evening the figure of a priest is said to visit the knoll.

CHAPTER IV.

WENSLEYDALE.

MIDDLEHAM, RICHMOND, AND EASBY ABBEY.

WENSLEYDALE, or the valley of the Yore, differs from some of the other great Yorkshire valleys in that its course is not narrowed and ended by any transverse mountain range—it remains broad throughout its long course of about thirty-six miles, beginning at Kilgram Bridge near Jervaux Abbey, and ending at Sedbergh ; or, if one reckons its extent by the course of the Yore, near the Lady's Pillar on the Westmoreland border. In reality it divides and skirts the wild mountainous region of Swaledale on the north, from Wharfedale on the south ; it possesses some of the beauty of all the great Yorkshire valleys, and it has perhaps more variety of aspect than any other dale.

The beautiful Yore, with its constant windings, is always showing fresh pictures—now foaming over sheets of limestone marble, or breaking into cataracts

as at Aysgarth ; then spreading into a smooth stream it shows on its banks ruined castles and abbeys, and quaint gray villages nestling a few houses together under the broad shadow of grand old trees ; torrents come rushing down from the lofty hills, and, checked by the abrupt limestone ridges, break into waterfalls as they reach the exquisite tree-shaded clefts and glens among fern-covered rocks below. Sometimes a huge bare mountain, like Penhill, looms down in black grandeur, or, as at Middleham, the sides of the dale are lower and richly cultivated ; the hills are partly limestone and partly millstone grit, and patches of bare rock scantily sprinkled with heather tell out grandly against the green meadows lower down. The two great dales of Bishopdale and Raydale branch out of Wensleydale, so does pretty winding Coverdale, while Swaledale is within reach.[1]

Another great charm of this district is its healthiness. The town of Leyburn, which we made our first halting-place, stands seven hundred feet above the sea ; it fronts the south, and is screened from the north by a lofty moor which rises behind it. It is a clean, rather quaint town, beautifully placed, in full view of Penhill Beacon, Wittonfell, and Middleham Castle. It has a spacious market-place, a modern town-hall and church,

[1] It is said that more than one-half of our English land-fowl are to be found in Wensleydale ; many rare plants are found here ; fish are plentiful ; "very little corn, but plenty geese," a local writer says.

and an ancient bull-ring. The market cross stood at the east end of the town-hall, shaded by a splendid elm-tree, removed in 1821; it seems a pity that both cross and elm have not been replaced.

We went first to see the Shawl—the chief feature of Leyburn—a charming walk not far from the town, along the ridge of the hills that make the north side of the dale; the walk takes its name from Schall, a scar, or from Shaw-hill, as its steep side is thickly wooded.

The view from this walk is fascinating in its beauty; on our left, across the river, the ground is lower, and from its green slopes rise the gray towers of Middleham. The bank below us is thickly clothed with wood, just now putting forth tender green leaves, so that we see the bright river through the tracery of branches. Opposite us is the long Witton range, and then comes the huge square black top of Penhill; above its shoulder is Little Whernside, still streaked with winter snow, and as we go on a yet larger hill comes into sight—one of the Pennine range, that reaches from the Scottish border northward, to the Peak in Derbyshire southward, the famous backbone of England.

When we reach more open ground the sides of the cliffs are broken, and before us is an avenue of fir-trees. This is the "Queen's Gap," for tradition holds that Queen Mary escaped from Bolton Castle—farther up the dale—and reached this point before her gaolers

overtook her. Mary was so closely guarded within Bolton Castle that this legend of her escape seems incredible; it is far more possible that the spot may have been a favourite point to which she rode, when, as Froude says, "she hunted daily about Bolton in the wildest weather, galloping so fast that her guard could scarce keep at her side." Sir Francis Knowles grew so fearful that she might be rescued on one of these excursions by some of her devoted adherents that—although Elizabeth chafed at the expense, she "replenished Lord Scrope's stables—a dozen men well armed and mounted were to accompany her wherever she went."

How dismal it must have been to poor Mary to have this guard set on her wild rides through this lovely region!

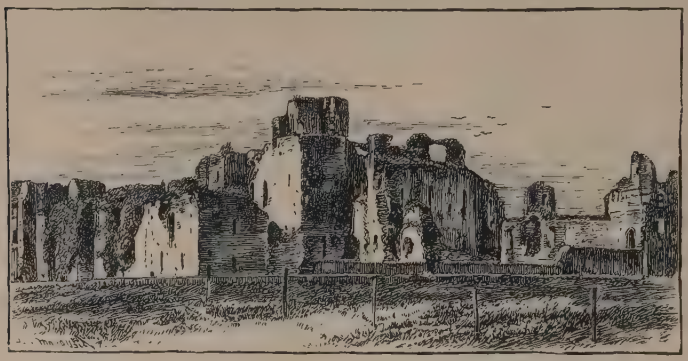
At the "Gap" the valley narrows, the hills rise more steeply, and the mountain we had seen beyond Penhill shows itself to be one of a range which seems to cross the dale with lofty far-off summits.

Behind Penhill rose a mass of yellow vapour, almost terrible in its strange colour, against the dark clouds above, and we had only just time to reach a welcome summer-house in the midst of the fir-avenue, when the rain poured down in a torrent. Below us was the picturesque village of Wensley, and hidden among the trees was Bolton Hall.

When the rain ceased we went on along the Shawl.

Before us the limestone scar on the right comes boldly down into the valley, and on its side, facing us, are the massive square towers of Bolton Castle, the home of the Scropes, frowning across the dale at Middleham, the dwelling of the rival house of Neville.

Middleham Castle is really within a short walk, the distance from Leyburn being only two miles and a



MIDDLEHAM CASTLE.

half. The road goes downhill till it reaches a suspension bridge over the lovely Yore, and then it mounts again to the quaint, gray town of Middleham. There are two market-places here, on the slope of the steep hill. The upper one is called "The Swine Market." In the centre of this is a curious double cross standing on a flight of steps; close by is the church dedicated to Saint Alkelda, a Christian martyr, strangled by the Danes; but all interest has been taken from the build-

ing by the way in which it has been restored ; there is, however, in it the curious tomb slab of Robert Thorneton, nearly the last abbot of Jervaux.

The grand old ruin of the castle stands on the top of the hill, and commands the country on all sides. The earliest account of Middleham tells us that, in the time of Edward the Confessor, it was the manor of the famous Dane Gilpatric, who probably had a dwelling here. Then, after Sweyn's invasion, William laid the whole country waste, and for nine years there seems to have been no attempt made to reclaim this portion of it from devastation. The original inhabitants had either been massacred or had fled to Scotland to make way for their Norman invaders.

William gave the lands of Middleham to his favourite Alan, Earl of Richmond. Alan gave them to his brother Ribald ; but Ribald became a monk in the Abbey of St. Mary at York ; and his grandson Robert, the son of Ralph or Ranulph, probably about 1190, built the old castle, which stands in dark Norman strength a massive kernel, within the curtain walls and round towers of a later fortress, built in the fourteenth century by Ralph Neville, the great Earl of Westmoreland—" my cousin Westmoreland " of Shakespeare's Henry IV. Except on one side, where the chapel projects out of the square inner building, there is a wide space between the two castles, and this arrangement gives much variety of effect to the grand old pile as one sees it from different points ;

there is a square tower at each corner of the inner fortress, and in two of the sides there are also projections.

The castle is now most heedfully cared for, and has, where such work is absolutely necessary, been most judiciously supported—not restored—by Mr. J. H. Metcalfe. The building has been barbarously injured; in some places portions of the stone work have actually been hewn away from the lower part of the wall for building purposes, so that the upper portion is left, as it were, suspended, only held together by the strength of its masonry. The intelligent guide who showed us the castle told us that a few years ago the lower part of the beautiful newel staircase had been blocked with stones and rubbish; now these have been cleared away, the interior of the keep gives a good idea of a Norman baron's dwelling. The original building was divided into two large halls; one—more simply built than its companion—probably contained the kitchen and other offices. Down the centre of the other hall are traces of five ruined columns, which have supported round arches and a groined roof; this hall was probably used by the men-at-arms. A broad newel staircase leads from this to the great hall above it, and in the east corner of this was the baron's private chamber. In the thickness of this east wall is a small staircase, which doubtless led down from the baron's room to the dungeons of his prisoners. Side by side with the great hall was the ladies' bower, which has had two fireplaces and three stone closets in it. There was no exit

from this fortress except by a door about twenty feet from the ground, near the baron's chamber. There is something awful in the grim sternness of the place; in one part a bit of wall, blown up by gunpowder, lies as it were uprooted, but the masonry holds together like some solid block of stone. No wonder that Edward IV. felt disquieted when his powerful father-in-law brought him a semi-guest, semi-captive, to Middleham. Bulwer Lytton has described this bringing home in *The Last of the Barons.*

Dire tragedies are recorded in the history of the castle; one of these is said to have been enacted by Mary, who became, at the death of her father, the last FitzRanulph, heiress of Middleham.

She was then the wife of Robert de Neville, Lord of Raby; and rumour, or suspicion, told her that her husband was unfaithful, and that he loved another man's wife. Either by the hand of the injured husband, or by that of Mary, Robert de Neville was so barbarously wounded that he died in 1270, and was buried in the neighbouring abbey of Coverham, where Mary founded a chantry, that masses might be said for her own and her husband's sinful souls. Her eldest son became Lord of Raby, but she bequeathed Middleham to her grandson Robert Neville, "the peacock of the North." There is a sculptured peacock near the entrance.

After some changes the castle, during the Wars of the Roses, became the property of Richard Neville,

Earl of Warwick; and when he fell at Barnet it went with his daughter Anne to her royal husband Richard III., who is said to have made it his favourite dwelling. It must have been a melancholy nursery for the sickly heir of Richard, who was born in his mother's old home. The spirit of Anne Neville, one of the most piteous of the women of our history, seems to haunt the old walls, and calls up memories of her first love, Prince Edward of Lancaster, who, doubtless, was a visitor at Middleham. One of the external corner towers is called the Prince's Tower, and Anne of Warwick's son is said to have died in one of its rooms while his father and mother were holding their court at Nottingham Castle. From the time of Richard III. to that of Charles I. Middleham remained the property of the Crown; Charles I., however, sold the manor of Middleham to the citizens of London, but it does not appear that the castle was then sold. In that miserable year of demolition, 1646, the Parliamentary Committee at York ordered Middleham to be made useless as a fortress, and its walls were in places destroyed.

A few years ago, while workmen were engaged in clearing the ground outside the castle, they came upon an old road, paved with cobble-stones, evidently a chief approach to the fortress; red-deer and other deer horns were found. About three months ago a Roman house was discovered a quarter of a mile from Middleham. A beautiful gold-plated spur—nearly perfect,

with rowels almost as big as penny pieces—was also found near the castle. Wensleydale, like other parts of Yorkshire, seems to have resisted Julius Cæsar, and was not conquered till the coming of Agricola.

There is a legend that the water-horse, a fearful kelpie, haunts the banks of the Yore, near Middleham; as soon as evening falls it ramps along the meadows, eager for prey.

From the castle we drove across the racecourse and training-ground, meeting on our way some trainers with several led horses, carefully covered up, which had evidently been exercised on the moor. The best and most picturesque view of the castle is from this side—the bold round towers stand out impressively.

We drove on to the ruins of Coverham Abbey, once a religious house, founded in 1214 by Ralph FitzRobert, son of Helewisia, heiress of the famous Lord Chief Justice Glanville. Very little remains of the abbey: two piers and an arch of the nave, which will soon fall if left unsupported; and beyond the enclosure in which these stand are the foundations of the chancel. There were two more bays of the nave, but these fell some time ago from want of care, and the portion which is left will perish in some wild wind-storm.

There is a curious square trefoil-headed doorway of later date in the farmhouse buildings beside the enclosure; on the left spandrel is an eagle, on the right the letter A, with a palm branch. In the top square

there is the legend "Mercy, mercy." The label moulding has alternately leaves and roses; this has evidently been a part of the monastery. Going into a sort of shed, with a flooring of filthy straw, we came upon a curious, huge old fireplace with label moulding, facing us was a low broad window of six lights, with trefoil heads and transoms; but the whole place is so neglected and built upon that it is difficult to make out. We found our way out into a garden at the back, and from hence we saw that the window has nine lights, and a label moulding. A little farther on stands the western gateway of the abbey, and beyond it we saw the pretty river Cover, spanned by a quaint one-arched stone bridge, doubtless as old as the monastery. Not far off is the meeting of the Cover and the Yore; the pretty little stream comes sparkling down from the high hills that part Wharfedale from Yoredale, to swell the waters of the larger river.

As we came back from the bridge we met an old man who seemed amused by our interest in the remains of Coverham. We had noticed that a house was built close to what has been the nave of the Abbey Church, and that a good-sized garden lay between this and the river. The old man asked us to walk into the garden, showed us the greenhouse, and told us that the property belonged to him. We asked him why he left the ruins of the abbey in such neglect—we might have used the word desecration—and ventured to suggest that judicious excavation would bring

to light far more of the abbey than appears now to exist. He said he had thought of it, but to begin with, it would be expensive, and next—and this evidently had more weight with him—it would bring such a number of "touring people" about his house and garden that he thought it was best let alone.

In its present state Coverham Abbey is a disgrace to Wensleydale.

Although one sees the country much better by driving through it, the line of the North-Eastern Railway is, for those whose time is limited, most conveniently arranged for seeing the different points of interest in Wensleydale. Between Leyburn and Hawes there are four stations, and from each of these points of interest can be reached. But there are many other places that can only be seen walking and driving—a point between Leyburn and Redmire, called Scarthnick, is one of these; and from here the view of the dale is finer than it is from the Shawl, as it reaches farther in a westerly direction; from this point can be seen "Middleham and Bolton Castles, the Falls of Aysgarth, eight villages, and seven steeples." Then there is Waldendale and the quaint village of West Burton, built round its ancient cross; there is Raydale and Seamer Water; above all, there is the drive to Richmond through the valley of the Swale; we had a fine day for this, and the changeful light and shade on the bare scars and on the rushing river were full of exquisite charm.

Our driver seemed puzzled when we told him to take the "lower road." He only knew one road, he said—the road over the moor—but we had been warned to follow the course of the Swale, and we soon saw a road on the left, which we knew must take us where we wished to go. Before this, however, we had passed through Bellerby, a rambling village of stone houses with their entrances up a flight of stone steps, the lower part of the house being used for stables. We saw many instances of this arrangement through the dale. A stream runs through Bellerby past the remains of the old hall taken by Parliamentary soldiers after the battle of Naseby, in which the two sons of its owner, Scott, were killed. There is a very quaint old manor-house in Bellerby, and we heard that this was haunted. Beyond Bellerby we passed Hart Leap Well, the place where the poor stag, immortalised by Wordsworth, after being hunted for thirteen hours, sprang in three leaps from the cliff behind, and fell dead beside the spring. Next we came to Walburn Hall, a most interesting old dwelling of the sixteenth century. A beautiful view opened here on the right, where Arkengarth dale and Swaledale stretch away to the north and west. Soon after this we passed the ridge dividing us from Wensley-dale; the sun was shining brightly and the fresh pure air was exquisite; now we began to descend again, and presently reached the banks of the Swale. The scenery here was charming; there was no corn land or fallow

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

RICHMOND CASTLE.

ground, soft green meadows climbed the side of the dale, trees were putting forth early leaves on the rounded hills, or else bare limestone crags jutted out from their soft green covering. The valley is narrower and less varied than Wensleydale, but every now and then the bare upright rocks give a strange wildness to the scenery. At one part of our drive through this beautiful valley, very lofty cliffs of limestone, with jagged edges, come down in rugged terraces to the river.

Our driver was dull and ignorant, he told us he had not driven that way before, and he could hardly answer any of our inquiries; but when we came in sight of a grand series of lofty rocks, their white sides dotted with dark green yews and sycamores covered with rosy gray leaf-buds, he told us that must be Whitcliffe Wood. This scar is wonderfully bold and abrupt; it is within a walk of Richmond. Soon after passing this fine bit of scenery we quitted the river, but we soon came in sight of it again, and of the grand old keep of Richmond Castle towering over the town.

Richmond Castle is certainly a most stately stronghold—a worthy heart of the vast earldom of Richmondshire; the present castle is Norman, and was not built till long after the death of the great Earl Edwin of Northumbria. Alan Rufus, one of the sons of Eudes of Brittany, founded this castle on a huge rock in the river Swale, whence it could command the whole country; but

the keep seems to have been built later by Conan of Brittany, father of Constance, and grandfather of Prince Arthur. Alan of Brittany received this earldom from William the Conqueror. But later on, when a town had grown up beneath these formidable towers, the garrison seems to have been unable adequately to protect it, and in the reign of Edward II. the citizens of Richmond petitioned for leave to build walls round the town to protect themselves from the harrying of the Scots.

These walls have entirely disappeared, though there is still a postern gate in Friar's Wyend and a bar on Carnforth Hill.

The market-place is very spacious, and Richmond seems to be a handsome, thriving town ; but the great tower of the castle is the important feature of the place ; it is marvellous in its masonic strength, a giant of stone. Much earlier in date, its masonry looks as fresh and perfect as that of the famous tower at Lillebonne—there is no footing for a weed between its closely-set stones. The wall that surrounds the triangular enclosure of the castle seems to rise on the river side out of the perpendicular rock, which goes down to the Swale brawling over broken stones below. There is a delightful view from the walk below the wall. Within the enclosure are several ruined towers. The first is called Robin Hood's Tower, and has a chapel within it ; the next is called the Gold Tower, because a quantity of treasure is said to have been found here. Within this

tower is a low arched doorway, and this is said to be the entrance to a subterranean passage leading to St.

GREY FRIARS' TOWER.

Martin's Priory; but the most interesting part of the Castle is the large room beyond the Gold Tower, called the Hall of Scolland. The corbelling of the roof

remains perfect, and there are double windows on both sides of the hall—this is supposed to be the work of Duke Conan, and as old as the keep, which, from its battlements—a height of ninety-nine feet—commands a splendid view of the valley of the Swale and over Mowbray Plain; it is said that the towers of York Minster can sometimes be seen. The legend of the sleeping Arthur and his knights is to be found at Richmond Castle, and he who is brave enough to penetrate into the deepest vault below the keep may meet with strange good fortune. We got the finest and most picturesque view of this impressive castle from the opposite side of the river—the keep shows grandly above a foreground of wood and water.

On the other side of the town is a beautiful tower called the Grey Friars; it is supposed to have been built for the Franciscan brotherhood, to whom Ralph of Rokeby gave the "Felon Sowe" of the old ballad; but seemingly only the tower was built of the new monastery—there is no trace of other buildings. In the original monastery, founded in 1257, was placed a vase containing the heart of Ralph, the last Fitz-Ranulph of Middleham, though his body was buried by his unmerciful wife at Coverham.

The walk to Easby Abbey beside the Swale is very pleasant. On our way we passed the parish church, placed so as to command a fine view, but completely rebuilt; some of the old work has been used in the new

building, and the choir stalls belonged to Easby Abbey. Our way lay through a wood beside the Swale, which sparkled golden in the sunshine. The trees here were in fuller leaf than any we had seen, but the wild flowers were less abundant. Through the scantily-clothed branches we soon came in sight of St. Agatha's Abbey, snugly placed, like so many other great religious houses, beside the well-wooded river, and screened all round with trees. It is a beautiful ruin, perhaps the most poetic of any we had seen in its surroundings.

The ivy clings lovingly to the gray walls, and the wild rose sends out from them long wreaths to meet the brambles below. The ruins are left in the state in which artists love them, cared for with all reverence, shut in from any possible desecration, but not cleared from the decorative touches which Nature loves to bestow on mouldering stone work; grass and briers spring from the window-sills, and every now and then tree roots show like serpents clasping the lovely gray old walls. On one side is the murmur of the shining river, on the other the caw of the rooks among the tall trees; the gnats were humming busily in the sunshine, and in the hedges we could hear the chirp of the birds. In one place an ash-tree has grown out of the wall, twisting its roots in and out of the stone work, and from a ruined piece of clustered column, some eight feet high, grows a large thorn-tree. It is a charming place to linger in,

and we rejoiced that we had paid no heed to some one who said, "There's not much to see at Easby." We passed through the cloister court and the refectory; the walls of the latter are very well preserved; it is more than a hundred feet long, and it has a fine east window; this refectory is not earlier than the fourteenth century, but the doorway in the cloister-court is Nor-

RUINS OF EASBY.

man. The church has been almost all destroyed, though it is possible to make out where it has been, but the chapter-house, with the library above, and some other buildings, still remain.

The great gateway, with a room over it, near the church, is very perfect and interesting, both as regards the gateway and the windows above it—the upper one almost hidden by clustering wreaths of ivy. The view of the ruins from this side is very beautiful; one fancies how happily the old canons must have lived in their gray retreat beneath the green hills, with the beautiful Swale for ever singing its song to them from between overshadowing trees. Some part of the old village church is as old as the abbey, but there is fifteenth century work in other portions; it stands quaintly on the pleasant green behind the ruins, not far from the huge Abbot's Elm.

The most interesting church we saw in Wensleydale is at Wensley, about a mile and a half from Leyburn, along the road beside the Yore, at the foot of the Shawl. The village green at Wensley, with its grand old elm in the centre, clamped with iron, makes a fitting approach to the church; close by is the village pump, where probably a market cross stood. This green is said to have been the scene of Frith's well-known picture, "Old English Merry-making." Wensley is the oldest town in the dale, and here before the Normans came was held the Yoredale market.

It is strange to read that this lovely spot was at one time laid waste by a visitation of the plague—"the church register," a local historian says, "for 1563 is an utter blank;" the reason assigned being that the

"plague was most hite and fearfull, soe that many fled, and the town of Wensley, by reason of the sickness, was unfrequented for a long season."

The church was built in the time of Henry III., and the chancel belongs to the original foundation. The sedilia are specially remarkable; the nave was either added to or restored much later, the piers are octagonal of Decorated period, but the original oaken benches remain.

In front of the altar is a beautiful brass, said to be Flemish; it represents a priest in vestments of a rector or warden bearing the sacred elements, and is of fourteenth century workmanship. This is to the memory of Sir Simon de Wenselawe, a relative of one of the Scropes of Bolton.

In the middle of the church is a large blue slab to the memory of two brothers, Richard and John Clederow, both rectors of Wensley; and on this spot it is said that village weddings used to be solemnised; probably this is where the guests stood when the bride and bridegroom went up to the altar.

On the north side of the chancel is some richly-carved oak screenwork, portions of the parclose of the Scrope chantry at Easby; there are inscriptions along the top of this panelling, which makes in these days a sort of raised "royal pew" for the owners of Bolton, thus removing them from all contact with the common herd, who occupy the ancient oaken benches in the body of

the church. In the vestry we saw a curious Saxon cross, with these sculptured letters—DOMFRID.

Earnestly as one deprecates the so-called "restoration" of the quaint old village churches of England—and one has only to journey through Wensleydale to learn that restoration may mean destruction as regards true architecture—yet at a trifling cost the interior of Wensley church might be relieved of its unsightly coats of whitewash. The ornament on the beautiful sedilia is so encrusted with this hideous covering that it will soon be obliterated. No foreign church could show greater barbarism—it is grievous, not only for Wensley, but for the whole dale, that the most interesting of its churches should be thus ignorantly treated.

Under the east window are some stone seats, and below the battlements of the nave are shields, on which are represented the quarterings of the Scropes. In the churchyard lies Peter Goldsmith, the surgeon in whose arms Nelson died on board the *Victory*.

Beyond the churchyard is Bolton Park, and this appeared to be full of beauty; the early foliage on the fine trees presented charming contrasts. Nestled among the trees, and sheltered by the hills that rise behind it, is Bolton Hall: it was finished towards the end of the seventeenth century, the house has nothing remarkable in its exterior beyond a look of substantial comfort.

Barker in his *Three Days in Wensleydale* says,

"There used to be a singular custom in Wensleydale on Easter Day after twelve noon. The men take off all the women's shoes they can lay hands on, which must be ransomed. This continues till noon of the following day, when the women commence reprisals on all hats and caps, and enjoy a similar reign for an equal period."

We remarked a tiny waterfall or Fors beside the road near Wensley, as we walked back to Leyburn; although there is a station at Wensley we found that it would take as long to reach it as to return to our inn at Leyburn by the road.

It is said that the well-known Father Huddlestone, the tutor of Charles II., and chaplain to his queen, resided at the Grove House, Leyburn.

CHAPTER V.

WENSLEYDALE.

ASKRIGG, BOLTON CASTLE, AYSGARTH FORCE, AND HARDRAW.

ASKRIGG is not so picturesquely placed as Leyburn is, but the town is more quaint, and it is a much better centre from which to explore Yoredale ; indeed, except Jervaux Abbey, Middleham, and the village of Wensley, every point of interest can be as easily reached from Askrigg as from Leyburn. Most comfortable quarters can be had at the "King's Arms Hotel," kept by Mr. Mason, whose solicitude for the comfort of his guests, and also his reasonable charges, deserve all praise. One would not think from the exterior that the house was as roomy as it is ; it was formerly occupied by a trainer of horses, and at that time was still larger.

Wensleydale is narrower here than it is at Leyburn; lateral valleys of great beauty stretch out in the neighbourhood, and the hills, circling round, rise in lofty varied forms. Waterfalls are numerous, the scenery

grows wilder and bolder; indeed, from just beyond Leyburn to Hawes, the country is full of surprises for the lover of picturesque scenery.

Behind Askrigg is a lofty ridge crowned by Woodhall Moor, and beyond this is Whitfield Fell. In front across the river is Addleborough, and behind it, on the left, a huge hill called Stake Fell. It seemed to us that these hills are variously named, for occasionally we got contradictory titles to them. They are capital landmarks for finding the way on the moors round the old town of Askrigg.

Askrigg is mentioned in Domesday Book, and is said to have had an ancient church. The present building only dates from the middle of the fifteenth century, and has been badly restored. On the south side of the choir is the chantry chapel of St. Anne, founded by James Metcalfe of Nappa Hall, in the time of Edward IV., that masses might be said therein for his soul, and for the souls of "his father and mother, his sons and daughters and their posterity, Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, King Edward IV. and his consort Elizabeth, for his benefactors, and for the souls of all the faithful departed."

Near the church was the bull-ring, and close by is the market cross; facing this is a very quaint gray stone building, with projecting wings and sculptured front—the family house of William Thornton, 1678. There is a Scripture quotation in Latin over the door, and

between the wings is a broad balcony, from which no doubt the Thorntons and their guests witnessed the bull-baitings below.

One afternoon we went in search of the ancient Abbey of Fors. We crossed a meadow behind the church, and then went along the road past the station till we heard the sound of a waterfall. A little way on, near a house which we learned was Colby Hall, we saw a beautiful little fall half hidden by the trees, from this the Abbey of Fors, founded by Peter, the zealous monk of Savigny, took its name—the result of Peter's labours will be told in the history of Jervaux Abbey—we now looked about for the Grange which contains traces of the original foundation.

Presently there came along the road a bright-eyed, cheerful-looking man, dressed in his Sunday best, and with a posy of wild-flowers in his button-hole.

He came up to us and asked us what we were looking for in the kindly fashion which we have often noted in Yorkshiremen. He said we had "come by t' Grange," and opening a gate on the left took us across a couple of fields, one of which has a paved path to an old barn. "This is t' abbey," he said. We found a trefoil-headed window, a flat-headed doorway, and a curious old room, which our guide told us was the Bell Chamber; these seem to be the only relics of the abbey. Our conductor looked solemn as he showed us the Bell Chamber, and when we went back to the

narrow stone passage into which it opened, he said half to himself: "No one durst carry a light through here."

"Why?" was asked.

"T' light goes out," he said, looking sheepish; "allus."

There was clearly a mystery; but the passage is open at both ends, so I said: "The draught puts the light out, you mean." But he looked still graver and shook his head.

"Have you ever tried to carry a light through the passage?"

"Noa—Ah'd be feared."

Evidently the spirits of the monks are considered to haunt the place; and it was strange to see how this big strong fellow was affected by the local tradition; he was clearly afraid of ghosts. Next minute he pointed over his shoulder.

"There be sommat in yonder 'at puts out t' light."

Then he walked on in front; he had had enough of the old abbey, and wished to be out in the sunshine again.

Tradition says that the monks' burial-place lay between the abbey and the river, and a little way on the right, near an ancient high-peaked bridge over the beck, he showed us where, he said, a "dale o' human beins' bones was found," during the railway excavation; when we suggested that this had been the monks' burial-place, he demurred. He said these were the bones of Scotch-

men, and he added that they had been taken to Scotland for interment; but we did not hear this story confirmed.

In the days when the Abbey of Fors was founded, the great forest of Wensleydale stretched far beyond Askrigg, and was the resort of lawless and savage men, and was infested by wolves, wild cats, foxes, and red-deer. The ground must always have been stony, and the air is keener than it is at Leyburn; no wonder that John de Kyngeston, when he spied out the fertile and beautiful land at the mouth of Yoredale, determined to build a new house for his brethren in the genial spot beside the river where Jervaux Abbey stands.

On leaving the Grange we crossed the road and climbed through some fields to the top of the ridge, and from this we found our way to the foot of a lovely waterfall. This is Mill-Gill Force, a slender shining rill, broken some half dozen times in its descent to the wild glen we had reached. Larches and birches, with more massive trees here and there, fling themselves forward as if trying to hide the graceful waterfall, while ferns peep out between the limestone blocks, and moss and wild-flowers give colour everywhere. Up above the little beck scarcely promises the vehemence with which it plunges into the dark pool below; there is a certain weirdness in the spot that adds to its interest, and we felt that Mill-Gill Force must surely possess a legend. When we left the fall we turned towards Askrigg, and soon reached the Mill beck, a charming little stream that sings merrily

between an overshadowing wood on one side and a

MILL-GILL FORCE.

meadow on the other. A picturesque bridge and

CITY OF WESTMINSTER PUBLIC LIBRARIES

quaint stone stile led us over the beck into the meadow. The little stream, with many twists and turns, leads to the old mill, and at this point of the beck there were charming effects of light and shade when we reached it. All through the walk we had been admiring the surrounding hills ; Penhill takes a new form here : when it can be seen, it is no longer the massive square-topped beacon we saw in front of Leyburn ; and Addleborough has a curious broken summit, for here is a cairn. There was a British settlement on Addleborough, and a Roman camp ; Mr. Hardcastle says that this was the summer camp ; the winter one being on the Brough, a hill close to Bainbridge, a village below Addleborough on the Bain, which falls into the Yore, nearly opposite the site of Fors Abbey.

We had been told that Bolton Castle was so near the station at Redmire that it was better to go there by train ; but we found the road from the station longer than we expected, and although Apedale Beck, which runs to the Yore through a charming little glen, makes a capital subject for an artist, the path through it is rough walking.

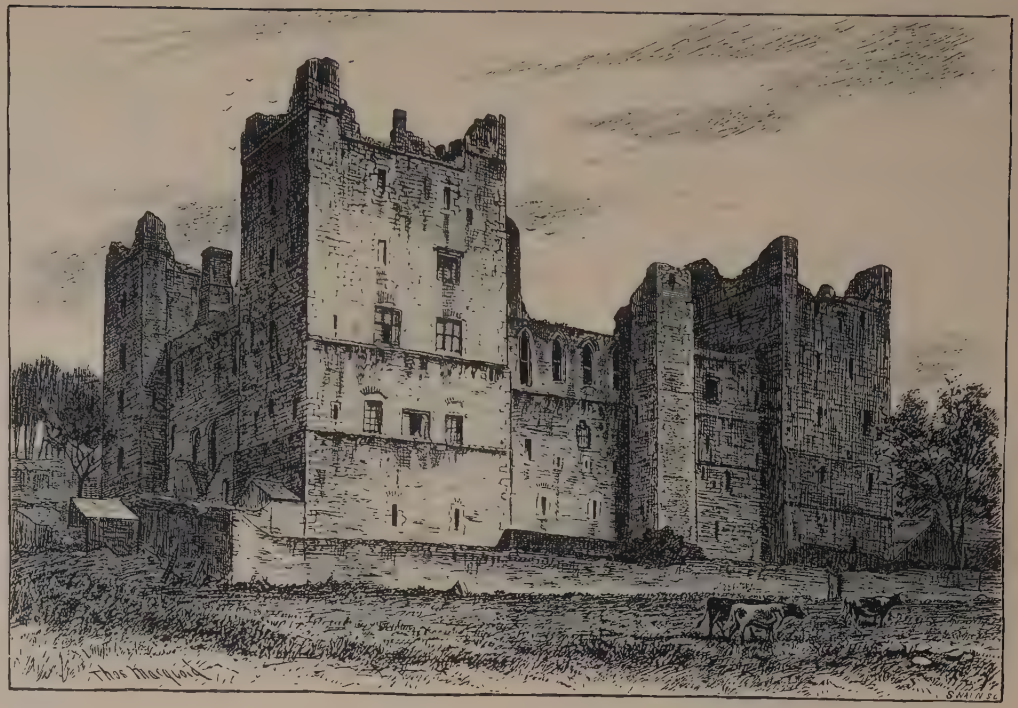
Soon we saw the grim old castle frowning down on us from a spur of the lofty ridge which bounds this side of the dale. Before we reached the straggling, gray cottages called Castle Bolton the rain had begun, and by the time we reached the castle it came down heavily.

Bolton is a massive-looking fortress, an irregular square, equal on the north and south sides, but having

the west side rather longer than the east. Originally there was a massive square tower at each corner; one of these, the north-east tower, fell in 1862—but, except for this ruined corner, the castle has been well preserved. Facing us on the eastern side was an arched doorway, the only entrance on the basement story, and close by it is another entrance up a long flight of steps; but, as we could not find entrance by either of these doors, we went round to the western side. Part of this is inhabited, and more than one entrance has been made, though originally there was only one at some height from the ground. Poor Queen Mary could have had little hope of escape from this strong fortress.

From the top of the wall a projecting water-spout shot down volumes of water just over the flight of steps, and at first entrance seemed impossible; however, we found that we could pass behind the torrent. The custodian was absent, and we had to stand shivering in the rain till a kind woman, who inhabits a gloomy room on this side the castle, asked us to come in and wait while the guide was sent for; and we chatted with this woman and her husband till the guide appeared.

The walls of the castle are so thick and the windows so narrow that it can never be really light within the dismal old place. When the guide showed us Queen Mary's rooms we saw that the windows there are wider; but even if these windows were then in existence it is difficult to believe that she could have



BOLTON CASTLE.

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

ever been merry at Bolton. She could not see a glimpse of the river from her windows, and one of them looks into the dismal courtyard. Her rooms are in the south-west tower, and probably she was allowed access to the battlements of this tower, which is said to command a fine view of Wensleydale. When we went up there we had a grand view of the lightning, but the driving rain soon sent us down again; the thunder rolled round the old place, and seemed as if it would shatter the black walls which have defied it for so many generations. There has been a fine hall in the castle on the north side upwards of fifty feet long, and a chapel, sometimes called a hall, on the south side, the kitchen was in the north-east tower. Some of the chief apartments were in the north-west tower, where windows with mullions and transoms have taken the place of the original windows. Although there were very many apartments, more than half of Mary's forty retainers seem to have been quartered in the village.

The queen's windows can be seen from the exterior of the castle, they come next to the arched windows of the chapel, with which her rooms communicated. Besides the great square corner towers there is a small projecting tower in the middle of the north and south fronts.

In spite of its good preservation, and the romance that Queen Mary's residence flings over it, Bolton did not interest us as Middleham had done. There is no central figure connected with its past like that of the

splendid King-Maker; the Scropes were turbulent and warlike, famous in their Scotch forays when they kept the marches as Lord Wardens; but it is impossible to feel the same interest in either them or Queen Mary that one feels in Richard Neville of Middleham. It was at Bolton, however, that Mary corresponded with her victim Norfolk, by favour of his sister, Lady Scrope, and she was at Bolton when the famous Commission of Inquiry opened its sittings at York. Here she must have learned from the Bishop of Ross that although Murray had not yet brought forward the casket letters publicly, yet they had been privately seen by some of the commissioners, and copies had actually been sent to Mary of the evidence that was only waiting to be brought forward against her. How horrible must have been her suspense within this gloomy old prison! The conference began October the 2d in York, then was transferred to Westminster, thence to Hampton Court; but not till December did Murray produce the letters which, whether forged or not, so alienated the minds of men from the captive queen.

When we were ready to leave the castle the rain continued to pour down with such violence that we inquired if any vehicle could be hired in the village.

"Oh yes; Mr. White, t' booterman in t' village hev a trap."

After waiting for some time a rough-looking cart arrived driven by a small boy. He had been in such a

hurry to come that he had forgotten to fasten the board intended for a seat; we clambered in hastily, and were driving furiously down the stony road when a clamorous outcry from the good folks at the castle made us aware that we were being jolted over the back of the cart, as our bench was sliding backwards. We were glad to huddle down on the hay at the bottom of Mr. White's cart, and to make a tent of our umbrellas as we jogged down the rough road and splashed through stony Apedale Beck on our way to the station. No wonder that we have a gloomy memory of Bolton Castle.

But the storm cleared the weather. Next day we had glorious sunshine, and we went to Carperby, a quaint, straggling village of gray stone houses, placed so high above the railway that it seems to look down on Aysgarth. In the middle of the village is an old stone cross, on which, however, a modern date has been carved. Mr. Thomas Willis, the occupier of the land on which is the famous waterfall, was very kind. He received us most hospitably; and when we had rested he took us across his meadows, gay with spring flowers and frolicking lambs, to a knoll above the fall, whence he pointed out much of the surrounding country. Although the Yore was dashing along below us, we could not yet see the falls.

We saw Aysgarth Church across the river, but, even if we had not been warned that this most interesting building has been rebuilt rather than restored, we could have made a good guess at it. Beyond Aysgarth

Church is Thoralby. Eastward we were shown a sort of Grecian summer-house, which commands a fine view of the fall, and in the woods which surround it are the ruins of an ancient chapel of the Knights of St. John. Apparently no legend has been handed down relating to this ruin, except that the place is called Temple; but Mr. Hardcastle, in his account of Wensleydale, says that "the Knights Templars once had a preceptory and lands on Penhill, and these would be transferred to the Knights of St. John when the Templars were suppressed in 1313;" he also says that "when the chapel was dug out, the remains of other buildings were discovered, containing spurs, horsebits, and fragments of armour, all betokening an ancient knightly station."

On our right lay Addleborough, and another hill called Bishopdale Gavel; facing us was Bishopdale, running towards Waldendale. Some of these old names call up the memory of the Danes. Our kind guide told us that Swynythwaite or Swinethwaite and Thoresby lay behind Temple; he told us too that beyond Addleborough was Raydale, in which lies the far-famed lake called Semerwater.

The legend of this lake has been often told, but still it seems too essential a feature of Wensleydale to omit here. There is a legend something like it in Brittany.[1]

Centuries ago—before the birth of our Saviour, and soon after the Romans set foot in Britain—there was

[1] See *Through Brittany*, page 47.

a large and thriving town on the site of Semerwater, beside what was then a little winding stream. The inhabitants of this town were wealthy but hard-hearted, and when one day a poor ragged old man came into it and asked at their doors for food, he was sent from one house to another without obtaining food or alms, and at last, spite of his white hair and miserable starved looks, he was harshly told to depart. Sorrowfully he left the town behind him ; but at a little cottage just beyond it he was asked to come in, and there he was hospitably entertained.

Next morning he rose early, took leave of his kind hosts, and then began to climb one of the green hills that now surround the lake. When he reached the top he pointed to the city, and cried out :—

> " Semerwater rise, Semerwater sink,
> And swallow all the town
> Save yon li'le house,
> Where they gave me meat and drink !"

Then came the shock of an earthquake—the ground opened, the water rose higher and higher, and spread over the land till it covered more than a hundred acres, and drowned all the dwellers on it. The proud city was never seen again, its only vestige was the little wayside cottage where the hungry beggar had been fed and sheltered. Sometimes in the gloom of evening a fisherman on the lake has had a sudden vision of the spires and roofs of the submerged city ; but the vision is rare.

Raydale House was besieged early in the seven-

teenth century by Thomas Metcalfe, "the black knight of Nappa;" he was knighted by James I.

The river Bain flows on from Semerwater to join the Yore, and near its mouth is Bainbridge. This Bainbridge, or Bainbrigg, must have been in the heart of the forest of Wensleydale, for here it was customary to blow the Forest Horn every night at ten o'clock from the end of September till Shrovetide, to guide wandering travellers. Mr. Hardcastle says there was still, in 1864, a village horn-blower at Bainbridge.

Several lofty hills were pointed out to us while we stood on the knoll, but we were anxious to see the falls, and, following Mr. Willis down a little descent, the scene burst suddenly upon us. Shallow limestone ledges stretch quite across the broad river, and down these the water was tumbling, seething, boiling, churning itself into tawny fury, whirling round and round in eddies—seeming to fight in the pools it has worn in the huge irregular slabs of limestone that pave the river, and sending up white dazzling spray, with a bellowing roar of strength, as it falls heavily over yet another ledge. We heard that we were peculiarly fortunate; for the rain of the last few days had greatly increased the volume of the Force, which does not always reach across from one wooded bank to the other, as it did when we saw it; certainly its volume and grandeur went far beyond our expectations. The banks are highly picturesque, but the grandeur of the

AYSGARTH UPPER FORCE.

waterfall rivets the eye with a fascination that made

us unwilling to leave it. We heard that in dry weather it is possible to go on beside it to the other fall above; Mr. Willis took us round there by the fields. This fall is very interesting, but less impressive than the first one. Then we went on to the hill, and through the arch of the old ivy-covered bridge saw the High Force or upper fall—a most lovely sight. It makes a charming picture, framed in by the ivy-wreathed arch—trees tower over the waterfall and overhang the sides of the wild, stony glen, with the rushing torrent in its midst. Close by is Beare Park, formerly a possession of the older line of Metcalfes, who seem to have been once a powerful family in Wensleydale. Here lived James Metcalfe, who fought for Henry V. at Agincourt; his second son, Brian of Beare, is one of the heroes in the ballad of the "Felon Sow" of Rokeby. The present owner of Beare Park has staunchly resisted the attempt of a railway company to bring yet another line of rails through this beautiful region. Carperby seemed to us one of the healthiest spots in the dale, and we were told that comfortable lodgings could be had in the village.

We had intended to visit West Burton, a pretty and quaint village in Bishopdale, but the uncertain weather obliged us to give up this and many other points of interest in this part of Yorkshire.

Swaledale is easily reached either from Askrigg or Hawes; but it must be visited in fine weather, as its best points can only be seen by walking. We heard

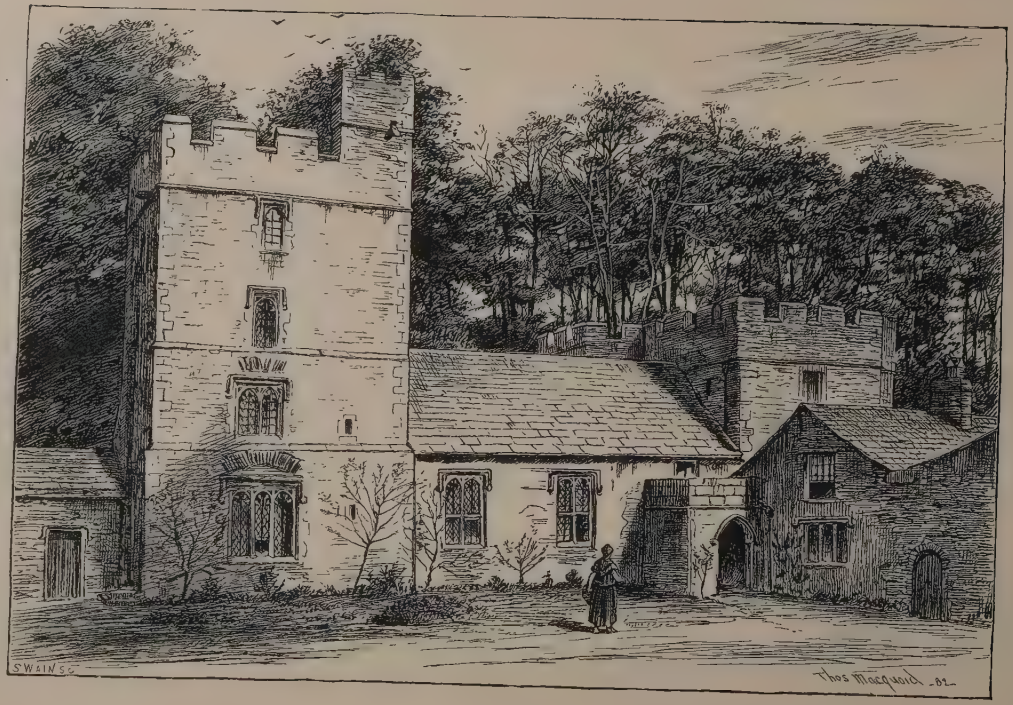
much of a walk to Hawes by Muker Pass, and by the curious pits called the Butter-tubs ; Muker Pass seems to command about the finest scenery in Yorkshire. The top of the pass between Askrigg and Reeth also commands a fine view of the surrounding hills. Bold, rugged scars, waterfalls, lofty hills, and rushing streams give constant variety ; one scarcely loses the roar of one fall before one hears the distant murmur of another —and in Wensleydale, Whitfield Gill Force makes itself heard long before the fall itself comes in sight ; indeed, it lies so far away from the track that we were advised to take a guide to it across the steep, pathless hills, which are not easy to climb in wet weather. However, the day cleared for our walk, and the first part of it took us past the mill served by the little beck that has already fed both Whitfield and Mill Gill Force ; after this we turned to the right and began to mount the hill.

It was a very fatiguing climb up "Dismal" Hill, as we thought the boy who was guiding us called it—he reproved us for speaking of Addleborough, and told us it was Addlebruff when we stopped to admire the view of the hills all around us, for though we had reached the top of the ridge they seemed still to tower above us as if we had not been climbing for more than half an hour. Then we went on for another half hour over more level ground, and very soon heard the murmur of the fall. Till now the country had been open, and we realised how bitterly cold it must be in winter ; but on before

us was a wood, and after a while the noise of the fall making itself more and more distinct, we left the road and began to descend through this wood to the head of the force. The ground was very steep and slippery, and when at last we came in sight of the wild glen, our guide cautioned us not to tread near the edge of the path lest it should break away. Before us in the wood was a quiet-looking beck, but as this tumbled over the edge of the semicircle of rock, screened with slender bushes, the water fell straight down into a foaming pool, more than forty feet below us, with a roar that was deafening. The glen below is lovely, narrower than that at Mill Gill, and, if possible, wilder; but although the height of the fall is less here, for at Mill Gill the water falls sixty-nine feet, Whitfield is the most impressive; it is so intensely solitary—lost in the wood—through the opening at the end of the long wooded gill, the grand hills appeared with storm-clouds resting on them, and, close by us, the water falling in one powerful unbroken column into the dark rock-girt pool. It is difficult to realise that the quiet beck above, taking its way so merrily through the wood, is the parent of both Whitfield and Mill Gill Forces, or Fors, according to their ancient titles. We came home by a shorter and easier road, very glad to escape the descent of Dismond.

Nappa Hall, the old manor-house of the Metcalfes, is within an easy walk of Askrigg, just below the same

PUBLIC LIBRARIES



NAPPA HALL.

lofty ridge called Woodhall Moor, which forms a background to this quaint little gray town among the hills.

Nappa is a picturesque dwelling of the fifteenth century, with a large embattled tower at one end, and a smaller one at the angle where a shallow wing projects from the face of the building. Outside it is in excellent preservation, and its pearly-gray stones are partly clad in foliage. We were fortunate in seeing the house under the guidance of one of the Metcalfes of that ilk. It is a pity that so very interesting a specimen of old English domestic architecture should now be possessed by strangers.

We entered through an arched doorway into a vestibule. On the left is the great hall, a fine room, though shorn of much of its interest. Beyond is another handsome room, now used as a kitchen, and here is a newel staircase leading into what have been three rooms in the large tower. I say have been, for lately they have been ruthlessly mutilated, the solid black oak joists having been wrenched away from the beams by order of the present owner. Every bit of the oak panelling has been taken away and the ancient furniture, which had for generations formed a part of the old house, has also been removed. Among these spoils was a carved bedstead, slept in by Queen Mary when, during her imprisonment at Bolton, she was permitted to spend two nights at Nappa as the guest of Sir Christopher Metcalfe. She left behind her a pair

of hawking gloves; these, however, are now in the possession of Mr. Barwick of Low Hall, near Leeds.

The spirit of Queen Mary is said to visit Nappa. I give the account of her appearance to a lady who was staying at Nappa in 1878:—"I was in the hall," she writes, "playing hide-and-seek with the farmer's little girl, a child about four years old. The hall was dimly lighted by a fire and by the light from a candle in a room in the east tower. While at play some one entered the hall from the lower end, and walked towards the dais. Thinking it was the farmer's wife, I ran after her, and was going to touch her when she turned round, and I saw her face; it was very lovely. Her dress seemed to be made of black velvet. After looking at me for a moment, she went on and disappeared through the door leading to the winding stone staircase in the angle turret of the west tower. Her face, figure, and general appearance reminded me of portraits of Mary Queen of Scots."

At the time of this vision the bedstead slept in by Mary was still at Nappa. There is also a haunted bedchamber at the eastern end of the house. We went up there, and certainly the room has not a cheering aspect. The walls are panelled and painted a dull green; one or two of these panels open and reveal closets within them. The wife of the farmer who now tenants Nappa laughed, however, as she showed them, and said she never saw any ghosts. Behind the Hall a green

hill covered with wild flowers rises steeply : the scar beyond this is said to have given its name to the house, Nappa signifying "hill of flowers." The house is small; the outside walls, windows, etc., are nearly perfect, so that, if the interior had not been so cruelly plundered, there would not be much difficulty in restoring Nappa to a semblance of its former state. The newel staircase is perfect, and a very fine specimen. One almost wonders that it has been spared in the work of spoliation.

We had been told that the scenery round Hawes was less interesting than the rest of Wensleydale, but its first aspect seemed to us delightful. The dale broadens here ; there is wider space between the hills, among which seven dales branch out in different directions. There is so much to be seen in one view that the position of the little town seated on a green knoll, surrounded by trees, among these bare, bleak hills, is most picturesque—a study for a landscape painter. Hawes itself, however, is not attractive on nearer inspection ; and, without lingering, we followed the course of the Yore for some distance, and then took our way across some fields on the left through one of the singular openings in the stone wall common to this part of Yorkshire—openings which are sometimes so narrow that no very stout person could squeeze through them. The river had lost much of its beauty ; spite of the recent rains it was in places more than half choked with stones and gravel, sometimes dwindling to a little

puny brook on one side of its wide bed. For some distance our way lay up hill, the country towered above us, one huge hill rising behind another; but at last we reached the top of a ridge, and looking down into Fossdale we saw a village lying below, while a dull roar gave warning that we were approaching the famous Hardraw Force.

We were directed to a small public-house at the foot of the hill, where a civil woman gave us a key and told us to keep "across t' fields" till we reached the gate. The way was longer than we expected. Before us was a wood, and from this came an ever-increasing roar like that of some imprisoned wild beast. Presently we reached the gate and found ourselves in a charming valley; the steep hills on each side were partially wooded and sometimes grassed, with huge blocks of gray limestone protruding bare shoulders through the turf. The roar increased, but we saw no trace of a waterfall as we followed the path beside the beck. It fretted and foamed over the huge blocks which had fallen from above and almost choked its passage; here and there we saw a point at which it would have been easy to cross the stream on these blocks. In some places they had been checked in their descent, and formed a picturesque group beside the pathway, covered with brambles and wild flowers. The path mounted to some height above the river, and now, as it took a leftward curve, we expected a sudden view of the Force. But no; only the hidden roar

became so distinct that we felt it must be close by. The glen narrowed, becoming more and more wild and interesting; then all at once we came to a slippery descent; on our left mounted a flight of rugged stone steps cut in the side of the steep rock. But, instead of climbing these, we followed the slippery descent. A few steps brought us in view of the Force, with its unbroken leap of ninety-nine feet over a narrow limestone edge into a dark pool below. Behind the fall the cliff has been worn away into a sort of amphitheatre, and following the slippery path we soon stood beneath the waterfall. From this point one sees the rock-strewn glen with its winding beck through the prism-hued veil of falling water. The colour of the rock under which we stood is wonderful and most varied; the huge horizontal layers are veined with every shade of green and rust by the ferns and mosses that peep from the crevices, and great spots of golden lichen give a glory to the rest. Then we came out from behind the fall and climbed up the steps we had passed by; these led us to the top of the cliff, and we saw the beck flowing quietly along over huge slabs of limestone marble; just a few yards, however, before it reaches the edge of the cliff it has a slight fall over some blocks of gray marble, and then rushes on to its leap over the cliff itself.

We heard that in winter this fall, like some of the smaller Forces, becomes one huge icicle, the water flowing through the frozen tube.

We much regretted that we had not time to go on to Cotter Force in the adjoining dale. Some rare plants are to be found near it. On our way back to Hawes we met a man who pointed out to us Shunner Fell and Stag Fell, and some others of the huge hills at this end of Wensleydale. Beyond Hawes, across the Yore, is Mossdale and its waterfall ; and then following the road from Moorcock Inn beyond Shaw Paddock a very wild tract of country is reached. Mallerstang comes in view, and Wild Boar Fell ; near is the famous Hell-Gill and the Devil's Bridge, over which Dick Turpin is said to have sprung Black Bess when pursued by the Westmoreland constables—for this weird chasm divides Westmoreland from Yorkshire—and once over the border Dick knew that he was safe. Still farther north is a mountain spring, said to be the source of the beautiful river Yore.

On the moors between Askrigg and Hawes, near the village of Ledbusk, are some curious grottoes in the rock, full of stalactites. These caves are called Maze-holes.

We had planned to go on from Hawes to Malham to visit the famous cove, and to see the wonder of Yorkshire, the cleft rock called Gordale Scar. But this is an expedition requiring fine weather, and we knew that it could be reached from Nidderdale, and also by way of Skipton from Leeds. Wordsworth and Gray have both recorded the awe with which this wonderful chasm impressed them.

CHAPTER VI.

NIDDERDALE.

THE first sight of Nidderdale disappointed us. It looked tame and quiet after the abrupt variety of scenery we had been among, and we felt almost sorry we had stopped to explore it. But when we had spent two days at Pateley Bridge we had to confess that Nidderdale has special beauties of its own, and that How Stean Beck, Lofthouse, and the glens beyond Bewerley are well worth seeing, to say nothing of the wilder, grander country at the narrow end of the dale, beyond Middlesmoor.

We found the King's Arms at Pateley Bridge in a state of bustle, for we arrived in the midst of that alarming epoch, a Yorkshire house-cleaning ; but this soon settled down, and the inn proved itself thoroughly comfortable, with kind and civil hosts, good cooking, and moderate charges.

Pateley Bridge is a small narrow town, and its chief street goes on climbing up a steep hill till it reaches a

ruined church, standing in a churchyard full of gravestones ; one of these is "to the memory of Christopher Benson of Pateley Bridge, who died 1765," ancestor of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, who belongs to the old Yorkshire family of Benson. From this churchyard we got a view that showed us we had not come in vain to Nidderdale. On the one side, far below us, was Bewerley, with the wooded glens and heights of Ravensgill and Guy's Cliff ; and on the right was the exquisite green valley of the Nidd, lying between steep hills with the winding, sparkling river in its midst, stretching away till its farther end was blocked by the huge hill, Great Whernside, which divides this lovely country from Wharfedale.

The quiet pastoral beauty of the scene is far more akin to the leisurely life of the black-robed Cistercians, who had land in plenty, with granges and chapels, in Nidderdale, than to the dark phantom who stalks among their hoary memorials—the ghost of Eugene Aram. Reality is in Aram s case a far more powerful advocate than fiction ; as we visited the scenes associated with him in the pleasant green valley we yielded more and more to the opinion of his country-folk, who seem to hold that if he had not undertaken his own defence Eugene Aram might have been acquitted.

In altering a prominent fact of the story, namely, the fact that his hero had married a girl in his own station years before the murder was committed, Lord Lytton has created new motives for the crime. On

the other hand, marriage perhaps brought disappointment, and Aram may have devoted himself yet more ardently to study, and may have become reckless as to the means by which he provided himself with books and other helps in the pursuit of his all-absorbing inquiries after knowledge.

It rained on the evening of our arrival at Pateley Bridge, and when we looked out of window after enjoying our comfortable meal we saw the long narrow street glistening with wet, and only dimly lighted by the windows of its shops and houses. Crowds of working people passed up the street, probably on their way from a meeting, their long shadows projected on to the opposite houses till they too vanished in the deeper darkness beyond; every now and then a red light flashed and was reflected on the wet pavement, as a man stopped to light his pipe.

There was nothing to be done out-of-doors; so we looked at some interesting photographs of the scenery of the dale, taken by Mr. Codman, the photographer of Pateley Bridge, and studied *Nidderdale*, a very interesting account of the valley of the Nidd, by William Grange, published and printed by Mr. Thorpe of Pateley Bridge, who has also published other books about the dale. This dale, like so many parts of Yorkshire, was one of the fastnesses of the Brigantes, and it is evident that when he had conquered this warlike tribe Agricola established a settlement here, for, on one of the pigs of lead found at Hayshaw Bank in 1763, is a

Latin inscription of not later date than the year 81. In Domesday Book, Bishopside, a part of Nidderdale which includes Pateley Bridge, is said to belong to the Archbishops of York, and was given to them by King Athelstane ; this part of Nidderdale still belongs to the ecclesiastical commissioners of the diocese. Soon after the Conquest the rest of the charming valley was possessed by the De Mowbrays, and the famous Roger de Mowbray bestowed most of the land on religious houses. "To St. Mary of Fountains," says Mr. Grange, "he gave Brimham, including Hartwith and Winsley, Dacre-with-Bewerley, and Fountain's Earth. . . . To the monastery of his own foundation at Byland he gave the forest of Nidderdale, an extensive district, now constituting the townships of Stonebeck Up and Stonebeck Down. . . . These ecclesiastics devoted it (the land) to pastoral purposes, to the grazing of sheep, cattle, horses, and pigs ; establishing lodges, granges, and dairies in suitable places ; occasionally enjoying a little recreation in hunting the game in the valley and on the uplands, not forgetting to make use of the lead-mines which were within the limits of their respective grants." The pate, as the badger was called in this country, seems to have abounded here and to have given its name to Pateley Bridge ; the last pate is said to have been killed hereabouts some twenty-eight years ago.

Fountains Abbey seems to have been roofed with Greenhow lead, and the marble used in the building of

its church was "hewn out of the bed of the Nidd." A place yet called Smelt-house points out the site of the abbots' smelting furnaces. The monks of Fountain built a chapel at Bewerley for their shepherds, and the Byland brethren had a chapel at Ramsgill. When the Dissolution came, these lands, forfeit to the crown, were afterwards divided among the Yorkes of Bewerley, the lords of Studley Royal, the Ingilbies of Ripley, and the Nortons.

Nidderdale proper seems to end at Dacre Banks, but the Nidd, which flows down from Great Whernside, goes on past Knaresborough till it falls into the Ouse.

The morning after our arrival, to our joy, the sun was shining brightly; we had ordered our carriage the night before, in hope, and having been advised by our kind hostess to take our lunch with us, we were soon driving up Nidderdale beside its pretty tree-shaded river. Everything sparkled in the sunshine, and the birds were holding a concert in the trees. Soon we passed Wathbridge, with its one high-peaked arch; its gray stones and narrow pathway over the shining river, and the group of trees on the green beyond it, made a pleasant picture in the sunshine. We found the dale much more varied as we drove through it than it had looked from the old churchyard. Sometimes the tops of the steep hills that closed us in were green with foliage, and then were a rich brown with heather, while lower down rugged gray rocks showed themselves; suddenly a glen opened, and we heard the trickle of a beck coming down under a

closely-sheltering growth of trees to join the Nidd. The dale makes sudden turns, and at one of these we came upon a dark glen, just beyond which stood an ancient manor-house. The latticed windows with their

GOWTHWAITE HALL.

mullions and labels must have been there since the time of King James. The garden, too, in front, with its formal cut yews and alleys of fruit trees, was not always used to show lines of clothes drying in front of the mansion; as we looked we saw two entrances besides the original doorway. This is Gowthwaite Hall, built early in the seventeenth century by Sir John Yorke, and occasionally inhabited by his descend-

ants for a hundred and fifty years. It is now divided into three dwellings; although much altered within, the exterior has been left as it was. We knocked at the original entrance-door of the right-hand division—we had heard that this side is less altered within than the rest of the house—and a tall, frank-spoken woman opened the door and welcomed us.

"I suppose you've heard we're flittin' this day," she said. "You can see the house, but 'tis all bare, there's nought to see else."

As we came chiefly to see the house this news was not discouraging, and the mistress, after pointing out the huge hearth-place of the house, about sixteen feet across, turned to the broad staircase. We lingered, admiring the massive black beam overhead, a memory of days when oak timber was plentiful, and builders did not need to think of cheapness in their materials. Opposite the fireplace a broad, low set of lattices, full of suggestive ideas, reaches some way across the vast room. Then we followed the good woman upstairs to several bed-chambers. One of them is very large, and is said to be the place where the treasonable play was acted by Sir John Yorke's servants which drew down on their master the wrath of the Star Chamber. Gowthwaite Hall has the name of being haunted, and there are dark hints of a murderous legend. Before the lights were walled up in the window of the east gable, however, the haunted room must have been singularly

light and airy and unghostlike, and we wondered how it had achieved such a weird reputation.

"But I've nivver seen nowt since we came here, nor heard nowt nither," our guide said. "Eh, 'tis all as you fancy it."

An interesting circumstance connected with Gowthwaite Hall is the fact that here Eugene Aram taught his first pupils. He must have been still very young when he was asked to keep school at Gowthwaite, and, but for a month of classical instruction which he got from a clergyman at Burnsal, he records that he had never been taught anything except to read his Testament; all his learning was self-acquired. Till he was sixteen he seems to have worked under his father, at that time gardener to Sir Edward Blackett of Newby Hall near Ripon. After this, while Aram was in London, book-keeper to the merchant Mr. Christopher Blackett, he took small-pox, and went back to his family at Ripon.

Richard Craven, the father of the learned and charitable Dr. Craven, at that time rented Gowthwaite Hall, and Eugene Aram was doubtless the first tutor of William Craven, although the doctor could only have been four years old when Aram removed to Knaresborough. The schoolmaster's love—for a man like Aram must have had a romantic love-story—was dreamed out at Gowthwaite, and on the road between the manor-house and the lovely village of Lofthouse,

the residence of Anna Spence; he married her at Middlesmoor in the year 1731. Mr. Grange, in his *Nidderdale,* says that the marriage and the baptism and death of Aram's first child are to be found in the Middlesmoor registry. By this time his determined perseverance after knowledge had made Aram acquainted with Greek and Latin, and when in 1734 he moved to Knaresborough he began to study Hebrew in the time he could spare from teaching. If he had been less ambitious, and could have contented himself with the narrow life of his own cottage in the green dale, and with his little group of pupils in the old room at the manor-house, he might have escaped acquaintance with the wretches who probably tempted him to crime and then used him as their scapegoat.

One January, eleven years after Aram had set up school in Knaresborough, Daniel Clarke was murdered; and early in that same year, a memorable one to Great Britain, the year 1745, Aram left his family and became a teacher at a London school; thence he went to Hayes for a time, thence to Lynn, where he was arrested in 1758, thirteen years and a half after the date of the murder. He was tried, and although his accuser—the actual murderer, his country folk say—committed perjury in giving evidence, the gentle, earnest student, after the learned defence which has been called "a beautiful oration," "a very artful and learned," "an ingenious and eloquent defence," was found guilty and

executed ; and then his body was hung in chains on a gibbet in Knaresborough Forest not far from St. Robert's Cave.

Certainly in Aram's case it could not be said that "an empty head is the devil's workshop," though it was plain that he set far more store by mere secular knowledge than by even ordinary human feelings, for his desertion of his home seems to have been caused by a thirst for learning, if indeed this were not aided by a desire to leave the scene of his crime. Who can say ? The secret will never be laid bare. But Eugene Aram is certainly not an encouraging example to the student who makes learning the aim and end of existence.

We soon roused from these gloomy memories, and went back to our carriage. Only a little way beyond Gowthwaite Hall we heard the ripple of another brooklet, and getting out again we passed through a gate on the left, and climbing a high bank, found ourselves looking down into a lovely glen. This is Ripping Gill, said to be the most beautiful of the glens in this part of Nidderdale. Overhead were trees laden with delicate white blossom, bending over the little brown stream as it came rushing down to the Nidd ; sometimes the flowery branches met others from over the way and made a pleasant relief from the sunshine of the road we had left. As we went on the bank rose considerably in height, and the green beauty of the glen became more rugged ; but only a little way above the point at

which we had entered the moist slippery bank was literally gemmed with blue forget-me-nots and tufts of oak fern, which last seems to be as plentiful in Ripping Gill as rushes are on a moor.

The path was so slippery that we were glad now and then to cling to the slender trees which grew thickly

COTTAGE IN RAMSGILL.

together on this side. From the rugged, bare cliff-banks higher up, blocks have fallen into the little stream, which every now and then frets itself into a white eddy on its way down hill. We were told that there was a petrifying spring still higher up, which, as it flows down the rock, turns everything it touches to stone. This part of Nidderdale, as far up the valley

as How Stean Beck, is in the township of Stonebeck Down, and seems to have been granted by Roger de Mowbray to the Byland brethren.

We soon after came in sight of Ramsgill. Thatched stone cottages are grouped together beside the Nidd, some, as the illustration shows, of very ancient date. Eugene Aram was born in this sweet tranquil place, and probably his birthplace was as old as this cottage; but it has been pulled down—its site, however, was pointed out to us behind two modern-looking dwellings.

There was a grange belonging to Byland Abbey here, and in the churchyard we saw the eastern gable of an ancient chapel, with three lancet lights in its thick wall; the rest of the building was ruthlessly pulled down in 1842, when the church was restored. There is an air of pastoral comfort about Ramsgill; its scattered cottages are built among flower and fruit gardens and sunny orchards; we saw several farmhouses here and there nestling among the trees. The substantial-looking inn, too recent-looking for the rest, is almost a surprise in such a sequestered nook, but it appears to be cared for and comfortable; in front of it is a large modern fountain.

As we drove farther up the dale its peculiar beauty impressed us vividly. It seemed as if some mighty lightning-bolt had riven a long tract of moor which may have stretched from Great Whernside and its neighbours to Dacre Banks and Brimham Rocks, and

left the gaping earth to bring forth the river Nidd into the zigzag rock fissure, which time has grassed and wooded. It is so still, so dream-like, that only when we reached one of the smiling, peaceful groups of cottages called villages, could we quite believe we were so near to human life. It is easy to realise Mr. Lucas's descriptions in his interesting *Studies of Nidderdale*.[1] We seemed to expect old-world talk and old-world customs in the lonely peaceful place. T'ool-clog, or the Yule-clog, is still lighted here, as in many parts of Yorkshire, on Fromarty Neet (Christmas Eve). Fromarty, T'ool-cake and spice-cake are eaten just as they were perhaps in ancient days; the sword dance, too, is still danced in Nidderdale at Christmas time. We did not, however, hear many of the quaint words which Mr. Lucas says are still extant in the dale.

After Ramsgill the drive beside the river was charming; everywhere the slender, white-blossomed trees gave a gay, rejoicing look to the landscape. Presently our driver pointed out the river issuing from below the road we followed. "It hev bin lost some time," he said; "it went in at Goydon Pot Hole."

Goydon Pot is a huge mouth in the rock some way higher up the valley, where the Nidd enters and makes a long subterranean journey; its dry bed can be traced outside the hill through which it flows, and is often

[1] Published by Thomas Thorpe of Pateley Bridge.

filled by mountain streams, which are again swallowed by another of these strange mouths.

Our driver told us that we were near Lofthouse, and pointed out the parsonage just above the spot where the imprisoned Nidd comes rushing out into daylight. But soon we took a road on the left, and found ourselves after a while beside How Stean Beck, as it nears its junction with the Nidd. Crossing the bridge, where there are charming views both up and down the beck, we drove in a few minutes to the gate of the grounds through which this marvellous brook or torrent flows. Here our driver said he would leave us, and we should find him again when we reached Middlesmoor Church. We waited a few minutes for a guide, and then following him through some shrubberies we found ourselves beside the beck at the opening of the glen. Huge sheets of limestone marble, with cliffs rising high on either side, are here thinly covered by the water which has overflowed from the deeper channel beside them. As we walked up the glen sometimes the water rushed in a fury between the huge slabs, while overhead the dark trees on the lofty rock banks gave an impressive gloom to the wild scene. For some way we kept to a narrow footpath at the edge of the water, but at last we reached a point in the glen where this ended. There had been a plank bridge, but the rain storms of the last few days had swept it away, and our guide told us we must follow him across the marble river-bed. The

ENTRANCE TO HOW STEAN BECK.

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

water reached over our feet, but on went the imperturbable guide at such a pace that it was impossible to hesitate—so through the water we went, splashing and grumbling, till we reached firm ground. The path now mounted among the trees, and we forgot our wetting when we found ourselves after a while on a narrow ledge cut on the side of the rock. Overhead were trees, and opposite was a grand perpendicular wall of rock, or rather of layers of limestone marble, among which the most exquisite ferns had niched themselves; below us, at a dark, weird depth of about seventy feet, was the boiling torrent of How Stean Beck. The rift must certainly have been caused by earthquake; the walls of rock are perpendicular, and there is nowhere any smooth surface on them; they are never more than ten feet apart, and sometimes the space is less. The rugged edges of the limestone jut out one above another, bare and brown near the roaring beck; higher up they are covered with liverwort and mosses, and sheltering in the abrupt cavities are delicate oak and beech and bladder ferns, while long ribbons of hartstongue hang everywhere.

The cliff on the side on which we walked has been scooped out to make room for the pathway, and curving overhead makes a shelter like that of some Alpine gallery, while from it spring birch and ash trees, standing as if on tiptoe to bend over the edge of the ravine. We followed the path along this wonderful rift for

about a mile; sometimes the cliff beside us opened, showing grassed spaces literally gemmed with flowers and delicate ferns. Once we had to cross the rift by a slight bridge, and then back again by one that, as we approached it, looked high overhead among the tree branches that reached from one side of the ravine to the other.

No words can paint the violence of the wrench that has parted the rock in twain—rents and gaping cracks, huge brown projecting boulders and gray fractured layers, sometimes mossed and lichened till they gleam like huge lizards in the gloom, make a constant variety of colour.

As we went on the rift became narrower, the weirdness deepened; the pale gold of the primroses, and the blue knots of forget-me-not on the bank beside us, seemed out of place; we felt a sort of breathless interest as we went on, peering into the weird savageness of the chasm. It seemed like one of the old Oriental tales where a daring mortal is led on invisibly to the inner chamber of some demon; and our uncouth, silent guide did nothing to break the spell; he walked on in front; seemingly he had forgotten us.

All at once the path ended, the walls of rock on either side approached so nearly that there was only room for the beck to struggle through. In vain we looked for an outlet; at one side there was a dark rift in the stone. If an octopus could live in fresh water,

then one might have fancied that this was the home of Gilliat's deadly foe. This sudden ending was exasperating; it was like the story of Sir Bertrand, or a romance of which the last chapters have been torn out.

On the opposite side is a cave called Tom Taylor's chamber, and here Mr. Lucas says, in 1868, were found by two boys thirty-two silver Roman coins. He tells a characteristic story of one of these boys, now a carpenter at Lofthouse. "I was a little boy when I found a small coin. I took it to school, and was showing it to the other boys, when t' maister calls out, 'What hev ye'y got thar, Tom?' so he maks me tak it up t' him, an' taks it away. 'Oh!' says he, looking at it, 'I'll tak it to be magnified.' *An' it's magnifying yet.*"

We learned from our guide that we could follow the stream some way up after we left the grounds which enclose it as far as this point. Some way higher up is the fall called Park Foss, and we were told that this was worth going to see: but we were hungry and tired, and when we found ourselves outside a gate close by and on the wide moor beyond, we began to look about for a shady nook to lunch in. We had not far to go. All at once we came to a group of white-blossomed trees perched on a spur of rock and shadowing a fissure in the ground below; the sides were clothed with primroses and forget-me-nots; it was like a haunt of the fairies. Going down into it we

found the bottom covered with ferns, and a slit in the side of the rock wide enough to admit one person. Squeezing in through this we found a passage winding round a pillar of rock; but we could not go far: the way was evidently purposely blocked with faggots and bundles of furze which it would not have been easy to remove, and as we had not a candle with us there was not much use in exploring the mystery of the cave. We knew that this must be Eglin's Hole; it is said to be two miles long, and there is a tradition that it reaches underground as far as Middlesmoor. We were sorry we had not brought candles, as we learned that farther in there were fine stalactites depending from the roof and sides of the cavern.

However, we had a charming rest on our flowered carpet under the snowy-flowered bird-cherry trees, and did full justice to the excellent lunch provided for us by our kind hostess, Mrs. Horner of the King's Arms.

The way mounts with increasing steepness till it reaches Middlesmoor, and the path lies across the broad moor without any grateful little oasis like that in the shade of which we had lunched. After what seemed a long walk we reached the church, which stands beacon-like at the top of the hill, a landmark for miles round. So steep is the ascent at last, that one reaches the gray old church by a long flight of steps; but from the churchyard the view is very fine. The green winding dale lies at our feet ended by the woods of Bewerley

and Guy's Cliff; the Nidd looks like a zigzag of silver between level green meadows; the hills, varied in colour by woods and grassland, rise steeply on either side, their tops capped with dark moorland.

Beyond Middlesmoor is Angram, where the scenery is wilder and grander, and farther on is the pass which we had so often heard of, leading down into Wharfedale between Great Whernside and Buckden Pike. The views here are said to be magnificent, and there is also a descent from this mountain road by Bishopdale into Wensleydale. But this part of the dale and these passes require fine dry weather, for some part of the road is very rough. We were told it would be impassable after the heavy rain that had been falling for some days before we reached Pateley Bridge, so we were obliged, most unwillingly, to give up our hope of crossing the range and so reaching Malham Cove and Gordale Scar and Ingleborough from Nidderdale.

Not far from Middlesmoor is the famous cavern Goydon Pot, the huge hole at the corner of a cliff into which the Nidd rushes furiously over some broken rocks. In dry weather we could have gone some way into the cave, but now the water seemed to fill the gaping mouth, fringed with ivy and climbing plants. Another of these singular "swallows" is called Manchester Hole, and this absorbs the water which numerous trickling rills bring into the deserted river-bed. There are said to be other fissures through which you

may hear the murmur of the imprisoned Nidd, which does not, however, show itself till it comes out at the point we had passed some two miles lower down, near the parsonage of Lofthouse. From How Stean Beck to Middlesmoor we had been in Stonebeck Up, and now our driver proposed to take us home through Fountains Earth on the farther bank of the Nidd, so that we might pass through Lofthouse.

The monks of Fountains built several granges in this township, all of which retain their ancient names, although the buildings have been renewed past recognition. Lofthouse itself was one of these granges; it is now a most ideal village—the gray stone cottages, like all those we had seen in Nidderdale, were scattered about, shaded by trees, and with gardens in front full of flowers, and surrounded by orchards. The view from the bridge is charming; the river runs here through jagged masses of limestone into a dark tree-shaded glen. We saw a snug-looking little inn as we drove through the village, and we found that a few days might be spent very pleasantly at Lofthouse. There is first-rate trout fishing to be had in Nidderdale.

We stopped in the village while my companion was making inquiry, and a lad who was holding the horses of another carriage came up to me: "What'll ye think o' How Stean Beck?" he said inquiringly. "Eh, but its real foine, ye knaw."

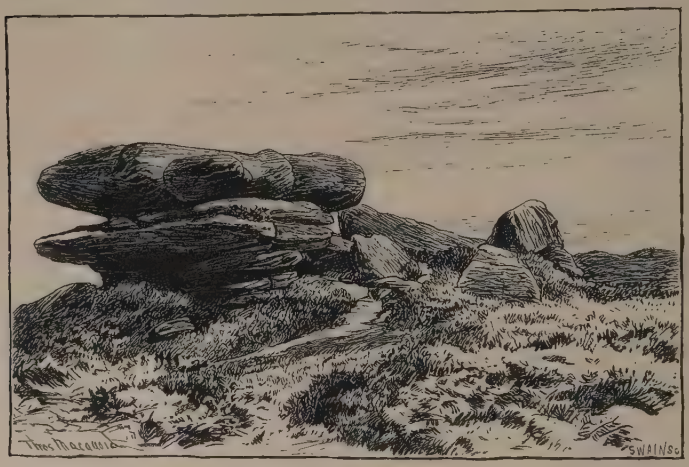
On the hill above our driver pointed out a farmhouse

called Helks, from which there is a fine view; below this is the wild glen called Helks Gill, and on the side of the hill is an ancient square barrow which it is said has never yet been excavated. There are several wild glens which well reward the explorer; Wath woods and waterfalls near Pateley Bridge on the Doubergill beck, near which we found a trace of Robin Hood; a rocky field not far from Sigsworth Grange is called Robin Hood's Park, and a spring in the wood below Robin Hood's Well. The Doubergill beck, the glen of which is full of beauty, joins the Nidd at the pretty little village of Wath, with its ancient and picturesque bridge.

The dale seems to abound in birds and rare plants; the night jar is called the gabble-ratchet, and the same pathetic superstition is attached to it in this part of Yorkshire that one meets with in Scotland and elsewhere, the belief that these birds embody the souls of unbaptised infants doomed to wander for ever in the air.

We were much favoured by weather in Nidderdale. The next morning the sun came blazing in at our windows, and directly after breakfast we started for Bewerley. Just outside Mr. Yorke's park we had to get a guide to take us through the grounds, but as he was old and infirm, he said he should only take us part of the way and leave us to lock the gates and bring back the key; we thought this a very pleasant arrangement; but as Mr. Yorke was absent we could not see quite as much as we wished. Bewerley was the site of a grange

belonging to the monks of Fountains Abbey. The situation of the hall is charming, and the grounds seem very pretty, and command fine views of Guy's Cliff and Brimham Rocks, which look in the distance as if huge

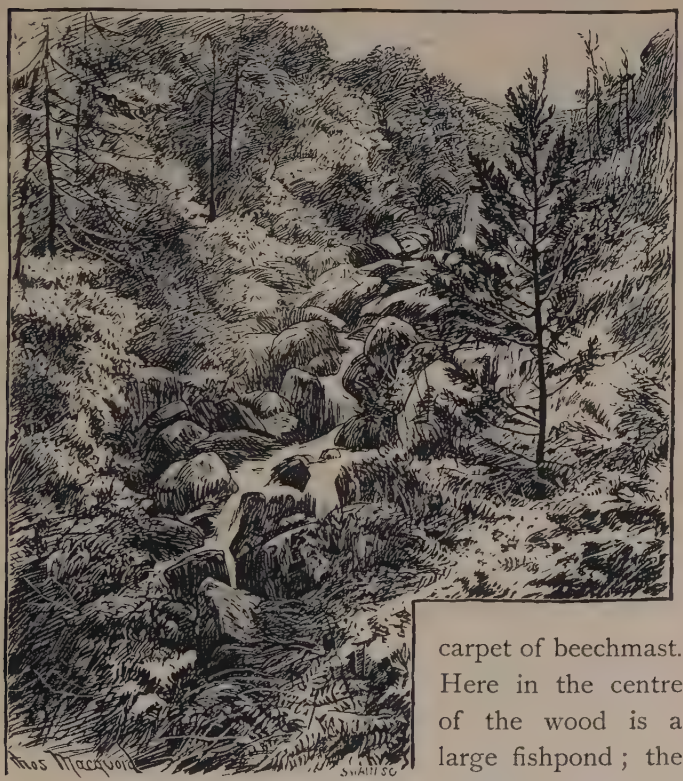


BRIMHAM ROCKS.

monsters were crouching on the edge of the hill. Behind the house is the ancient chapel built by the monks of Fountains, and bearing the initials of Marmaduke Huby; it is now used for garden tools.

The gardener's house, at some little distance, is said to have been the priest's house; we heard that the interior of this was well worth seeing, but we were unable to get admission. On the opposite side of the road, by a small locked gate in the fence, we entered the Fishpond

Wood, planted chiefly with fine beech-trees, and gay with wild hyacinths and aconite showing through a red



RAVENSGILL.

carpet of beechmast. Here in the centre of the wood is a large fishpond; the ground slopes up and down, and the light and shade among the trees made pleasant sylvan pictures which the rooks seemed to be applauding over-

head. When we came out of this wood we got a view of Brimham Rocks and Guy's Cliff, and then we crossed a brook called Fossbeck, near some scattered cottages, and came into Ravensgill. This is a very romantic scene: the path mounts steeply through a narrow wooded glen; on each side the pine-clad cliffs rise high; while below, at the bottom of the glen, a stream, the Ravensbeck, tumbles over huge blocks of stone, which, indeed, are scattered about in wild confusion, not only in the bed of the stream, but up the sides of the gill. Sometimes a huge moss-covered boulder sits perched so lightly that it seems as if a touch would send it down to silence the brawling beck. The path mounts higher and higher, and at the upper end of the gill the stream falls over several ledges in a pretty waterfall. Opposite, the steep rugged cliff is clothed with firs to its summit, the delicate needles of the young larch-shoots telling against the dark blue-green of the pines. On this side the terraced path is shaded by tall firs and ash-trees, while lower down the ground is covered with rhododendrons and ferns, and tiny flowers peep out between the chinks of rock. The Ravensbeck sends up showers of silver spray as it plunges down among the huge blocks of stone below, while all round are gray crags peering among the trees. It is a very wild scene. From it a footpath led us on to Nought Moor—a haunt of witches and evil beings; and here is a strange weird-looking rock, called the Crocodile. From the

jaws of this rock, is a splendid view over Nidderdale, which looks the ideal of "a happy valley," with its smiling pastures and wooded sides and shining winding river. Below the moor is a curious hollow called the Trough, and we felt that there must be a legend connected with this spot.

Guy's Cliff with its mock ruin rises on the opposite side of the hollow, and we were told that York Minster, and even the northern end of the Hambleton Hills, could be seen from thence. The edge of the cliff is broken at one point into an opening called the Three Gaps, which our guide had already pointed out. Down below, deep among the woods and gray boulders which jut out everywhere, is the solitary lake called Guy's Tarn, a most lovely, lonely spot.

The great wonders of Nidderdale, however, are Brimham Crags, a collection of rocks something like those of Plouman'ach in North Brittany, except that while the Plouman'ach boulders are of bare rose-coloured granite, those at Brimham are of millstone grit, and are coated with heather and moss; but the effect produced on the mind is the same in both cases—a sort of stupefied wonder—it seems as if the stony monsters must have been rained down from the clouds, or that this must be the scene of some fierce antediluvian battle, when the Titans tore up rocks to fling at their foes. The crags are much varied in shape; some of them are like huge misshapen idols, and have singular

names—one is called "Monkey's Face," another the "Giant's Head;" and the poise of the rocking-stones, which are numerous, is extraordinary; on some of them are rock basins; these, of course, are asserted to be of Druid origin, and the rocking-stones are said to date from the same period; but archæologists tell us that, like the Plouman'ach rocks, they are natural formations. Small trees spring here and there from the rocks, and a few ferns grow among them, but these are scanty. The crags must be very impressive by moonlight, when the cracks and rents in them would be veiled by the shadows, and they would seem like an army of goblins gathered together to guard the wild country around them.

The lead-mines of Greenhow Hill are worth a visit, and so are the wonders of Stump Cross caverns; but both these expeditions require dry weather. The dale is full of interest, and at the upper end it has not yet lost all the links which old customs, quaint dialect, and antique household implements make to the ancient people of Nidderdale.

CHAPTER VII.

WHARFEDALE.

BOLTON PRIORY, SKIPTON CASTLE, AND BEN RHYDDING.

NOW there is stillness in the vale
And long unspeaking sorrow :
Wharfe shall be, to pitying hearts,
A name more sad than Yarrow.

. . . . . .

Young Romilly through Barden woods
Is ranging high and low,
And holds a greyhound in a leash
To let slip on buck or doe.

And the pair have reached that fearful chasm
How tempting to bestride,
For lordly Wharfe is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

. . . . . .

And hither is young Romilly come,
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across "The Strid"?

He sprang in glee—for what cared he
That the river was strong and the rocks were steep?
But the greyhound in the leash hung back
And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharfe
And strangled by a merciless force,
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

His mother, the Lady Adeliza de Romillé, mourned her son deeply ; he was her only son, and also her only joy in life. The ballad goes on :—

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, " Let there be
In Bolton, on the fields of Wharfe,
A stately priory."
The stately priory was reared,
And Wharfe as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful noise,
Nor failed at evensong.
And the lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief,
And slowly did her succour come
And a patience to her grief.
Oh, there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn and ask
Of Him to be our friend.—WORDSWORTH.

Lady Adeliza, or Alice de Romillé, mother of " the noble boy of Egremond," was daughter to William de Meschines and his wife Cecily, the daughter and heiress of Robert de Romillé of Skipton, to whom William the Conqueror gave large estates in Craven in Wharfedale.

This pair had founded in 1120, at Embsay near Skipton, a priory for Augustinian canons, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and St. Cuthbert.

But the canons of Embsay seem to have lacked the enduring zeal of the Cistercian monks beside the Skell; they shivered on the heights of bleak, shelterless Embsay, and petitioned Alice, who inherited her parents' estates, and retained her mother's name of Romillé, though married to William FitzDuncan, nephew to King David of Scotland, to make an exchange, to grant them the sheltered and fertile valley beside the Wharfe at Bolton in lieu of their lands at Embsay. It is supposed that this arrangement must have been made before the death of young Romillé, for his signature is attached to the charter of exchange, and that therefore the canons, on learning the tragical event, and the wish of the bereaved mother to build a memorial house of prayer beside the Wharfe, were glad to seize the opportunity of leaving their bleak heights for this warm and beautiful valley.

This supposition of Mr. Walbran's reconciles legend and fact, for this signature of William de Romillé, Alice's only son, has caused much doubt to be thrown on the interesting legend of the Strid.

Before we reached the priory we had enjoyed a view of it embowered in trees, but it looked yet more beautiful from the graveyard beside the grand, dark river, which broadens as it arrives at the gray ruins and

sweeps boldly past them in a resistless curve, between green meadows, then foaming over the stepping-stones a little way on, it washes the foot of a lofty tree-crowned scar, down the red side of which a slender stream glistens in the sunshine; then the river rushes on past a mass of gray rocks, between the rich woods, blue hills rising one above another in the distance. Looking up-stream the view is even more beautiful; the angry force with which the river foams along, after having made its escape from the narrow embrace of the Strid, has subsided, and the dark swift stream makes a feature in itself as it flows between wooded heights on either side; the light and shade and exquisite reflections are beyond any word-painting.

The stones of the old graveyard are so quaint in character that they seem more ancient than they are. Out of it we went through a little gate round to the entrance of the church on the west. Opposite is the ancient gate-house of the priory, now much enlarged; it has been converted into a hunting-seat for the Duke of Devonshire, the owner of Bolton. The colour of the west front of the priory is very rich in tint, and the deeply recessed doorway is remarkable. Over this entrance is the unfinished tower begun by Richard Moon, the last prior of Bolton, not long before the Dissolution. A frieze has this legend:—

"In the yer of our lord MDCXX, R. begaun thes fondachon on who sowl god have marce.—Amen."

Going into the church we felt chilled and disappointed. The nave and its one aisle have been restored for divine worship, but the effect is cold and meagre—the modern glass windows are totally inharmonious, and the blocking-up of the arch, which once led into the choir, destroys all effect. On the south side are six lancet lights, and in the north aisle are three decorated windows; at the eastern end of this aisle is the chantry chapel of the Mauleverers of Beamsley, supposed to have been founded in the early days of the priory, and under the stones of this chapel is the famous burial vault, where, according to Wordsworth, we may look down and see "through the chinks in the fractured floor—"

> "A grisly sight;
> A vault where the bodies are buried upright!
> There, face to face, and hand by hand,
> The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;
> And, in his place, among son and sire,
> Is John de Clapham, that fierce esquire,
> A valiant man and a name of dread,
> In the ruthless wars of the White and Red;
> Who dragg'd Earl Pembroke from Banbury Church,
> And smote off his head on the stones of the porch!
> Look down among them if you dare."

It is said that when this vault was opened to restore the floor above it the coffins were seen to be standing upright; there were nineteen of them, one of which measured six feet ten inches.

A crowd of sight-seers from Ilkley had gone into church with us, and some of them mounting the pulpit began to amuse themselves in an unseemly fashion. We now passed out into the north transept, but stopped to look at a lovely view of the ruins from an elder-tree in the western corner; except the eastern wall this transept is perfect, chiefly of fourteenth-century work. A round-headed doorway leads into the choir, which is supposed to have been the earliest part of the church, and to have been built at the same time with the chapter-house. Early, however, in the fourteenth century the old Norman choir was rebuilt.

The four arches of the central tower remain, although the tower has vanished. North and south these arches are pointed; those of the nave and choir are a flattened semicircle. The clerestory has perished; the choir is lighted on each side by five perpendicular windows; the lower part of those nearest the tower have been bricked up. The eastern window is very large, but all tracery and moulding have disappeared. Above the east window is the well-known gable, so prominent and picturesque a feature of these ruins.

On each side below the bricked-up windows is an open archway, and through this southern arch we saw a picture that kept us standing spelled by its beauty.

In front are the ruins of the priory, beyond these stretches a lovely green meadow; beside it winds the broad Wharfe, bordered now by trees which dip into the

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

BOLTON PRIORY.

stream, now by green banks, crowned with wooded hills, which rise one behind another, the most distant veiled by soft mist rising from the valleys between. The exquisite gray river is luminous now as with the glisten of a salmon soft orange and rosy clouds warming the cool grays.

From this doorway to the east end there is on each side of the choir a beautiful arcade in transition style, very rich in colour, and doubtless a part of the first building. Beyond the arcade on the north is a shallow arched recess, supposed to have been used as a tomb. Near it is the corner of a blue slab, said to be the tomb of John, Lord Clifford, K.G., buried in 1423.

On the southern side was anciently a chapel, the resting-place of the lords of Skipton, and patrons of Bolton: here is an arch over which there has once been a canopy; the sides of this arch are panelled with carved stonework, and the effigy of Lady Romillé still lay here in 1670. She was doubtless buried in the chapel. Only the western wall of the south transept remains; this still has two good decorated windows and a doorway of the same date; through this we passed into the cloister court, but it is not so easy to make out the monastic buildings at Bolton as it is at Fountains or Jervaux or Easby; and the beauty of the scenery here is so distracting that the old stones lose somewhat of their interest beside the temptation offered by the vista of woods and river beyond them.

On the south side of the nave, where we now stood, according to Mr. Walbran's *Guide*, was the quadrangular or cloister court; west of this was the store-house with the canons' dormitory above. South of the court we came to the remains of the refectory, and beyond are traces of a larger court, round which were the kitchen and other offices, also a long room probably for guests; beyond the court is a small building, now a schoolhouse, but as old as the priory itself; the present parsonage is built amid these ancient foundations. The wall of the south transept forms the east end of the cloister court, and at its southern side is the passage leading to the chapter-house. The arch over the entrance door remains, clothed with ivy, and through it, each way, is a charming peep. We could clearly make out the foundations of the chapter-house; they show an octagon-shaped room about thirty feet in diameter; there are remains of quatrefoils and roses which probably decorated the base of the stalls. The prior's buildings were south of the passage leading to the chapter-house, and there are other stones and mounds beyond.

The demolition has been sadly complete, and the melancholy of these beautiful ruins is deepened by the story which Wordsworth has created among them; and the memory of the white doe which, Sunday after Sunday, visited the graveyard, seems to haunt the place. The doe's visits to Bolton, however, are not so legendary as is Wordsworth's account of the fate of the Nortons.

Leaving the ruins, we went down beside the river, where an old tree overhangs the clear brown stream rushing over blocks of grit—the banks are green and broken—here and there are picturesque trees, and just at the bend of the river rises "Bolton's mouldering priory." We got several exquisite views of the ruins; there is one where the bend of the dark Wharfe is perfectly shown, the gray priory on the right, and on the left the range of stepping-stones and the bold purple red crag rising out of the foam which the river makes as it frets against the stones and then dashes on to where a mass of gray rock threatens to choke its course; beyond are blue far-away hills.

While my companion sketched I wandered on to the stepping-stones, intending to cross them, but the river is so wide and the stones looked so slippery that my courage failed; I ventured as far as the fifth stone, and then the whirr and rush of the swift dark stream seemed too threatening to brave, and I turned back discomfited.

We set out to walk to the Strid, and soon the woods presented a series of pictures which mock all attempts to describe them; the vivid freshness of the young leaves against the red and brown tracery of the branches is a sight worth seeing. Going back for our carriage, we got every now and then as we drove along peeps of the rock-cumbered river with little islets and tender green trees and romantic glens, and we longed

to spend days in exploring so picturesque a region. Golden star-like flowers gleamed among the deep green of the ferns and mosses below, and the colour on the rocks and on the moss-grown tree trunks brightened when the sunshine found its way through the canopy of leaves singing overhead.

Soon the valley narrowed, and dark woods full of sombre mystery overhung the stone-cumbered stream. At one point a brook burst suddenly from one of the glens and came rushing into the river.

We drove on till we came to a clearing. For some time we had heard a hoarse roar gradually increasing, and now, as we left the carriage and followed the foot track leading to the river, this noise became tremendous. Tree branches crossed and recrossed so as to veil the sight of the torrent, but all at once we reached a platform of large flat rocks, on which in places the fury of the water had scooped basins, and before us was "the Strid," a narrow passage in the rocky valley. Through this the Wharfe rushes like a huge wild beast with yellow mane and foaming lips in search of human life; a hoarse tawny torrent, from which dark tree-crowned rocks rise on either hand, while moss-covered roots stretch out in the patches of yellow sand. Higher up, the river has been suddenly contracted to a narrow passage between the walls of rock, and as it enters this it falls about ten feet in a foaming waterfall, then it rushes madly about sixty feet down to "the Strid," which

ON THE WHARFE.

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

is said to be only four feet six inches in width; but from the peculiar position of the slippery rocks on which the jump must be made, and, above all, from the thunderous roar and vehement rush of the water, the leap is a very dangerous one even for strong-nerved men.

The day before our visit a man and his wife had come with their friends to Bolton Woods to keep the anniversary of their wedding-day. The husband, a middle-aged man, said he would leap across the Strid. He jumped, swerved, and fell into the boiling torrent, and his body was not found for several hours. We heard that there have been many fatal accidents here—for rescue is well-nigh impossible:

> "This striding-place is called the Strid,
> A name which it took of yore;
> A thousand years hath it borne that name,
> And shall a thousand more."

Not far beyond the Strid is Barden Tower, immortalised by Turner's well-known view, which is, however, treated poetically, not realistically.

We had already seen it from a distance, charmingly framed in by trees and backed by purple fells. It is a ruined house of the Tudor period, full of memories of Henry Clifford, "the Shepherd Lord," who must have had an eye for the picturesque when he placed his dwelling so charmingly among the rocks and trees and streams that surround it. The life of this Shepherd Lord was strangely chequered, and we wondered whether

he was happier tending his sheep on the Cumberland fells or living the life of a nobleman at the court of Henry VII. and then fighting bravely at Flodden Field.

BARDEN TOWER

His happiest time, however, seems to have been spent at Barden Tower, where he studied astronomy under the teaching of the monks of Bolton. In 1513, when he was sixty years old, he was given a command at Flodden.

"From Penigent to Pendle Hill,
From Linton to Long Addingham,
And all that Craven coasts did till
They with the lusty Clifford came."

He lived ten years after the battle. His descendant, Lady Anne, Countess first of Dorset then of Pembroke, says, in her account of the Cliffords, that "he was a plain man, who lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to Court or London, excepting when called to Parliament, on which occasion he behaved himself like a wise and good English nobleman. This Lord Clifford never travelled out of England." Lady Anne was a most remarkable woman; besides repairing and rebuilding about six of the family houses and castles, she built and restored seven churches, and erected two hospitals and Spenser's monument in Westminster Abbey. According to Dr. Whitaker she was a universal benefactress, and her house "a pattern for all." Besides many other good deeds, she educated and portioned the illegitimate children of her first husband; but it must be owned that she was arrogant and self-willed. She spent thirty-eight years in trying to recover her ancestral estates from her cousin the Earl of Cumberland, and at last succeeded. She lived to be eighty-seven, and when old dressed always in black serge. In the sermon preached at her funeral it was said "she could talk well on all subjects, from predestination to slea-silk." A very quaint inscription on the house tells of its restoration in 1658-59

by this Lady Anne Clifford, but it is now in a ruinous state; the chapel, I believe, is still used for worship. The name Barden is said to be taken from the wild boar which once inhabited these woods, for the forest of Barden stretches for four miles along the banks of the Wharfe.

We heard that the view from Simon's Seat, the lofty ridge of hills some way to the right of Barden Tower, is splendid; the ridge is 1593 feet high, and commands not only the ravines and gills below it—and Bolton Woods abound with these—but looks over the grand hills and fells in the magnificent dale of Wharfe, the huge range of Whernside, twelve miles long, which rises from Kettlewell Dale upwards of 2000 feet, and the still loftier peak of Settronside peering over its shoulder.

To the west is Earl's Seat, and yet farther the long back of Barden Fell; above it is Embsay Craig near Skipton; and when the day is clear the top of Pendle Hill may be seen. South is Beamsley Beacon, and beyond it are the rugged heights of Rombald's Moor, so called from the Romillés. It is said that the towers of both York and Ripon can be seen from Simon's Seat. Farther west than Barden Fell is Rilston Fell, a dark rock on which stand the ruins of Norton's Tower. The Cliffords, lords of a great part of Craven, seem to have had continual disputes about the right of hunting in Rilston. There are still the remains of walls erected by one of the Nortons to keep his neighbours from trespassing on his land.

It would have been delightful to follow this beautiful strong river to its source to "top o' t' watter" among the wildest ridges of the West Riding. From Barden Tower we come to Appletreewick and Burnsall: the first village produced William Craven, who, going to London a lad in a carrier's cart, became a mercer and then Lord Mayor of London; he was father to Lord Craven, knight-errant and second husband of Elizabeth, the widowed Queen of Bohemia. Whitaker says, "Thus the son of a Wharfedale peasant matched with the sister of Charles I."

At Burnsall the black rocks change to gray limestone, and about this point near Linton the river was famous for its salmon. Now the wooded rocks rise high again, and near are the beautiful Grassington Woods: the river forces its way through a narrow cleft called Ghastrell Strid. In the woods above, some years ago, a traveller was dragged from his horse, murdered, and then flung into the river. It is said that the murderer's ghost still haunts this beautiful lonely place. On the right is Coniston Moor, ruddy with bilberry leaves, and on the left, Kilnsey, with its remarkable crag—famous as the place where the monks of Fountains Abbey brought their sheep to be shorn.

At Kettlewell a way opens on the left leading by a pass of great beauty through Coverdale into Wensleydale, Nidderdale may be also reached from Kettlewell.

At Barden Tower we crossed the bridge, and then

took the path through the woods. This led us by a hilly way down into a most beautiful glen watered by a bright brown beck which dashes gaily along its tree-shaded bed; now a mountain ash springs from some stone in the middle of the stream while the sunshine glitters on the dancing waters below. Soon we came to a waterfall, and then above it reached the weird corner called the Valley of Desolation. Here, in pale dreary contrast with the luxuriant beauty of the glen and the dancing life of its beck, are blasted white-armed trees that seem to be invoking a curse on the place. From this point we went down to the river, and crossing by the lower bridge again found our way to the ruins; for we had missed the old priory barn, which is curious and has a remarkable wooden roof.

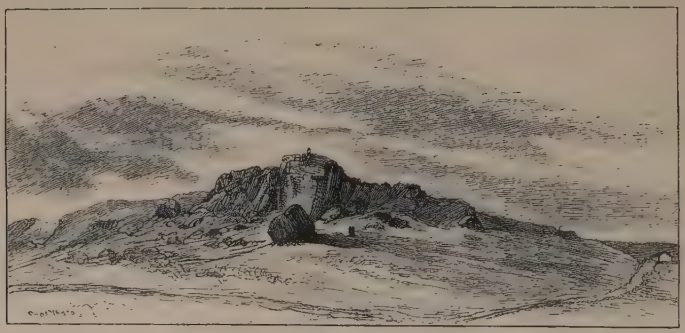
We drove away with lingering regret, we had not seen nearly all that we wanted to see.

To enjoy Bolton Woods and their surroundings thoroughly it is better to spend a few days at one of the inns near the priory. The drive from Ben Rhydding is full of beauty, with the distant views of Bolton Bridge and the Priory beside the Wharfe, and the picturesque bridge of Ilkley, surrounded by lofty hills with rugged ridges, their sides brown and green, or in autumn gold and purple, with bracken and heather; but one cannot possibly see all one wants to see in a day at Bolton, and the previous drive rather exhausts one's exploring energies.

Ben Rhydding is a most delightful centre from which to explore not only Wharfedale but the greater part of the West Riding; one can also reach Ripon and Fountains, as well as Skipton, Ingleborough, Haworth, Saltaire, and many other interesting places. In itself Ben Rhydding is a very pleasant residence, full of beauty and most health-giving properties. I shall never forget our first sight of it from the railway—its dark gray towers, high up among the trees, looked as inaccessible as those of some Rhenish castle. The house, built like an old castellated mansion, stands about five hundred feet above the Wharfe on the side of Rombald's Moor, which reaches nearly five hundred feet higher. Near the station we were shown a quaint old farmhouse, with stone mullions in the windows, where Cromwell passed the night before the battle of Marston Moor. Then we drove on through a wood up the very steep hill, and at last came in sight of the grand-looking dark stone house with a bow-windowed front and wings on either side. We were shown to some pleasant rooms on the west side, and from our window we got a splendid view over Wharfedale.

In front, about two miles away, were the white houses of Ilkley gleaming in the sunshine. On the left, high above us, was a line of jagged black rocks, one of them rising boldly above the rest like the keep of an old fortress. This was the famous "Cow," and below it, perched on the side of the hill as if it had stopped on

its way as it was about to roll into the valley, is a square black rock called "the Calf." Beyond the Cow the long range of lofty rock-crowned moor stretches on for miles and then sweeps round behind Ilkley till it seems to cross the valley on the right, but in reality



THE COW AND THE CALF, NEAR BEN RHYDDING.

follows the curve made by the Wharfe and joins a succession of grand hills rising one behind another, Beamsley Beacon frowning above the rest. Below our windows was a pleasant lawn with flower-beds, and we saw well-planted shrubberies and pleasant walks beneath shady trees wherever we looked. Beyond was a lawn-tennis ground and a cricket-field, and these seemed to be fully occupied.

At two o'clock the dinner-bell warned us to leave the window, and soon we had taken our seats in the handsome dining-hall with about a hundred and fifty other guests. We learned, however, that those who

prefer it can dine at seven o'clock, and lunch at mid-day.

We found the fare simple but excellent, and we remarked that few of the visitors drank water only,—champagne, claret, and bottled ale seemed more popular, although Ben Rhydding water has a reputation.

Then we strolled round the grounds, and were much enlivened by the universal gaiety that prevailed. We were shown the admirably-arranged Turkish bath-house, a little way from the house, and near it the concert-room, the great racket-court, and the skating-rink. Farther on we came to the drinking-well, embowered in trees and sheltered under a stone summer-house called the Shrine. The water is deliciously cool and invigorating, and is said to be very beneficial in cases of gout. But the air of the place is so exhilarating that one forgets aches and pains in sight of so much beauty and such prospective enjoyment in the way of walks and drives. Going up one of the winding paths between the shrubberies we came in a few minutes to a gate leading on to rising ground planted with trees. This is the park, and here, in a grove of trees, is a small lake. Behind this we came into the most charming part of the grounds. From a wild thicket of holly and thorn trees rises a green mound, called Arthur's Seat, and between the trees around us we got charming peeps of Rombald's Moor, —the black rocks, called the Cow and Calf, rising up

above us like the rounded towers of an old castle. From the seat on the top of the mound the view is said to comprise a hundred square miles.

Ben Rhydding itself looks very impressive hanging over the deep valley and nested in trees. We felt tempted to climb the Cow; and as we had been told that the tea-bell would not ring till seven, we went down to a little gate in the stone enclosure and through it on to the open moor. Our path, everywhere, was bordered by singularly large harebells showing exquisitely blue among tall flowering grass and bright hawkweed; and sometimes in little shaded dells we found beautiful campanulas. Outside the gate in the boundary wall we followed a yellow, deeply-ridged cart-road, skirting the moor that rises loftily on the left above Ben Rhydding; here and there knots of furze and green heather showed on its bare rugged side; on our right, divided from the road by a dry grassed ditch, half filled with peat clumps, is a hazel hedge varied with stumps of pollard elms; behind the hedge, green meadows slope steeply down to the road beside the river. As we walked on the Cow and Calf loomed in black ruggedness overhead; in front the yellow road mounted rapidly and took a sweeping curve to the left, cutting sharply against the pale blue sky; on the right, filling the gap left by the road in its sudden curve, came a lovely peep of the valley; a few rich green trees, near at hand, stood out in bold relief against the

vista of far-off hills ; the emerald tints of the meadows were sinking into dimness, but a bright intense gleam singled out a house here and there in the distance. While we stood gazing, soft wreaths of smoke rolling from the unseen town in the valley warned us that it was tea-time at Ilkley.

The path leading to the Cow winds in and out between huge blocks of gritstone, which make a rugged uneven staircase, rather fatiguing to climb ; but when the top is reached the delicious air breathes health and strength : we certainly came down less tired than we went up. All round the Cow are huge masses of stone, and some of these are strangely marked. One can trace the course of the Wharfe from this height by a long range of dark trees across the river. Above this line are green fields divided by hedges and dotted with brown cows ; here and there are villages and farmsteads ; one or two manor-houses almost hidden by trees ; above stretches the wild moor, ended on the left by Beamsley Beacon ; one of the manor-houses is Denton, an ancient possession of the Fairfaxes. It is said that Prince Rupert on his way to Marston Moor was lodged at Denton, and was so delighted with the picture he saw there of John Fairfax that he gave orders that the house should be spared from plunder.

A more distant range of hills reaches to Barden Fell, and we knew that in the valley marked by soft mist lay Bolton Priory and the Strid ; eastward the view is said

to reach as far as the Wolds. Looking behind us we saw that the moor rose still higher beyond an intervening valley, while a yet farther-off range of hills was higher still. This way, at some distance, lie the moors sacred to the memory of Charlotte Brontë. It is a pity that the house she lived and wrote in should have been changed and altered; that the church in which she prayed should have been swept away. We do not even yet seem to recognise that Charlotte Brontë is the truest, most unalloyed genius that this century has produced; though perhaps one cannot and does not fully appreciate her till one wanders over the springy heather amid the dark formless rocks of the moors of the West Riding.

But the increasing gloom warns us to leave the moor; the sun has already set, and a broad mist is rising from the valley, blotting out the farmsteads cradled beside the river and the tall dark trees that mark its course, blotting out too the form of the hills across the valley. While we have been sitting on the flat rock summit, hill-tops and clouds have become mingled in a gray expanse below; the sky is a luminous red, but this spreads and fades, and before we have reached the road a tender green tint spreads across the valley barred by narrow leaden clouds.

We found the inmates of Ben Rhydding assembled in the dining-hall having tea, with meat or eggs. After this was over we all went to the drawing-room, when presently a very clever reading from *Martin*

Chuzzlewit was given by one of the visitors. Then there was some good singing; later on some of the young people danced; at ten the lights began to be put out in the drawing-room, and people went to their rooms or else to the dining-room again, where was spread another plentiful meal of bread and butter, bread and milk, and gruel; or wine and beer could be had if required. The simple diet and regular hours, for lights are expected to be out by eleven o'clock, doubtless benefit delicate people; but the pure air, and the refreshment effected by such a constant sight of this beautiful hill-girt valley, are themselves life-giving. A few weeks spent at Ben Rhydding seem to effect a complete change in the system. I have seen delicate women, scarcely able to walk feebly round the garden on their first arrival, become strong enough to walk to the Hunting-tower, a lovely point in the heart of the moor at some distance from the house; beyond this tower are the mounds of a British village. But for the first week the air is almost too exhilarating, and exhausts as much as it revives; it is the after and permanent effect that makes a visit to Ben Rhydding so thoroughly beneficial.

There is another large health establishment at Ilkley itself, called Ilkley Wells, and two smaller and cheaper ones called Troutbeck and Craiglands. In the churchyard at Ilkley are three remarkable stone crosses, said to be Saxon.

It has been said that there are many interesting drives within reach of Ben Rhydding. One day we drove through beautiful country to Skipton Castle, a dark frowning pile, built by Robert de Romillé, and full of interesting historical memories as the home of the Cliffords. Whitaker says that little besides the western doorway of the inner court remains of Romillé's building. The seven round towers connected by walls from nine to twelve feet thick were built by Robert de Clifford in the time of Edward II., though in the face of this historical fact, for round towers seem to date only from the time of Edward I., you are gravely shown the chamber in which Fair Rosamond received her royal lover Henry II. The long building ended by an octagon tower was built by Henry, the spendthrift son of the Shepherd Lord, who in his youth had been outlawed, and is said to be the hero of the ballad of the "Nut-brown Mayd." Henry VIII. had created him first Earl of Cumberland, and it was on the occasion of his son's marriage with the king's niece, the Lady Ellenor Brandon, daughter of Suffolk, and of "Marie, the French quene," that Clifford built the great gallery of Skipton Castle for the reception of his royal daughter-in-law. Lady Anne Clifford rebuilt Skipton Castle after it had been dismantled by Parliament, and over the entrance is an inscription setting forth her titles and work. This door, however, hides the ancient entrance.

The inner quadrangle is very quaint, five-sided, with a large yew-tree in its midst; here is also the ancient font of Skipton Church. Over the doorway are carved the family arms, and the motto, *Désormais*, makes the battlement of the square entrance tower of the castle. There are two portraits of Lady Anne Clifford; on one of these is the Clifford pedigree, but it is very undecipherable. Into the castle chapel poor little Elizabeth Clifford—daughter of Thomas who fell at St. Albans, and sister to John, the "butcher lord"—was carried when six years old and married to Robert, son of Sir William Plumpton. Robert dying, she was again married when twelve years old to his brother William—Sir William Plumpton, into whose keeping she was given, promising that she should "not be wived till she was sixteen." Poor little maiden!

In the long gallery is the most curious and quaint tapestry I ever saw, said to represent the hideous tortures inflicted by the Inquisition; it is in excellent preservation. From the castle we went to the church, built by Lady Anne; in a vault at its eastern end the Cliffords have been buried since the Dissolution, and their tombs are also at this end of the church —these have been restored.

Skipton is a good resting-place from which to explore the upper end of Wharfedale and the wild country towards Settle and Ingleborough. We heard that lodging could also be had at Kettlewell. But Rombald's

Moor itself contains unending stores of delight in the way of rambles. Among the exquisite springy heather we found the Mount Ida whortleberry and other rare plants: the mosses, too, are full of beauty.

One stormy afternoon we started to reach a far-off hill that had been pointed out to us. Some way past the Cow we came suddenly to a sort of cleft, through which rushed a little stream, half hidden by huge gray rocks and heather and bilberry mingled with brake. Here and there the earth showed a vivid yellow with tufts of pale bent and rich green heather between; above, the jutting crags looked like some moorland castle against the lowering sky. We crossed this hidden stream, and climbing up the moor, found ourselves on the edge of a steep ravine in the rock, its dark sides brown and purple and green with moss; at the end far below us were the houses of Ilkley. We had already walked to Ilkley by the road across the moor, but had not guessed that this wild glen lay so near. On the right we came to another climb, and found ourselves at last on a lofty table-land of desolation, with a loose pile of stones like a cairn in its midst. It was almost ghastly in its dreariness.

The storm wind was literally "sobbing" round us, and the dark leaden sky harmonised with the weird prospect; on all sides was a series of moor waves, one rising slightly above another—an immense monotonous horizon. As we went slowly towards the

pile of gray stones, a huge bird rose slowly from them, and then flapping his wings soared over the moor. From this cairn, keeping to the right, we gained the edge of the ravine. The view from this point was very grand, but we found the descent into the ravine difficult. There is no footpath ; however, I had a sure guide, and cloudberry bushes and moss have so overgrown the rock that there is something to cling to. The descent is worth attempting for the sake of the fine view half way down it ; and the return through the valley below is picturesque.

As we crossed the hidden track on our way we had heard the sound of a waterfall, and we resolved to find this out. Going across the moor we saw in abundance pale green tufts of fragrant *Lastrea Oreopteris* nestling among rushes. The rocky banks on each side of the gurgling stream became steep, and the foot-track vanished ; sometimes we had to climb first on one side of the stream and then on the other, among huge blocks of stone and slippery clay, but at last we again heard the sound we were seeking.

The stream widened into clear brown pools bordered by walls of moss-grown rock, and gemmed with tufts of blechnum fern ; on each side the red-brown cliffs above us were rent with fissures and were almost perpendicular ; bright green bell-heather hung over the edge, like eaves of thatch. At the end the rocks met and closed in a lofty wall, down which the stream came

GLEN NEAR BEN RHYDDING.

tumbling from above in a little double cascade, a height about thirty feet.

Looking back by the way we had come the valley was most picture-like ; it curved in and out following the slender stream, till the space between its steep sides was filled by a vista of lofty hills, and the rush-burdened stream, turning out of sight, ran down to Ilkley. Close beside us a slender mountain ash grew, perched on the dark rock.

We had a pleasant railway excursion to Farnley Hall, near Otley. Some of this Hall is Elizabethan, the rest is modern. From its windows there is a fine view up and down the Wharfe, with the wooded Chevin in front. There is here an excellent collection of Turner's earliest works. The father of the present owner of Farnley, Mr. Fawkes, was one of the painter's earliest friends ; and it has been said by Ruskin that this early study of Yorkshire scenery—for Turner spent much time at Farnley—has influenced his idea of landscape. We were shown some relics of Oliver Cromwell, and of Ireton and Fairfax, at the Hall.

Another charm of Ben Rhydding is its isolation ; there is no jar in the enjoyment of the lovely country round it ; for although Ilkley is rapidly increasing in size, it is still two miles away. Besides the Turkish bath I have spoken of, there are excellent baths of all kinds to be had in the establishment, and—an important point—the resident physician is considered skilful.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEEDS.

It is only a short excursion from Ben Rhydding to Leeds. It would be difficult to find a greater contrast between two cities than that which exists between York and this great town—the one hoary with memories of past generations, and quiet with the restfulness that belongs to age; the other grimy with prosperous toil, darkening the sky with the smoke of its factories, or mills as they are called—full of movement, and touched in every one of its substantially-built streets with tokens of modern life. Modern thought, modern invention, progress in all things, stamp the Leeds of to-day, though she has also her past, and, it is said, once possessed a castle belonging to the De Lacys, besieged by King Stephen, and in which Richard II. was confined before he was carried away to Pontefract. This castle, which some antiquaries maintain never existed, had its park, and the name still lingers round the site in Park Square, Park Lane, at the end of which lies the ancient Swinegate. We find that the kingdom of Loidis and Elmete was

about the last portion of Northumbria that submitted to the common foe. The original Leeds, Cair-Loid-Coit, or city of Loid in the wood, consisted only of Kirkgate, Swinegate, and Briggate, the last of which took its name from the bridge which ended it.

The famous cloth-market of Leeds was held on this bridge before the cloth halls were built; and Thoresby, writing in 1714, says of the famous "Brigend Shots," "the clothier may, together with his pot of ale, have a noggin o' porrage and a trencher of either boiled or roast meat for twopence."

But although from an early period the cloth manufacture of Leeds has been noted, it was in the first half of the present century that the great towns of the West Riding, among which it is chief, rose to their present importance. As York is the capital of Yorkshire of the past, so Leeds is the capital of the Yorkshire of to-day; and as the Minster dwindles the interest of all beneath its shadow, so it is significant that the modern Town Hall of Leeds, opened by the Queen in 1858, is more imposing than any of the churches, and, with the rows of stately warehouses and cloth halls, is the chief point that one remembers of the gloomy-looking town. But when we had driven out of the smoke and grimness of Leeds, it became easier to realise that this was once the forest of Elmete—hills and valleys and streams and woods are to be found in the environs; and as we drove through Headingley on

our way to Adel Grange, passing numbers of pleasant houses in grounds, shaded by lofty forest trees, the residences of the chief men of Leeds, we saw a wonderful link of the past—an ancient oak said to be that which

OLD OAK—HEADINGLEY.

gave its name to the wapentake of Sky-rack or Shire-oak: this tree was living within the memory of a middle-aged inhabitant of Adel, but now its hoary branches put forth no leaves of their own, contenting themselves with the mantle of ivy which clings round them. We also passed near Woodhouse Moor, where, in 1645, the markets were for some time held; the Plague then raged so violently in Leeds that 1325 persons died, and grass grew over the streets and the market-place in the town. In the troubles of the seventeenth century Leeds was one of the northern towns on the side of the Parliament, and an interest lingers about a very old house, with the date 1628, in the middle of the town. This is called Red Hall, or the Red House,

from being the first house built of brick in Leeds by Mr. Thomas Metcalfe, alderman. The bit of ground beside it goes by the name of King Charles's Croft. A friend took us to see this house, now occupied by the offices of a solicitor, who most kindly showed us the oak-panelled "king's chamber," in which King Charles was lodged when travelling to London with his gaoler, Cornet Joyce. There are mysterious bullet-holes in this oak-panelling, and the ceiling is richly decorated with mermaids, thistles, and *fleur-de-lis*. "While the King was here," says Thoresby, "a Maid-Servant of the House entreated him to put on her Cloathes and make his Escape, assuring him that she would conduct him in the Dark out of the Garden door into a Back Alley called Lands Lane, and thence to a Friend's House, from whence he might make his Escape into France. The King, however, declined the Woman's offer, but with many thanks gave her a Token (my account says the Garter, which is not very credible), saying that if it were never in his own Power, on sight of that Token his Son would reward her. After the Restoration the Woman presented the Token to the King and told him the Story. The King inquired whence she came; she said 'from Leeds in Yorkshire.' Whether she had a Husband; she replied 'Yes.' What was his calling; she said 'an under Bailiff.' 'Then,' said the king, 'he shall be chief Bailiff in Yorkshire.' The Man afterwards built Crosby House in the Head Row."

This old Red House is one of the few links of the past within the town.

Outside, however, at no great distance—so near, indeed, that the old stone walls are discoloured by the smoke of the town (some of this mischief was wrought by Kirkstall forge), are the grand ruins of Kirkstall Abbey. We went to see these on a bright day, when the trees were leafy, the birds singing, insects humming, and everything rejoicing in the sunshine; but though it may be an interesting study to contrast, mentally, the peaceful, leisureful lives of the Cistercians beside what was doubtless then the lovely river Aire, with its present surroundings the tall chimneys and smoke-stained buildings, a pell-mell of factories (for the village of Kirkstall is but a manufacturing suburb of the busy city close by), and the black sluggish stream that seems to be gorged with the poisons discharged into it—this contrast is saddening when one sees the beauty of the architecture defaced by dirt, the blackened tree-trunks, and all peacefulness of effect so largely destroyed by the clang and movement, and the crowded-up position of the ruins. The old rhyme about the women of Castleford, which stands near the junction of the Aire with the Calder, can hardly apply now—

> "Castleford women must needs be fair,
> Because they wash both in Calder and Aire,"

nor is she lithe—

"Wharfe is clear, and the Aire lithe;
Where the Aire drowns one, the Wharfe drowns five."

One of the great northern barons of the twelfth century, Henry de Lacy, had a severe illness, during which he vowed, if his life were spared, to build a house for Cistercian monks in honour of the Blessed Virgin. On his recovery he presented the Abbot of Fountains with a grant of the vill of Bernoldswick in Craven, and on May 19, 1147, Alexander, the Prior of Fountains, and twelve of the monks, set out for their new home, which they called Mount St. Mary. But they quarrelled with the inhabitants of the country, and demolished their church, bidding them come to worship at St. Mary's. The country people in return plundered their crops and greatly harassed them. The monks found the climate much colder than the valley of the Skell, and they were not content with their new home.

At last the Abbot had to take a journey on business which caused him to pass through Airedale. He was much struck with the quiet beauty of a spot on the north side of the river, and here he found a colony of hermits living under the government of one named Seleth. The Abbot began to question the hermits as to their way of living and form of worship. Whereupon Seleth told him that he had come from the south in consequence of a dream. In his sleep a voice had bade him arise and go into the province of York, and there search diligently till he

found a valley called Airedale, and a place therein called Kirkstall, where he was to provide a place for the future habitation of brethren to serve Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of the world. Seleth went on to say that he had at once left his home and journeyed northward, and that after some difficulty he had found the valley, and had learned from shepherds that the name of this part of it was called Kirkstall. Here the legend differs, says Mr. Wardell in his interesting account of the abbey, from the Chronicle of Kirkstall, which states that the Abbot Alexander first called the place by that name. Abbot Alexander upon this told the hermits that they lacked discipline and holy orders, and suggested that they should join themselves to his brotherhood ; and some of them appear to have done this. Then Alexander went off to ask the consent of his patron, Henry de Lacy, who laid the first stone of the abbey church with his own hands, and built it and some of the monastic buildings at his own cost. He supplied the monks with corn and money, liberally endowed the monastery, and also provided for the vestments of the Abbot, and for a lamp to be kept burning night and day before the high altar. Those old twelfth-century lords did not serve God by halves. At the end of thirty years the abbey was built and dedicated by the name of the Monastery of St. Mary at Kirkstall. No traces remain of the first monastery at Bernoldswick, but the church built by

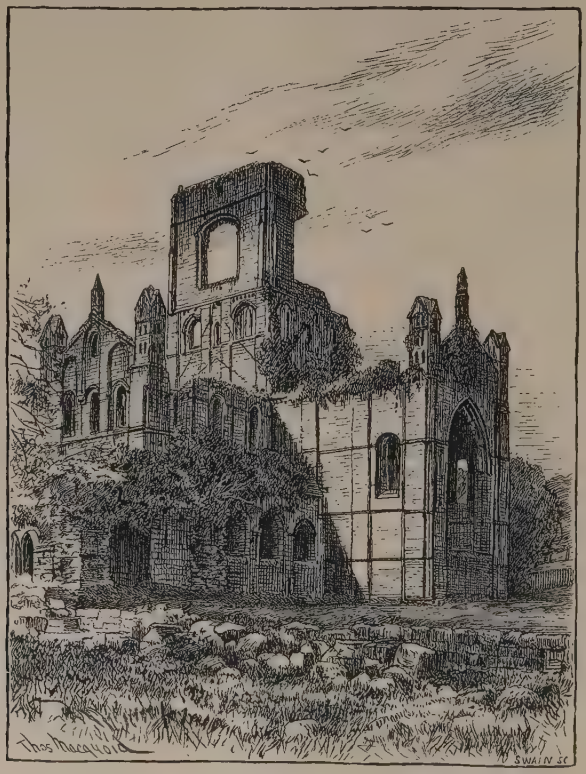
the monks in exchange for the one they destroyed still exists.

Alexander was evidently a very remarkable man; he did not content himself with beginning this good work, but he completed the abbey in his lifetime. He brought the timber used in building it from a distance, and left the forest trees standing round the site of the new monastery.

After this troubles seem to have arisen with Hugh Earl of Norfolk; and in the reign of the second abbot Ralph Haget or Hageth, whose story will be told in the account of Fountains Abbey, Henry II. seized on the grange of Micklethwaite, a valuable possession of the monastery. This caused quarrels among the brethren, who blamed their abbot, first for losing the grange, and then because he had tried to conciliate the king by giving him a golden chalice and a copy of the Gospels. Haget seems afterwards to have had a much more peaceful rule at Fountains than he had enjoyed at Kirkstall, whence the monks dispersed themselves for a time among the other Cistercian houses, but reassembled after a while in their own abbey, burdened with the debt which the king's robbery had caused them to incur.

Mr. Wardell's account of the abbots of Kirkstall is extremely interesting, beginning with Alexander, elected May 19, 1147, and ending with John Ripely, elected July 21, 1528, and ejected by Henry VIII. in 1540.

This twenty-seventh abbot is said to have lingered at Kirkstall after he had surrendered it to the commis-



KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

sioners. He could not leave the place he had loved so well, and, taking up his abode in the principal gate-

house, he died there, and was doubtless buried there privately by some of his scattered brethren. This abbot seems to have had a dispute with Sir William Calverley which terminated in favour of the abbot. This was an ancestor of Walter Calverley executed in York Castle in 1604 for The Yorkshire Tragedy.

One of the most interesting of the abbots seems to have been John de Bridesall, sixteenth abbot, who succeeded in 1304.

Mr. Wardell gives the translation of a very interesting letter written by this abbot to his brethren when obliged to set sail for France and seek the king, Edward I., on account of the difficulties of the monastery. I extract part of it.

"To his Reverend Brethren, the Prior and Convent of Kirkstall, John, styled Abbot of the same, wishes health and grace, and that they may labour more earnestly after the things which concern religious peace and charity.

"Beloved, we have written this letter in haste from Canterbury, knowing that an account of the success of our journey will be pleasing to you. In the first place, our dear brother, who was present, will inform you that on the morrow of St. Lawrence we were met by letters from the king in a very threatening style; that we were apprized of robbers who laid wait for us in the woods, under a rock; and that we were bound, under the penalty of forfeiting all our goods, to abide the king's

pleasure. However, having been at length dismissed with honour, we proceeded on our way, and, notwithstanding the delay in London, arrived at Canterbury on Monday evening, ourselves, our servants and horses being all well. We are not without hope, therefore, that our feeble beginnings will be followed by better fortune.

"On Wednesday morning, the wind blowing fair, we put the horses on board a ship. For the time to come we commend you, dear brethren, to God, and our bodily safety to your prayers. But especially pray for the salvation of our souls. . . .

"Written at Canterbury on the 3rd of the Octaves of St. Mary with abundance of tears."

What an event the journey must have been in the good monk's life, and what a long time he must have been in making it, with his horses and servants!

In some ways Kirkstall is even more interesting than Fountains, and but for the partial destruction of its tower the ruin would be more perfect. This destruction was probably caused by the height to which Abbot Marshall raised the original low tower of the Cistercian foundation in the fifteenth century.

We went in from the south and found ourselves in the cloister court, and were much impressed with the view of the abbey surrounding it. Only the north and east sides of this court are intact; on the south side the circular-headed doorways and a large archway, once the entrance

of a passage, reaching across the court, have been walled up, part of the west wall has been rebuilt, and the rest has been supported with buttresses. Against the south wall are remains of the lavatory. In the south-east corner the small closed-up doorway led by a staircase to the dormitory of the monks and to the rooms over the refectory.

This cloister court seemed to us quite as full of interest as that of Fountains, and here doubtless were buried all the brethren of the abbey who did not attain the dignity of abbots. It is curious that scarcely any gravestones or memorials have been found here.

From the court we went by one of the round-headed openings into the chapter-house. This has been a large building; the first part, like the rest of the abbey, is in transition style, and has two columns supporting the arches of the groined roof; round the base of these have been detached shafts, now broken away. The eastern end of the chapter-house is considerably later, of fourteenth century date. It is supposed that there were windows in the wall at the end, but this wall has been destroyed and a modern one put in its place. Doubtless all the abbots and many of the benefactors of Kirkstall were buried here; but no inscriptions have been found, although several stone coffins are built up in the walls, also in the recessed windows on the north and south sides. There is much less interest in the way of association here than in the chapter-houses of Fountains and

Jervaux, although this must be the spot where all the important affairs of the monastery were discussed and arranged, from the election of the second abbot, Ralph Haget, in 1182, to the yielding up the abbey by Abbot John Ripely in 1540.

There is something very weird in the dark vault-like place; one of us asked the quaint old guide (who takes the fee for seeing the ruins), and who had come out of his den to prowl about in the sunshine and to glower at the visitors, whether the chapter-house was haunted: he shook his head scornfully at this question.

"Nay," he said; "last week there were sperritualists t' see t' abbey, an' they was talkin' of sperrits an' such like, an' makin' discoorse to 'em. Nay, I deeant want to have any discoorse wi' 'em nor wi' t' sperritualists neither."

We came out of the chapter-house and went into two small rooms, one of which is supposed to have been a mortuary chapel, and the most southerly a penitential cell; across a passage beside this was, according to Mr. Wardell, the abbot's hall, running in a southerly direction and occupying the place of the Fratry at Fountains.

This has been a fine chamber with four columns down the centre supporting Norman arches, and it seems to have been in a fair state of preservation till 1825, when, owing to the melting of the snow on the floor of the monk's dormitory above, a part of that and the roof of this hall were completely ruined. South

and east of the abbot's hall are the remains of the abbot's buildings, north of which was the Hospitium.

On the south side of the cloister court was the refectory, a large room which had evidently been considerably added to at a later period. Over this must have been the library where Serlo dictated his *Chronicle of Fountains Abbey* to Hugh of Kirkstall. Next the refectory was the common room of the monastery, with a passage on its western side which once gave access to the cloister court. Beyond this, and stretching until it joined the south-east corner of the nave, was the west cloister or Domus Conversorum, and over this was the large dormitory appropriated to the lay brothers of the monastery. This cloister could not have been nearly so fine as the corresponding one at Fountains, still well preserved.

From this ruinous part of the monastery we reached the west front, and this is very grand, finer than any we had seen. The doorway is specially rich, and the view up the nave of the church is most imposing. Eight massive groups of columns on each side support pointed arches and divide the nave from the aisles. Above the arches the clerestory windows are narrow and round-headed. Three walled chapels are in each of the transepts, and in one of these is a collection of encaustic tiles found in front of the high altar; the platform for this still remains, but there is no trace of the altar stone; this is said to have been destroyed

as late as last century. The chancel itself is shallow, and the east window is of later date than the rest of the church. Out of the south transept we climbed by

NAVE OF KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

a flight of steps to the remains of the monks' dormitory. From this we looked down into a curious little cell which is supposed to have been used by the attendant of this

dormitory ; but it is interesting to see here, as elsewhere, how easily the brethren could reach the church for Lauds and Prime and then return to their broken slumber.

It was very pleasant to linger here ; the birds were chirping among the changing leaves, and everywhere we got charming points of view. But these ruins are most saddening to see, so much has been wantonly allowed to perish ; not only has much of the dormitory disappeared, but when it fell the hall below was ruined. The initials W. M., varied in character, appear on the buttresses of the ruined central tower, and they are supposed to stand for William Marshall, last abbot but one of Kirkstall. A few days after the fall of the tower Dr. Whitaker found several little smoking-pipes embedded in the mortar, proving that smoking was practised before the discovery of tobacco.

The original entrance, the gate-house, has been almost destroyed, but the view of the abbey is very beautiful from this point, and the bricked-up northern doorway is remarkably fine. North of this is another gate-house, the lower part of it, a spacious vaulted apartment, being built into the house beside it.

It was in this gate-house that the last abbot lived and died after the desecration of Kirkstall, and Mr. Wardell relates that "a stone coffin was found a few years ago in the centre of the apartment, about three feet below the surface, containing some mouldering

bones and a large quantity of dust; also a small silver spoon, and a silver farthing of Edward IV., struck at the York mint, but much defaced; it had at the time of interment been placed under the head of the deceased. The coffin was removed to the chapter-house. It is believed that this was the coffin of Abbot John Ripely, buried here by his friends with Roman Catholic rites. His oak bedstead and some other furniture are still preserved.

As we came back through these most interesting ruins we again saw the old guide, who suggested that the best legend belonging to Kirkstall was that of Mary Clarkson.

"A poet what wrote it," he said, "hev set it down all wrong;" and indeed the real story which he had to sell differs a good deal from Southey's ballad, "Mary the Maid of the Inn."

A hundred and fifty years ago Kirkstall was a quiet agricultural village, but manufacture was beginning to make progress in Leeds, and the Star and Garter Inn on the banks of the Aire was much resorted to by commercial travellers from Manchester, Halifax, and other centres of trade. The landlord of this inn, Job Sutcliffe, and his wife, not having any children, had adopted an infant niece, Mary Clarkson, who, the tale says, after a rapturous description of her charms, "would have adorned any position in life. She would have sat

with dignity, and at the same time with a becoming modesty, as consort to the mightiest king. She would have faced the dangers of a battlefield with a warrior lord. She would have been worth the whole nine tuneful sisters to a poet, furnishing at the same time inspiration and theme. She would have been a model for an artist to study, elevating and giving scope to his genius, purifying his thoughts, and helping his immortality. As it was, she was but a barmaid."

Her uncle and aunt loved Mary dearly, and Job Sutcliffe intended to leave her the flourishing business of the Star and Garter if she married to his liking; but for some little time he had felt uneasy at her evident attachment to one of his customers, a good-looking young fellow named Bedford, who spent much time at the inn ostensibly with the view of making sketches among the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey; but it seemed to Mary's uncle that these sketches, though they were well done, were mere pretext, and that Mr. William Bedford had some other purpose to carry out in his long and frequent visits to the Star and Garter, than his artistic work in the old abbey.

When the acquaintance had lasted for some months, one day Mr. Bedford asked Mary to take a stroll with him beside the river. He then told her that his father wished him to return home and settle down to business, and marry the wife he had chosen for him. He went on to say, "I can never love any woman but you,

Mary." At this the poor girl confessed her affection for him, and, says the story, "sobbed out her satisfaction." Bedford told her that he did not wish to offend his father, and therefore he hoped she would consent to marry him privately, and keep the matter secret from her uncle and every one else, until he felt himself in a position to claim her openly as his wife.

Mary revolted from this proposal, and said she could not deceive her uncle ; but at last, when he told her that if she refused to consent he must give her up, she yielded, and it was settled that Bedford should leave the Star and Garter and make arrangements for the marriage.

On that evening some strange travellers came to the inn ; they had been there once before for a night, but no one appeared to know them. Bedford seemed to take no notice of them, though he stayed up as late as they did. All at once the jolly landlord, who was longing to go to bed, heard sounds of dispute, and he gathered that the strangers were reproaching Bedford for losing time. Going into the room where his customers sat to ask if they wanted anything more that night, he found them close together, arranging the details of some plan in which they all seemed interested.

Before he slept the landlord told his wife he wished that artist fellow's shadow had never darkened his doors, for he feared that Mary had got fond of him. To which his wife replied that Bedford was a good customer, and would make Mary more of a lady than

she could ever be as mistress of the Star and Garter. Bedford did not leave the inn next day till the strange guests had departed. Just before he started there arrived a Kirkstall man to meet a merchant of Yeadon with whom he had business, and who had been to York to receive large sums of money. The Yeadon merchant called for brandy as soon as he arrived, and then Bedford took leave of Mary and departed with his knapsack.

Mary felt miserable. It seemed to her that she had pledged herself to do not only what was wrong and deceitful, but also very imprudent. Her lover had never told her about his father or his relations, or his means of living; he had only said he came from Worcester, and that he studied Art. It seemed to her that he might have been more explicit. Next moment she reproached herself for doubting her William; how frank and honest his manner was, and how natural that he should shrink from offending his father. Still, she could not quiet her mind; she felt it would have been so much better to trust and wait patiently. She became so disturbed that she feared her aunt would notice her trouble; and this feeling increased her disquiet, for till now she had never concealed anything from the kind old couple. At last she went out and took her way almost mechanically to the abbey ruins. She often went there in her lover's absence and would sit for an hour or more noting all the different points he had sketched. But it was dark this evening; for,

although there was moonlight, clouds had risen and brought the wind with them, so that the light was very fitful and short-lived.

It was a weird time to visit the old place; but Mary was too full of sorrowful thought to feel timid, even when the wind howled dismally through the trees and rattled the branches one against another. All at once, however, she started. Through the crashing boughs and the wild sounds she heard hurried whispering, and she shrank behind a large tree near her. Then she saw three men pass by, bending over something which they carried. She could not make out what it was in the darkness, but it seemed to be heavy by the way in which the men moved over the uneven ground.

Mary stood still, scarcely breathing—she felt sure that some wrong was being done—and then the steps of the men passed on and went towards the opposite side of the ruins. A sudden blast drove a black mass of vapour from the moon—the hat of one of the men was whirled from his head and fell at her feet, touching her shoe. Mary recoiled; but though she heard the man curse and swear at his loss, she saw in the moonlight that he went on with the rest out of her sight; then the girl snatched at the hat and fled away as noiselessly as she could till she came to the path beside the river. She soon reached her bedroom, where she placed the hat, and though she felt shaken and frightened she went downstairs and performed her duties as usual.

Next morning news came from Yeadon to Kirkstall and soon reached the inn—the merchant's horse, bearing his money-bags, had reached home without its rider. The road had been examined, and marks of a struggle had been found near Kirkstall. On further examination stones beside the road were found to be blood-stained; but here pursuit was baffled, there was no trace of the missing man. The news gave Mary a terrible shock. She felt sure that this was the mystery she had witnessed in the ruined abbey, and her first impulse was to go and seek the hat in order that by its help her uncle might bring the murderers to justice, for she felt sure there had been a murder.

As she took up the hat it seemed familiar to her, and, though she shrank with horror from the thought, she mechanically turned down the lining. Two days ago she had put in paper a lock of her bright brown hair with a few loving words, and had then placed it inside the lining of her lover's hat, so that he might find it after he had left her. . . . There was the little packet, and this was William's hat. . . . The poor girl does not seem to have doubted her lover's guilt for a moment. She felt now that the voice she had heard was his, and she fell down insensible.

Her uncle had noticed her paleness when the news reached her, and hearing the sound of a fall he went to her room.

Instead of giving an alarm he closed the door and

tried to restore her; when Mary revived and found herself alone with her uncle, she told him everything—her promise to marry secretly, the strange scene she had been a witness to, and finally her identification of William Bedford by the hat she had brought from the ruins; but when her uncle had uttered a long whistle, and then turned to the door, the girl seized his arm and made him sit down. She begged him not to betray her, only to tell her what she should do.

"I can make away with the hat," she pleaded, "and no one will ever learn my secret."

But Job Sutcliffe shook his head. He told her she could not honestly keep silence, for already suspicion had fixed itself on some one else—the man who had been last seen with the merchant. Unless she was willing to see an innocent man perhaps suffer for her guilty lover she must give evidence against Bedford.

The poor girl had a severe struggle; but at last she yielded, and then Job went off to the constable, and without betraying his niece asked him to come and help to find the body.

The constable was unwilling to search the ruins; but Job Sutcliffe was resolute, and soon in the drain of the ruined kitchen of the abbey they found what they had been seeking.

A few days after a letter from Bedford addressed to Mary reached the Star and Garter. Job pounced on this, and without telling Mary, took it unopened to

the magistrate, who had already been made acquainted with the facts of the case. The letter asked Mary to meet her lover in Leeds, naming the day and hour, and begged her to marry him at once.

Some constables were sent to meet him before he reached Leeds, and he was arrested at a roadside public-house on the charge of murder.

Mary became very ill when she heard Bedford had been taken: but when the day of the trial came she nerved herself to give her evidence. She seems to have behaved very calmly till the end; then when her last answer had been spoken she became unconscious and was carried out of the court. It is difficult to understand how she could summon strength to swear away the life of the man she seems to have loved to the end. Southey's climax is far more pitiful than the plain unvarnished story. Bedford pleaded not guilty; it appeared at the trial that he was the son of a York tradesman who had died leaving five children unprovided for. This young fellow, having a taste for drawing, which his father had encouraged, disliked the trade to which his eldest brother had apprenticed him. He went to London, fell into bad company, and soon became the associate and leader of a band of highway-men in the neighbourhood of Leeds. It seems certain that they did not intend to murder the merchant, only to plunder his saddle-bags, but his resistance provoked them to the fatal act, and their terror overcame them,

and they let the horse run away with the money which they had coveted. Bedford was found guilty of murder, and took his own life in prison. His accomplices were taken soon after in some other crime, and hanged at Lancaster. Mary, after a severe attack of brain fever, recovered her health, and died fifty years later a grandmother, respected by all who knew her.

As Kirkstall is the chief ancient feature in Leeds, so the mills are its crowning modern interest. It is difficult to get permission to see one of these, but through the extreme kindness of the Messrs. Marshall we had the privilege of seeing their wonderful flax-mill. It is in the part of Leeds called Holbeck, and is a massive building in the Egyptian style, covering an area of two acres. The work is carried on in one huge room, which a partition divides into two, and when Mr. Marshall took us in the effect was electrifying. Each frame and each worker standing before it seemed a part of one immense machine which would go on in the same perfect precision and cleanliness for ever,—the workers silent as the grave,—while the resistless chorus of whirrs seemed to fill every chink in the vast place. This vast chamber contains no less than sixty-six skylights for the admission of air and light. A series of arches rests on cast-iron pillars, and the air and light thus obtained obviate all the stuffiness of atmosphere one associates with the idea of a mill ; the women look healthy and happy, never leaving off work, but seeming

to follow it with interest as well as industry. Mr. Marshall explained to us in a very lucid way the process through which the flax passes from its pristine state to the finest sewing thread, and he illustrated his explanation by taking us from frame to frame and showing us how the flax—guided by the women's skilful fingers, and moved by the resistless force of the huge steam-engine which, like some Hydra, seems omnipresent in the vast chamber—not only gradually becomes soft and fine like flour passing through different mills, but—as it also passes through chemical preparations, it goes through many grades of colour and is finally bleached to snowy whiteness.

In another huge room we found the weavers creating out of the prepared flax coarse towelling, blinds of varied stripes and patterns, every imaginable sort of linen fabric from coarse to the finest. It was very interesting to watch the manufacture of the striped goods, to see the regular dexterity needed in placing the required portions, and in all cases the flight of the little shuttle from side to side bearing the weft across and between the strands of warp. So interesting was it that, spite of the deafening noise which seemed to set all one's nerves loose at once, we were unwilling to leave off looking. After this we went up on the roof, where we saw that the sky-lights rose about nine feet above it, the spaces between being filled with coal-tar and soil to secure an equality of temperature below.

If mill hands are as well cared for everywhere as they are in this wonderful flax-mill they are well off. The women looked well fed and well clothed, and much more civilised than the mill hands we remember to have seen at Birmingham some time ago. Messrs. Marshall have built a church, St. John's, Holbeck, for the work-people, and seem to care for them in every way. I suppose habit accustoms the hands to the incessant whirr of the steam-engines; there can certainly be little danger that they should waste their time in talk, for hearing is difficult without some effort.

Last of all we saw one of the wonderful steam-engines, the marvellous iron horse in its stone stable below. It was very impressive to see this dark shining monster, a huge image of Destiny, going on as it were for ever with resistless movement; no shock, no violence, only like the waves of the sea inexorable in its course; as we drove back to Adel Grange we could not shake off its memory.

Adel is delightful; there are pleasant houses there with views from the windows that quite ignore the nearness to smoky, busy Leeds. The illustration of the garden and lake of the charming house, Adel Grange, gives a good idea of the peaceful beauty of this spot so near to, yet so far from, the dirt and smoke of the town.

About a mile along a pretty country road is the beautiful little church of Adel, which has lately been restored. The illustration was, however, taken before the restoration, which has somewhat modernised the

THE LAKE, ADEL GRANGE.

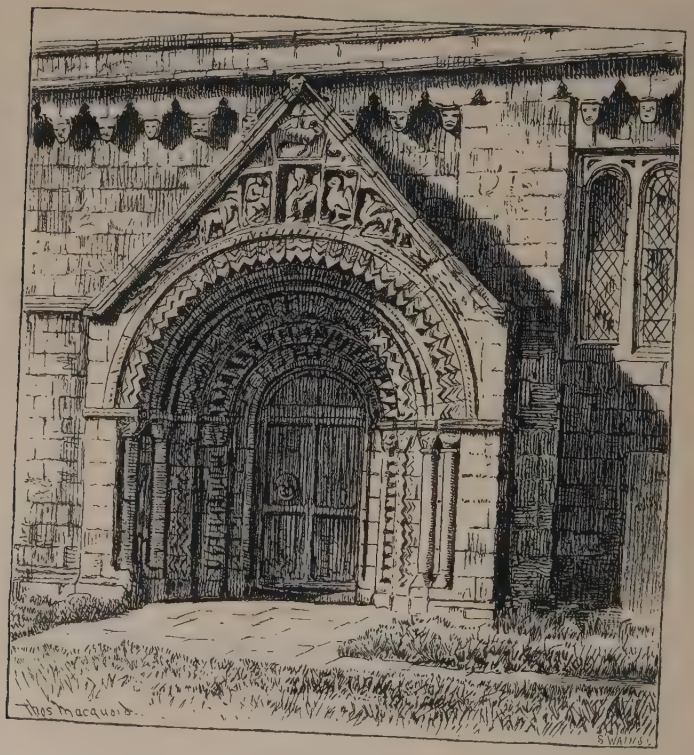
CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

interior and the beautiful old door; the arches both outside and in, the quaint corbels outside with their wonderfully sculptured heads, are full of interest; it is a very perfect little Norman church. It stands alone in its antiquity, for the houses around are modern, though at Temple Newsam, five miles off, there is a quaint Jacobean dwelling. There is a tradition that Adel Church was built on the ruins of a pagan temple; however that may be, it is certain that on the Roman road close by many Roman relics were discovered, among others a full-length statue of a Roman officer with a large inscription; "both which perished," says the historian, "by the worse than Brutish Ignorance and Covetousness of the Labourers who in a superstitious Conceit bound Wyths or Wreaths of Straw about the poor Knight and burned him, in hopes of finding, by I know not what Magical Apparition in the Smoke, some hid Treasure; and after, in Anger at their Disappointment, broke him to pieces, of which only the head is now remaining." It is amusing to hear of these clownish conjurations in the eighteenth century.

The present edifice is said to have been built on the site of a Saxon church. Mr. Lukis says that some eighteen years ago he found fragments of several Saxon gravestones which had been built into the foundations. Rev. W. Lewthwaite has written a paper on these gravestones.

Nearly six miles from Leeds is Calverley Hall, the scene of the terrible "Yorkshire tragedy" enacted here

in 1605, and which it was at one time asserted Shakespeare dramatised. The Calverleys seem to have



PORCH, ADEL CHURCH.

existed here since the twelfth century, and in the seventeenth were represented by Walter, a young man who, being early left an orphan, fell into spendthrift,

profligate habits. He engaged himself to marry a lady belonging to a good old Yorkshire family, and then going up to London to his guardian he settled to marry his niece, a lady who had a fortune of her own, and for whom Calverley professed great affection. The old narrative hints that "his treachery towards his first love drew down a curse on his hearth, for his love for his wife being soon cooled, he gave himself up to his dissipation and extravagance, and was morose and gloomy." At last his wife asked the reason of his moodiness.

"A plague upon thee!" he said; "thou art the cause of my sadness."

Finding he needed money, she offered him her jewels; but he still continued to reproach her, and ended by asking her to sign away her dowry for his use. She replied she was willing to do anything that might bring back his love.

"See thou dost it," quoth he; "for no longer than I am full of money shalt thou take from me a taste of kindness."

The poor wife, "stuffed with grief up to her eyelids," went off to London to see her uncle; but before she could enter on the business of her dowry her uncle questioned her about Calverley and his behaviour towards her. She spoke much in his praise, saying nothing about his debts and extravagance, and making him out a pattern husband. Her uncle smiled. "I know that he has mortgaged his land," he said, "that

he has run into debt on all sides; but since you say that he is a good and loving husband to you, I rejoice that I am able to help him;" then he said he had got a good post at Court for Calverley, which would give him at once employment and an income.

Poor Mistress Calverley, thinking of her children, said nothing about her dowry, and went home rejoicing, for she thought that the settled income of this post would satisfy her husband.

But when she reached home and gave him her uncle's message he became very angry; he accused her of having slandered him to his guardian, he called her by the foulest names, and declared that he would have her dowry. In the midst of these reproaches a knight, Sir John Savile, called to see him. Poor Mistress Calverley lay down on her bed broken-hearted at her husband's cruelty, while Calverley went to receive his visitor.

The knight told him he came on behalf of his brother, who was going to prison for a large sum for which he had become security for Calverley. Calverley promised to pay this sum, and left him for a while.

Going to the gallery near his wife's chamber he saw his little son. The child asked him innocently, "How fares it with father?" At this he called the child a bastard, seized him and struck at him with his dagger — being, he said afterwards, frenzied by the thought that his ruined children should "be driven to beg remorse of the world, which is composed all of flint."

His anger had so terrified his wife that she was still lying sobbing and heart-broken on her bed. But as soon as he had stabbed one child a frenzy seized him to murder the others, and he rushed to his wife's room in search of his second boy. Seeing it there in the nurse's arms he rushed at it, stabbed it, and when the woman tried to defend it he snatched it from her, and, dragging her into the passage, flung her down the kitchen stairs.

Meantime his wife had been struggling to save her little ones, for the elder boy still lived; at this he stabbed her and then hurried to the stable, and rode off towards the house where his third child, a baby, was out at nurse.

But by this time the servants had heard the noise, and they found the poor little eldest child, who had fallen bleeding down the stairs at the end of the passage; Sir John Savile rode in hot haste after the murderer. Just as Walter Calverley reached the nurse's house his horse fell under him. He was secured and charged with the murder, which at first he seems to have acknowledged.

He was touched by the sight of his wife, who recovered from her wounds, he refused to plead at his trial, and thus exposed himself to the infliction of the *peine forte et dure*. It is supposed that he tried by this means in some way to expiate his fearful crime, for, as he refused to plead, his property could not be sequestrated. He was accordingly pressed to death in his cell in York Castle, and his property was preserved to his surviving child.

We did not visit Calverley, but we drove one day to Yeadon, on the farther side of Leeds, to see an interesting old house, called Low Hall.

We found a picturesque house standing in pleasant well-wooded grounds. Its owner and his wife most courteously showed us over it. We went in through a perfect old hall, where the original fireplace and wooden roof have been restored by the present owner, Mr. Marshall Barwick; then we saw the living-rooms, etc. Altogether it is a charming specimen of a small dwelling-house of the sixteenth century arranged with admirable taste.

The house seems to have been originally inhabited by the Marshalls; in 1652 a Jeremiah Marshall is spoken of as of Low Hall or Brook Hall, but I do not find the precise date of the oldest part of the house. These Marshalls intermarried with the Calverleys, a much more turbulent race, and probably the unquiet spirit that sometimes rustles through the old house is one of these unhappy Calverleys.

Upstairs we were shown a bedroom panelled with black oak: this is said to be the haunted chamber. Beside the fireplace there is a sliding panel, and when a concealed spring was touched this panel slid back and showed a closet of some size; but when the panel was closed again we tried vainly to find out where the spring lay hidden. It is said that a headless lady with white trailing robes comes out of the panelling on the

LOW HALL.

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

left side of the room and disappears into the sliding panel; but she also walks along the staircase gallery, and was seen there by a Barwick of the last generation. There was an eerie feel about the bedroom; it seemed a fitting haunt for a ghost.

Then we went downstairs and were shown many ancient possessions—portraits of some Marshalls and of the wild Calverleys, and some very interesting relics of Mary Stuart. Among these are an altar-cloth with four different kinds of lace, said to be the queen's own work, some embroidered altar coverings, her bronze crucifix, and a portion of her rosary; a linen apron beautifully worked with Tudor roses, etc., said also to be the queen's own work; a very curious piece of embroidery, representing the story of the Prodigal Son, and several other relics. The most interesting are a pair of riding-gloves of drab-coloured leather, trimmed with fringe, left by the queen at Nappa Hall in Wensleydale, and brought to Low Hall by an intermarriage with the family then in possession of Nappa Hall. Mary is said to have given the other articles to Lord Scrope when she was taken away from Bolton Castle, and from him they descended to the Scropes of Masham and the Dimsdales of Nappa.

It seemed strange to come upon this quaint house and these ancient relics, and also upon the ghostly legend so near to modern busy Leeds; but indeed old Yorkshire houses seem to abound in ghosts or noises

or visions, which may possibly be created by rats and a disturbed liver, and yet which in some instances, as in this of Low Hall, are very difficult to explain away. The ivy-grown porch at Low Hall is supposed to have come from the nunnery at Esholt; the lake, too, was the ancient mill-pond of that house, and has been reclaimed by the present owner. Esholt Hall was built on the site of the nunnery, founded in the twelfth century for six Cistercian nuns. The Lords of Arthington were great benefactors to the nunnery of Esholt.

It seemed to us that Leeds in some ways resembles the wealthier parts of our East End, with the addition of extra grime and smoke (which surely in some degree might be removed), a big, well-built place where clever and influential men resort for the purpose of money-making, but in which they do not care either to live or die. On Tuesdays and Saturdays (market days) there is much bustle in the streets.

There is a great taste for music in Leeds. Its musical festivals are justly celebrated, and its theatre is a fine building, specially well arranged. I must not omit a mention of Edward Baines, the Franklin of Leeds, who, though born in Lancashire, began life in Leeds at the end of last century as an apprentice in the office of the famous *Leeds Mercury*, of which he soon became proprietor, and which paper remains in the Baines family. He was also an author and a member of Parliament; and he was a benefactor to Leeds.

CHAPTER IX.

RIPON AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THERE is a quaint, quiet, old-world look about Ripon which seems to be more in harmony with the gray minster around which the town is built than with its stirring historical associations, or its ancient reputation for manufactures; for the woollen cloths and saddle-trees of Ripon were noted, and the making of "Ripon rowels" was at one period carried to such perfection that they passed into a proverb. Ben Jonson and "rare Sir William Davenant" speak of Ripon spurs, and Fuller says, "the best spurs are made at Ripon."

Now, it is a quaint dreamy old English town, with a cross or lofty obelisk, ninety feet high, in the centre of its vast market-place. This was erected in place of the ancient cross by Mr. Aislabie in 1781. We heard that there was a monthly sale of beasts here—there are also fairs several times during the year, one in November being the "stattis" fair, at which servants are hired. The old mediæval fairs, said to have been held here, must have been highly picturesque.

Three inns stand on this market-place—the "Unicorn," the "Crown," and the "Studley Royal." We found the Crown a quaint and very comfortable resting-place, and a perfect storehouse of curiosities; for the late landlord was a most diligent collector, and rare china and pottery, old wood-carvings and cabinets, quaint silver-plate and many other treasures, were, at the time of our visit, to be seen in every part of the house; in such plenty that valuable cups and saucers were heaped together in glass-fronted corner cupboards.

In the evening, about nine o'clock, we were startled by the sound of a horn—a long, mournful blast—in the market-place.

This was the Wakeman's horn, which once announced the setting of the watch in Ripon by the Wakeman or chief officer of the town. It had already been sounded three times before the mayor's house, and now, when the seventh bell of the cathedral was ringing, it had sounded this dirge-like wail at the market cross. To ensure the safety of the town from the burglars of old times, this horn, at the end of the sixteenth century, was ordered to be sounded from each corner of the cross at nine o'clock, after which any house that was robbed "on the gate syd within the town" could claim compensation from the Wakeman, if it was proved that "he and his servants did not their duetie at ye time."

"To maintain this watch," says Mr. Walbran, "he (the Wakeman) received from every householder in the

town that had but one door, the annual tax of two pence ; but from the owner 'of a gate door and a backe dore iiijd by the year of duetie.'" The horn now used is a modern one : the original horn, said to have been used from time immemorial, was, in 1876, in the possession of the landlord of the Crown Inn.

There is said to be abundant evidence in the neighbourhood of Ripon to prove that it was a station of the Brigantian Celts, celts and other relics having been found there ; near Tanfield are three small circular earthworks of pre-Roman date. Two more exactly like them exist about four miles to the south-east, in the parish of Sharow ; they are remarkable, says the Rev. W. C. Lukis, in having a fosse both within and without the vallum. Nearer to Ripon itself are some remarkable earthworks, called Castle Dykes, which Mr. Lukis says was a Roman fortification. Till 1827, when it was ploughed up, there existed an ancient turf Maze on Ripon Common, but a drawing of it exists in the Report of Yorkshire Architectural Society for 1858. The first historical mention, however, of Ripon is in the seventh century, when Alcfrid, Prince of Deira, gave some ground to Eata, Abbot of Melrose, in order that he might build a monastery. But Eata and his Scottish brethren held by the rules of their ancient church, and could not agree with the Roman rule for the time of observing Easter enforced by Alcfrid ; they therefore preferred to quit their monastery.

Alcfrid then bestowed it and the lands which he had granted on his beloved tutor Wilfrid, one of the most shining lights of his time.

Wilfrid was not only learned in ecclesiastical matters, but practically pious, and, in spite of his ideas respecting the splendour and magnificence requisite in holy worship, he would often leave his sumptuous palace and go out barefoot to minister to the sick and suffering poor; he was also saintly and self-denying in his life, and lived on the plainest diet.

But he was far in advance of the rude Saxons among whom he had chosen to live, and his motives were misunderstood; he had a strong natural taste for art and literature, and he had diligently cultivated this during his residence in Italy.

Soon after he was appointed Abbot of Ripon he was elected Archbishop of York or Northumbria, and after improving and beautifying York Minster he determined to build, at some little distance from Eata's monastery, a splendid abbey at Ripon.

It has been supposed that he built also another church here, for under the central tower of the present Minster of Ripon, called St. Wilfrid's Tower, is a crypt said to be of Wilfrid's building, and yet it has been clearly proved that Archbishop Roger, when founding the present church, placed it at some distance south of Wilfrid's abbey.

Wilfrid seems to have gone to work in a princely

spirit. He brought workmen over from Italy, and when the building of the abbey was completed he dedicated it in honour of St. Peter, in the presence of King Ecgfrid, his brother Aelwin, and a vast assembly of distinguished personages.

It is specially mentioned, so that it was evidently an innovation on the custom of those days, that, after the example of Solomon, Wilfrid prayed first that God might sanctify the house which he had built and the prayers that should be therein offered. Then, when he had dedicated the altar and a magnificent covering that he placed thereon, he celebrated mass, after which he stood forth and enumerated the lands which had been already given to the church, and those which had on this day been bestowed on it. He took occasion also to remind his hearers of the desecrated churches throughout the land from which the ancient British clergy had fled.

The sequel of the day is more in accordance with the manners of that age in England than its beginning had been. As soon as Wilfrid's discourse was ended his audience went to the banquet, which lasted three days and three nights, and where princes and churls feasted together without restraint.

Wilfrid gave a splendid library to the abbey. The covers of the books are said to have been decorated with jewels and gold. There was among them a copy of the Gospels written in gold on purple vellum, and kept in a

golden casket. But Wilfrid had many enemies, and he soon managed to incur the displeasure of King Ecgfrid and his queen, and was deprived first of his archbishopric and then of his beloved monastery at Ripon, to which he had retired. Ripon for a time was made into a bishopric, and although the Pope gave judgment in favour of Wilfrid he was kept in exile. At length, a short time before his death, the Abbey of Ripon was restored to him, and he there spent his last days peacefully. He died at Oundle, Northamptonshire, but by his special request his remains were buried at Ripon in his abbey.

Wilfrid had bestowed care and labour on the huts which had grown up round Eata's monastery, and these had greatly increased, so that he is the undoubted founder of the city of Ripon. No traces remain either of his building or of Eata's, though the site of the church built by the last is said to be pointed out by two poplar trees in a field bounded on the north by Priest's Lane, and still called Scots' monument yard. Wilfrid's abbey was built about two hundred yards south-west of this, St. Mary's gate forming its eastern boundary. It must have been the most splendid building of its time, but it suffered, as the rest of Northumbria did, from King Edred's fury in the tenth century—he razed the town to the ground and burned the beautiful abbey. Freedom from taxes and other immunities belonged to this abbey ; also, according to a rhyming charter, the privilege of sanctuary.

"On ilke side the kyrke a mile
For all ill deedes and ylke agyle,
And within yair kyrke yate,
At ye stan yat grithstole hate,
Within ye kirke dore and ya quare
Yair have pees for les and mare
Ilkan of yis stedes sal have pees,
Of Frodmortel and ils deeds
Yat yair don is," etc.

The bounds of this sanctuary were once marked by eight crosses surrounding the church at some distance —one of which remains in a ruined state, and is called Sharow Cross. It is amusing to read that as late as the sixteenth century a man, who had robbed another of his wife and his plate, fled to take sanctuary at Ripon.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, going north some years after the destruction of the abbey, is said to have rebuilt the church on the spot where the minster stands, but there is no mention of the restoration of the monastery. This church is supposed to have been destroyed when William the Conqueror visited Northumbria.

There is a strange cone-shaped mound in the Residence grounds east of the cathedral, called Ailcy Hill, which is said to afford proof of some terrible battle fought at Ripon in the middle of the ninth century; the lower part of this hill is natural, but the upper part is artificial, and in this were found a confused mass of human bones, also the bones and teeth of horses; the date, according to Mr. Walbran, has been fixed by

several stycas of Osbert and Ella, Ethelred, Eanred, and Aelred, found in the seventeenth century in digging in the hill, which, before the common on which it stands was enclosed, was used as a gravel-pit. There is a tradition that Ripon suffered greatly from the Danish invasion of 860, and that the monastery was pillaged and the town destroyed, but there is no historical record of this.

The ancient prosperity of Ripon seems to have owed much to the frequent residence of the Archbishops of York, who had not at that time an archiepiscopal palace near their own city, and these visits helped to increase the commercial importance of the place. It appears to have gone on flourishing till the time of Edward II., when Robert Bruce stayed three memorable days at Ripon, and threatened to burn the town unless the inhabitants paid him 1000 marks; they paid him about a fourth of his demand, and he departed with his army in pursuit of Edward; but when he came back to Ripon, and found that the rest of his levy was not forthcoming, he gave the town up to his brutal soldiers, who, among other atrocities, tried to burn the minster and murdered several priests.

On November 19, 1569, the market-place at Ripon witnessed the muster of the "Rising in the North";—here the Lords of Westmoreland and Northumberland caused their proclamation to be read after mass had been said in the Collegiate Church, and here Norton

who had brought his eight stalwart sons and all his warlike tenantry to join the rebellious lords at Brancepeth on "the banks of Were," unfurled his famous banner—the banner wrought, according to Wordsworth, by "the unoffending Emily."

> "In vermeil colours and in gold,
> An unblessed work which, standing by,
> Her father did with joy behold,
> Exulting in the imagery.
>
> . . . . .
>
> For on this banner had her hand
> Embroidered (such was the command)
> The sacred cross, and figured there
> The five dear wounds our Lord did bear."
>
> *White Doe of Rylstone.*

On the return of the rebels from Clifford's-moor they went northwards; but when they reached Ripon the men who had risen refused to go any farther. But this desertion did not save them. In the following month of January, says Mr. Walbran, Warwick and Clinton caused to be executed here most of the rebel constables of the West Riding, all the offending serving men, and lastly, within sight of their neighbours, homes, and kindred, the misguided townsmen of Ripon.

The finest view of Ripon Minster is from outside of the town, near the bridge. The present church has been much rebuilt and added to, but the original plan of the cathedral, founded in 1154, by Roger Pont l'Évêque, Archbishop of York, can be plainly made out.

It is a fine massive old pile, with a severe and simple west front of Early English period, a lofty gable flanked by two massive square towers ; these towers had spires till the middle of the seventeenth century, when they were removed, lest they should share the fate of the great spire, which fell from St. Wilfrid's tower, thereby causing much injury to the church. The view of the interior from the west door is grand and impressive, the nave is lofty and finely proportioned, being as wide as Archbishop Roger's church, with added aisles of more recent date. Tall columns support the clerestory, and the central or Wilfrid's tower is supported by two circular-headed arches, and two of Pointed fifteenth century work, but a crookedness or rather a projection of the north-west pier is very disfiguring to the view ; the cause of this inequality was clearly and learnedly explained by the verger, who proved himself a most intelligent and interesting guide.

On the face of two of these piers we made out the two brackets which supported Archbishop Roger's rood-screen. In the transepts the work is chiefly early, of the date of Roger's church. The north transept contains the Markenfield chapel. The monument to Sir Thomas Markenfield and his wife, fourteenth century, is very fine. In the south transept lie the owners of Studley-Royal, the Mallorys and Aislabies.

We were going into the choir, when our guide bade us wait for him. He soon came back to us with a

RIPON CATHEDRAL.

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

lighted candle, and then stooping down, he lifted up by a ring a trap-door close to our feet, showing the entrance to a dark staircase.

He led the way, and we followed him down about a dozen steps, and reached a long narrow passage. This led through a round-headed opening into a vaulted cell, eleven feet three inches long, seven feet nine inches wide, and nine feet four inches high ; it was quite dark, and felt like a grave. There were several niches in the walls with semi-circular heads, and on the north side was the famous opening called St. Wilfrid's needle. This hole is eighteen inches high and thirteen inches wide, made through the immense thickness of the north wall, behind which is a passage with steps leading up beneath the choir screen to the stalls ; the hole on this outer side is much larger than that in the cell. The tradition is that this "needle" was threaded as a sort of ordeal by women whose conduct had given rise to scandal. Mr. Walbran, quoting from Fuller, says, "They prick'd their credits who could not thread the needle."

We were surprised to hear that the custom still exists, although no longer as a trial of chastity. Our guide asked us to feel the surface of the stone, worn perfectly smooth by the friction of the dresses as their wearers squeeze through the hole. He said he rarely guided a large party of visitors to the crypt without a request from one of the women to be allowed to "thread Wilfrid's needle."

We much regretted that we did not see the Norman

crypt, formerly used as a bone-house, but now filled with architectural remains.

The choir is not long, but it is spacious, and was once celebrated for fine wood-carving in the stalls and misereres; the injuries caused by the fall of the great spire have, however, destroyed much of this, although there is still some grotesque and clever carving, full of character and spirit. The chapter-house and vestry are to the south of the south aisle of the choir; these are very old, and are supposed to be part of a church built, after William had destroyed Odo's church, by Thomas the Norman; out of the vestry we went into a small sacristy or treasure-chamber, and here we were shown a case of curious figures in coloured alabaster found in excavating under the dean's seat—St. Wilfrid with his crozier, the Coronation of the Virgin, the Resurrection, and some other very interesting relics; above this vestry and the chapter-house is a chapel of fourteenth-century erection, still called the Lady Loft. This is now used as a library, to which the clergy of the diocese have access. There are here several valuable illuminated MSS. and Caxtons.

There are other old buildings in Ripon; a curious chapel belonging to the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalene in Stammergate, and the little ruined chapel of St. Anne in High Street, Agnes Gate. This was once part of the Maison de Dieu, originally founded for a priest and eight poor men and women, by some one in the time of Edward IV., whose name has not been per-

petuated. The Rev. W. G. Lukis has written a most interesting pamphlet on the subject of this hospital, or Maison Dieu, as it was called; pulled down, alas! in 1869, and rebuilt as a set of almshouses for eight poor women. It originally consisted of a chapel, west of this was on one side a man's ward, on the other a woman's ward, and at the end of the building a parlour and bedroom for the priest. Mr. Lukis quotes from the letter testimonial in the hands of the trustees of St. Anne's Hospital, that "Allsoe, there is in the said Massendew two common beds for every true travelling man that hath noe spending, and there he may be eased one Day and one night, in fulfilling of the seaven workes of mercy." It appears that the institution was not endowed, but supported by voluntary contributions, and that since 1623 women only have been chosen as inmates. The chapel of the hospital still exists, and it seems a great pity that the interesting arrangement of the old hospital itself should not have been preserved.

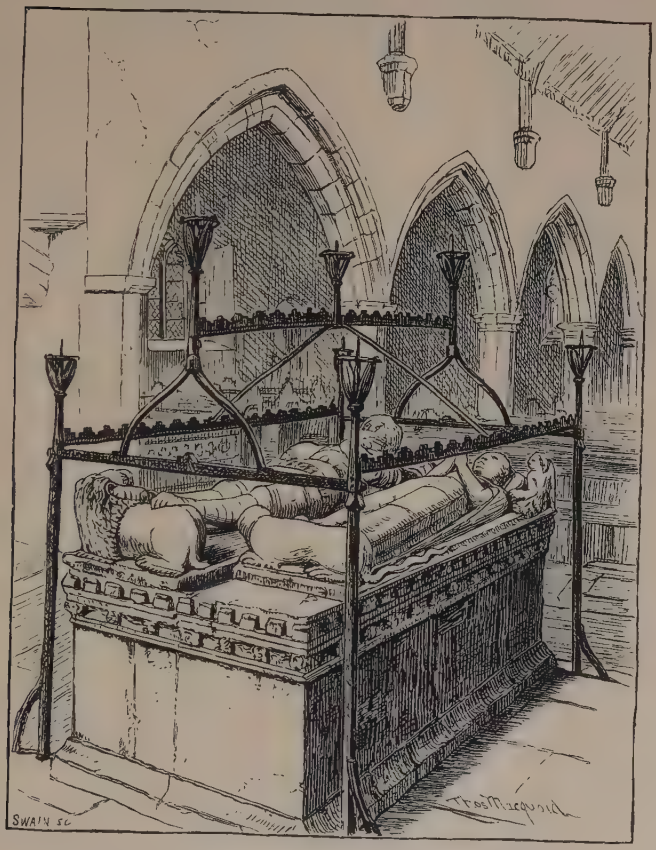
Ripon is certainly an excellent centre from which to visit the famous abbeys and castles of North Yorkshire; and the air of the place seemed to us very healthy and pleasant. Races were run here in honour of St. Wilfrid at Lammas Feast; as late as 1725 women riders rode for the ladies' plate on the second day of the races.

In York we had seen a photograph of the tombs of the Marmions, and ever since we had been wishing to visit West Tanfield, a few miles from Ripon.

Just as we were setting out to drive there from the "Crown," the Rev. W. G. Lukis of Wath, the distinguished archæologist, arrived at the hotel, and most kindly volunteered to accompany us. It was a very pleasant drive through the quaint little village of Wath, and then through the vale of Yare or Yore, or Ure as Leland calls it, he having ferried across it "for lack of bridge." The country is pretty, and the towers of Tanfield show out well in the landscape. At the time of our visit the only relic of the manor-house of the Marmions—a house which, for his services during the Scottish wars, John de Marmion had been allowed to castellate—was the gateway or porter's lodge near the church, which Leland describes "as a fair towred gate-house;" this is very picturesque, with its tower and oriel; since our visit Mr. Lukis, whose researches have done so much for archæology, both in Yorkshire and elsewhere, has discovered the foundations of a Marmion mansion, with a small chapel attached, in a field called the Magdalens, on the left bank of the Ure opposite to Hackfall. It was not known to exist. "Some of the sculptured stones which I have preserved," says Mr. Lukis, "belong to the Norman period."

On the church porch is this inscription: "Here lyeth the body of Ralph Bourn, Born Anno 1615 and died in 1728." Also in the churchyard there is another: "Here lyeth the body of Francis Thompson of Binso, who died A.D. 1746, in the 112th year of his age."

We found the monuments we had come to seek,



THE TOMB OF ROBERT MARMION AND HIS WIFE, LAURA ST. QUINTIN.

the tombs of the Marmions, in the north aisle of the church, a chantry rebuilt by Maude de Marmion in 1343.

The original church was Norman, but it now bears traces of many varying styles; the restored part, especially the nave, is in very bad taste; the Norman chancel arch has actually been removed and a new construction put in place of it; but the tombs are unique. Leland's description of them in the sixteenth century shows that there is little alteration since his time.

"In the church of West Tanfield be divers tumbes in a chapelle on the north side of the church of the Marmions, whereof one (with the sculptures of a knight and a lady) is in the arch of the waulle, and that seemeth most auncient. There lyeth there alone a lady with the apparaill of vowes, and another lady with a crownet on her head. Then is there an high tumbe of alabaster (with two very fair figures of a warrior and his dame) in the middle of the chapel wher, as I hard say, lyeth one John Lord Marmion, and in the south side of the chapelle is another tumbe of the Marmions buried alone."

The effect of all these sculptured recumbent figures in the small place allotted to them, and in the vivid light and shade of the bright afternoon sunshine, was most striking. In the middle of the aisle, at its east end, is the largest monument, which seems to have been altered since its first erection. On it lie two beautifully-carved alabaster figures, Sir Robert de Marmion and his wife Laura.

He wears chain armour, a pointed helmet, and an

S.S. Lancastrian collar, on his breast are the Marmion arms, and an empty casque supports his head. The lady wears a semi-religious dress, with the arms of the St. Quintins, but she lies on a separate plinth from the knight beside her.

There is over the figures a very curious and perfect iron herse, with prickets for lights at the corners and at each end of the ridge above. Besides this tomb, along the north wall, are the others mentioned by Leland; they seem to have been pushed aside to make room in the middle of the aisle.

A knight in chain armour and a lady beneath an arch are said to be John de Marmion and his wife. Then come two tombs much mutilated, each with a single figure. Beyond these, on a much lower tomb, lies a small cross-legged figure, an armed knight covered with a mantle; his feet rest on a lion, but the shield beside him is blank. Tradition says that this is the sickly lord, Robert, third Baron of Marmion.

It is unaccountable that monuments so remarkable both for age and workmanship should be left huddled together, almost out of sight, instead of being replaced in the positions they must have occupied in the middle of the aisle or chantry built to receive them by Maude de Marmion. In the reign of Henry III. she founded this chantry for a master, a warden, and two brothers, to pray for the souls of John Marmion and his wife and their son, and for the health of Avice Gray, Lord

Marmion, her son, and his wife Elizabeth, and for the souls of their progenitors and successors. These remarkable tombs are, however, not the only wonders of West Tanfield Church ; there is a mysterious little cell adjoining the chancel arch on the north, which has puzzled the learned. It has an arched opening to the north, and a little window east and south, containing small trefoil-headed lights ; there is also a squint, which commands the east of the Marmion chantry. The cell is scarcely four feet square. Facing this cell, behind the pulpit, is a low side window of two plain square lights ; it may have been an alms window, but the squint in the cell also commands this opening.

The next parish to Tanfield is Well, and in Well Church there is an interesting monument to Lord Latimer. In front of this monument is a fragment of Roman tesselated pavement, recovered from a Roman villa. Close by this church is the ancient hospital of St. Michael, and not far distant is Snape Castle, built in the reign of Henry VI. by John Nevil, first Lord Latimer.

The country all round is charming, and the views are extensive and beautiful.

We drove back to Wath and spent a pleasant evening at the rectory with our hospitable friends, who showed us the carefully-restored church. It contains some curious Saxon sculptured work ; there are also fragments of stone coffin lids with early thirteenth-century, floriated crosses carved thereon.

There is also a very old vestry or sacristy on the north side of the chancel, which Mr. Lukis thinks was occupied by a sacristan in charge of the vessels and treasures of the church; there is a slit in the wall through which he could see the high altar and watch the light burning before it. The church doors were barred within by means of a wooden beam which, when not in use, slid into a hole in the door-jamb; it is therefore evident that whoever secured the door must have dwelt within the building. This view was not originated by Mr. Lukis, but he considers that it solves the puzzle of the cell at Tanfield, and that the custom of securing church doors from within the building is a strong argument in its favour. There is also a curious double piscina in Wath Church. It is to be regretted that Tanfield Church was not restored with the learning and reverence that have been shown at Wath.

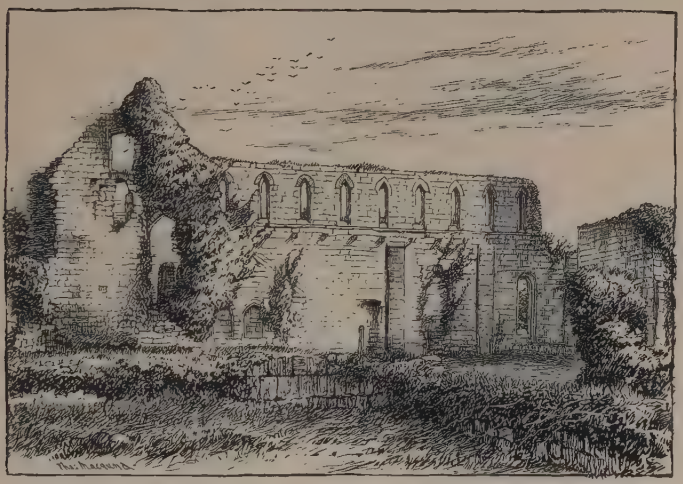
In the township of Wath is an old house called Middleton Quernhow Hall, once occupied by the Herberts. It is picturesque, but much ruined, and still used as a carpenter's shop by the farm to which it is attached. This hall was purchased from its original possessors, the Bests, by Thomas Herbert—the Herbert of Charles the First. George Herbert the poet was one of these Herberts. Thomas Herbert was born at York in 1606, and was educated at St. Peter's Grammar School with Guy Fawkes. In the beginning of his career he sided with Oliver Cromwell, but being

appointed to attend on Charles during his imprisonment he became devotedly attached to the king; we know how faithfully and loyally he served him till the end. When the king was summoned to Whitehall on the morning of his execution, he bade Herbert take with him the silver clock or large watch that hung by the bedside. As they passed through the park the king asked the hour; then he took the clock in his hand, and, looking at it, he gave it back to his faithful servant. "Keep this," he said, "in memory of me." In 1660 Herbert was made a Baronet by Charles II. Besides the clock he also possessed the cloak which the king wore on that morning in January when he walked through St. James's Park to the block.

We were told at Ripon that at Masham, where we should have to quit the railway, we should easily find a vehicle to take us on to Jervaux Abbey. For some distance before we reached the little town the striking spire of its church showed plainly, although when we reached Masham we found that the church lies buried in a hollow. Masham was formerly a place of some importance, the ancient manor of the famous Mowbrays and Scropes.

Now the town seems as if it had been for some time asleep, and when at last we found a woman to speak to at the inn, she was quite uncertain as to whether we could get a carriage. "There's no one at home," she said; "mebbe there's a horse, but you must

wait." We wandered through the dreary, deserted place till we came to the churchyard. In this we saw a circular Norman pillar with our Lord and His Apostles sculptured round the top; below are figures on horseback; this was probably a cross. There is a



JERVAUX ABBEY.

good Norman west doorway, and within the church is a fine Jacobean monument to Sir Marmaduke Wyvill, 1617. His wife lies on a shelf below him, and below her kneel six boys and two girls, rising one behind the other, each with a prayer-book. The figures of Sir Marmaduke and his wife are in alabaster, and elaborately carved; he wears plate armour, trunk hose, and

a short beard. His wife wears a hood and a stiff ruff, she has the long waist of the period, and there are rosettes from her throat to the hem of her gown ; both the faces have been coloured.

At the west end of the church is a very curious epitaph, too long for quotation, apparently to Christopher Kay and his grandmother ; the last verse says :—

> " After her grandson lost his breath
> She soon surrendered vnto death,
> Keeping no certaine place.
> Adict yourself unto his conversation,
> You'l purchase heaven for your habitation."

Going back to the sleepy inn, we found that it had produced a dog-cart, a sturdy-looking horse, and a red-headed, red-bearded, freckled driver, with the slyest of half-closed, green eyes ; he went along, however, at a capital pace, and we found the drive across this lovely country most exhilarating and delightful.

The road grew yet more interesting as we went on ; on the right our driver pointed out a range of hills, Oakwood and Hackfall, which we had much wished to visit. The trees in the foreground were a mellow green, backed by a purple line of wooded hill, and above these showed patches of emerald green meadow-land or golden cornfield.

Then the country became more broken, and we came to a wild sweep, which our driver called Ellington High. Next came a succession of broad grassed

slopes, on which innumerable rabbits, black, brown, gray and white, scuttled out of sight at the sound of our wheels on the hard road below. All at once a broad valley opened before us ; this was the beginning of Wensleydale, and our driver pointed out East Witton Fells. Every moment the view broadened splendidly, and although a mist was rising from the valley we believed that we could distinguish, as our driver pointed them out, Penhill Beacon and Middleham Castle, and we longed to reach the moors, spreading on till they faded in the mist-wreaths.

This is a lovely beginning to the Yore valley, and here on our right we saw the ruins of Jervaux nestling beside the river.

CHAPTER X.

THE ABBEYS OF JERVAUX AND FOUNTAINS.

"At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone,
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the mossed headstone,
At midnight the moon cometh
And looketh down alone."—TENNYSON.

THE ruins of Jervaux have gained much by the excavations made by Lord Ailesbury, in whose grounds they stand; the foundations have been laid bare, and the church with the monastery and Abbots' buildings can now be clearly made out, from the Domus Conversorum at one end to the Abbots' kitchen at the other; yet in a sense the ruins have suffered loss, the gray stone slabs have been cleared of moss, and the beetle now finds closely-clipped hedges instead of a "thicket lone" to boom athwart. Lawn-tennis balls bound into the ancient cloister court; there is altogether a modern well-kept aspect, out of harmony with the

mouldering walls and mutilated gravestones. Jervaux is swept and garnished, yet for all that it is one of the most interesting ruins of Yorkshire, and its site beside the winding Yore is perfect. Wensleydale is in the wapentake of Hangwest, in Richmondshire, and as we have seen, is full of natural beauties, in which the "ever-winding Yore" is a prominent feature.

In the time of King Stephen some of this country, then chiefly forest-land, belonged to Akar, son of Bardolf, who was really an illegitimate brother of Alan Niger, Earl of Richmond. There lived at that time in the Abbey of Savigny, in Normandy, a zealous friar who was also an able physician, named Peter de Quinciano. This Peter had heard much of the wild and savage state of the North Riding of Yorkshire, and he longed to convert it to Christianity; he therefore besought his Abbot to send him out with twelve monks to found a monastery in this uncultivated region. But for some time the Abbot would not hearken to his request. At last Peter, whose zeal seems to have been irrepressible, obtained a grant of land at Fors, in Wensleydale, from Akar Fitz Bardolf; and in 1145 he and twelve monks who had accompanied him from Savigny "began to build simple dwellings for their own occupation." At first they called their erection the Abbey of Fors, then the Abbey of Wandesleydale, afterwards the Abbey of Charity. They suffered many hardships; "the soil

was stony and barren, and the air intemperate," and hardly had they completed their work of building when bands of the lawless country people burned down their houses and plundered them of all they possessed. Upon this Peter wrote to his Abbot for help, but the Abbot, who had always opposed the project, refused assistance. "Peter is a fool," he said. At last Peter and his brethren were told to retire to Byland Abbey, to which the Abbey of Charity was made subject. After this, in 1151, the indefatigable Peter seems to have persuaded twelve of the monks of Byland to bear the inclemency and poverty of Fors, and go back to the Abbey of Charity; but they led a suffering life there, the place was so bleak and barren. It happened one day that the Earl of Richmond and Count of Brittany, Alan Niger, went a-hunting in the great forest of Wensley, or, as it was then called, Wandesleydale. Seeing the monastery he asked hospitality there, and when Peter told him of the distressed condition of the monks Alan made them a large grant of land in the fertile valley of the Yore, and carried off the enterprising Peter—whose talk had greatly fascinated him—to his Court. Upon this the brethren chose John de Kyngeston for their Abbot, and he, journeying down the vale of Yore, spied out a fertile and beautiful nook; pleasant meadows screened from the north by thick woods, and watered by the lovely river which ran between the meadows. "We will build us a house here," said John

de Kyngeston ; and having obtained the consent of Herveus, son of the first founder, Akar, and also a further grant of land from Conan of Brittany, father-in-law of our Geoffrey Plantagenet, John de Kyngeston laid the foundations of the Abbey of Jervaux, or Joreval, or Gervis, in 1156.

The walls have been almost destroyed, but the foundations have been so thoroughly excavated that the plan of the Abbey can be easily traced. We entered by the Domus Conversorum, and went thence into the quiet cloister court. Next this is the chapter-house, which must have been very fine ; it is forty-eight feet by thirty-five. There are remains of two rows of gray marble columns, and traces of a stone-groined roof, while all around are ranges of stone seats for the monks, who sat here in council. At their feet were the tombs of the Abbots of Jervaux. Seven slabs remain placed between the rows of columns, and the legend on the stone of the first Abbot, John de Kingston, can be clearly made out—

TUMBA : JOH'ES : P'MI : ABB'IS : JORVALLIS.

Between the Domus Conversorum (or place for lay inmates) and the church is a passage—an unusual arrangement in the Cistercian Abbeys, but Mr. Sharpe thinks this a proof that the Domus Conversorum was an earlier building than the church. There is also a passage, perhaps the sacristy, between the chapter-house and the south transept of the church. This passage

leads to a small room, which may have been the fratry. Going on in a line with the chapter-house, we found the refectory running southwards. A part of its walls remains, pierced with narrow windows. There has been a row of columns down the centre of this large hall, and there are traces of three fireplaces. A little way on, past a passage and the buttery, we came to the kitchen. It is very spacious, and gives a splendid idea of the hospitality of those genial old days, when monasteries were the only inns for travellers: inns where rich and poor were welcomed and fed, and clothed too if they needed it; their horses were well stabled; and they went forth on their journey refreshed, and with the blessing of the lord Abbot.

Perhaps Sir Walter Scott had visited these ruins when he named the jovial Prior in Ivanhoe Aymer of Jorvaulx.

This kitchen has three huge fireplaces—the stones still red in hue from the flames. Going on behind the kitchen we came to the Abbots' buildings, which can be perfectly made out.

The Abbots' house faces south-east so as to receive the full benefit of morning sunshine, and it must have been completely sheltered from the north and west gales by the lofty buildings of the Abbey, and probably by woods which screened these. The rooms are numerous but small; the circular-topped chimneys still remain, and recall the old Yorkshire saying—

"The two greatest plagues of any man's life
Are a smoky chimney and a scolding wife."

The Abbots of Jervaux doubtless escaped both these plagues—the first by means of these curious chimneys.

We went into the church by the south transept; there are still two altars here; beside one of them is a piscina in the floor; there is another altar against a pier, and a large slab with a cross and a sword sculptured on it.

Although the walls of the church do not rise much above the ground they are distinctly revealed, as also is the raised floor of the chancel on which the high altar stood. The nave must have been very fine; when it was first laid bare in 1805 some beautiful tesselated pavement was found, reaching from one end to the other, but the action of the air soon destroyed this. In the centre, in front of the high altar, are four groups of what have been slender shafts surrounding a central pier; only the bases remain, but they can hardly have supported the central tower in their present irregular position.

Before the altar lies a cross-legged knight in link mail; his shield bears the arms of the FitzHughs, and the effigy is said to be that of Henry de FitzHugh who accompanied Henry V. in his French wars. There are several other gravestones, some of which have crosses on them. When John de Kyngeston and his monks quitted Fors for Jervaux they carried with them the bones of their founder Akar and those of his wife. It

is said that when Lady Elizabeth FitzHugh found her end approaching she ordered that as soon as the breath left her body it should be carried to Joreval Abbey in "all goodly haste," and be placed in the church; she also ordered that twenty-four torches should burn round her hearse, and fifteen wax tapers, each a pound in weight, before the high altar of the abbey church.

At the east end of the north aisle we found a more perfect altar than any of the others; five crosses are marked on it, and the recess from which the relics have been torn is apparent; three steps lead up to this altar. I think we found altogether eight altars, and each had a piscina, or traces of one in the floor, beside it. The length of the church is 270 feet; the choir and transepts are shallow; but the demolishers at the Reformation did their work thoroughly here, and it is difficult to picture what the exterior of Jervaux must have been in 1537 when Abbot Adam Sedburgh, who had joined in the "Pilgrimage of Grace," and denied the king's supremacy as "head of the Church," was executed at Tyburn. On the wall of the Beauchamp Tower is the inscription "ADAM SEDBAR, Abbas Jorevalle."

About the time of the Abbot's death it was suggested that to save expense the king's stud of brood mares should be sent to the lands and granges of Jorevalle, which were well adapted for the breeding of horses. Then the monastery was deliberately pulled to pieces — first the lead was sold, then the stones of the

unroofed building were carried away for building purposes. In a curious letter from one of the "visitors of the Abbeys" to Thomas Cromwell there is this sentence about Jervaux: "Concerning the selling of the bells, I cannot sell them above fifteen shillings the hundred," and he goes on to ask, "whether they shall be sold at that price or sent to London by sea?" which he says will be very costly on account of the badness of the roads surrounding the Abbey. It is terrible, also, to think of the irreparable losses to literature effected by the dissolution of the monasteries. It is said that before the Reformation England contained more MSS. than any other country of equal size in the world, but the purchasers of the Abbeys seem to have taken pleasure in wasting and destroying these precious records. John Bale, writing to King Edward VI. in 1549, says: "A number of those persons who bought the monasteries reserved the library books thereof—some to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots; some they sold to the grocers and soap-sellers, and some they sent over the sea to the bookbinders, not in small numbers, but, at times, whole ships-full."

Besides their hospitable functions, the monks seem to have been the gardeners of England; they carried the cultivation of herbs and fruits to as much perfection as the climate would permit, and doubtless they loved flowers. Even now one finds such records as the names Abbey Gardens and Abbey Orchard near the

ruins of a monastery, and sometimes bits of old gray wall, golden in places with stonecrop or parti-coloured with snapdragon and rocket, while gnarled lichen-covered fruit-trees suggest the luscious plums and mellow pears which the monks set before their nobler guests; and in a corner an ancient mulberry-tree lingers. We could quite picture the orchards of Jervaux before the outragers were let loose in this peaceful and beautiful home of the monks beside the Yore.

But we could not linger long among these interesting ruins—lest we should lose the last train from Masham to Ripon—and the sunset was already beginning. When we started again our red-headed driver seemed to have grown sleepy, he let the reins hang loose, and the horse, which had trotted so briskly to Jervaux, now jogged along at a snail's pace. The wind had got up while we were exploring the ruins, the mist had given place to black swiftly-moving clouds copper-coloured at their edges as the sun sank behind them.

We told the driver to urge on his horse, for, with such a prospect of storm, we did not care to risk a ten miles' drive to Ripon, and if we missed our train there was no other hope of reaching the "Crown" that night. The man shook the reins, and the horse quickened his pace for a couple of minutes, then he went slower than before. We remonstrated again, explaining that we had no wraps with us, and that it was most important we should reach Masham in time; the

fellow raised his red eyebrows in a sort of pitying way, but he never uttered a word. He looked, indeed, so full of self-satisfaction that we began to feel more trust in him. At any rate remonstrance was useless; the horse either would not or could not mend its pace. So we went on at the same snail's speed with occasional spurts till at last we came in sight of the station, and as we did so we saw the long wreath of white steam, and heard the wail of the engine as the last train sped on towards Ripon.

At this our red-haired friend pulled up his horse and looked round at us, showing a mouthful of huge white teeth. "Ah thowt Ah sud ha dihn ut," he said.

He looked so perfectly self-satisfied that it seemed useless to scold him; only, when he asked presently, "An waat will ye dua neest?" we all at once felt suspicious.

But it was growing very dark, and the wind was bitterly cold. We had no time to deliberate in, and no wish to sleep at Masham; so he was told to drive us on to Ripon as fast as he could. He nodded at this with a broad grin of enjoyment, and then, whipping up his horse, went along at a pace—a pace which did not slacken till our journey's end—which surprised us. It was miserably cold, and the wind howled dismally, but yet we enjoyed the drive: the country, so much of it as we could see, looked wild and interesting, the trees stood out spectre-like against the heavy sky, a leaden gray, across which huge, dark clouds were hurried by the wind, their edges

jagged and tawny, and showing a dusky copper light behind. However, we all got such severe colds that I advise travellers who may go out from Ripon to Jervaux to provide against such a mischance as ours, unless by this time there is a later train from Masham. When at last we reached the "Crown" we did full justice to the excellent dinner which had been waiting so long for us.

The queen of the Yorkshire Abbeys in point of interest is Fountains, although certainly Rievaulx is far more picturesque; while Bolton and Easby are more charmingly placed. It takes more than a day to see Fountains thoroughly, and even then it is necessary to start from Ripon early, for the Abbey gates are closed to visitors, even in summer-time, at five o'clock, as we have good cause to remember.

It was an exquisitely bright morning; rain had followed last night's storm of wind, and trees and grass glittered with delightful freshness as we drove through the grand avenues of Studley Royal. Looking back, the massive towers of Ripon showed out boldly against the hills that lie behind them. We left our carriage when we reached the lodge, and entered Lord Ripon's grounds; they are beautifully planted, and are divided by the river Skell, which flows through the richly-wooded valley.

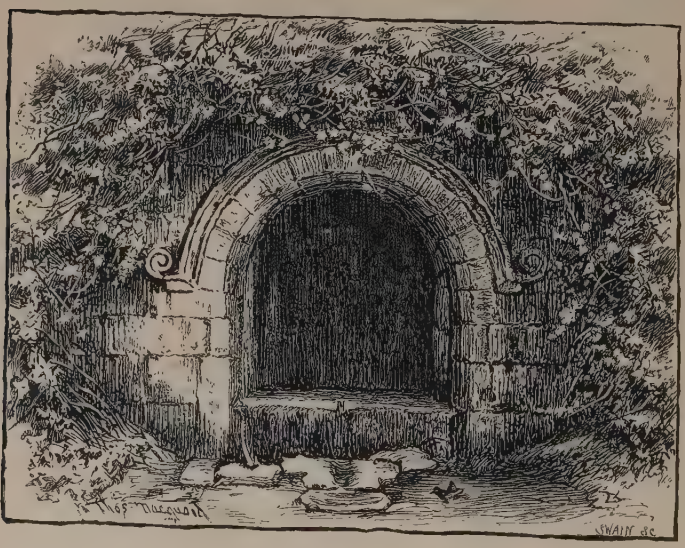
Soon we came to a stately clump of beech-trees, and here the river was hidden by a lofty wall of yew closely clipped.

At intervals we got glimpses across the water—first of a tower on the high ground opposite, and then through a gap made in the thick greenery was a charming view of the wildest part of the valley. Here was the quaintest admixture of natural beauties, immense overtopping pine-trees, and classical accessories. Near the edge of the opposite bank a classical stone summer-house, called the Temple of Piety, stood, fronted with a close-shaven lawn which reached to the edge of the crescent-shaped statue-bordered ponds.

The height of the spruce firs, rising so gracefully from the soft green turf, is marvellous; one of them is more than 12 feet in girth, and 132 feet high. We got constant peeps of the river between these trees, but the abbey was still invisible; however, we were told that we should soon reach it; but we had heard of the view from the opposite heights, and therefore we crossed the bridge; then, following the guidance of the numerous directing "hands" placed at the angle of every fresh turning, we climbed up by a steep way to a dark passage hollowed through the rock: this led us to the Octagon tower, where we had a fine view of Studley Hall and the ancient Herleshow; then we went on through the wood to what goes by the name of Anne Boleyn's Seat—on the top of the steep tree-shaded rock.

The river makes a sudden curve, the trees on each side bending over and reflecting themselves exquisitely

in the water, but though this bit of scenery is full of beauty we scarcely notice it, for before us is Fountains-dale, and at its end, standing in gray impressive magnificence, is the Abbey, from this distance so strangely perfect in appearance that one almost expects



ROBIN HOOD'S WELL.

to see black-cowled Cistercians on the green lawn outside its walls.

A little while before we had thought it would be pleasant to spend hours in exploring the woods over-hanging this lovely stream, and getting more charming peeps of its tree-shaded curves, but now we all turned

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

FOUNTAINS.

at once and hurried down a steep path to the river, keeping beside it till we reached the ivy-covered well near which Robin Hood and Friar Tuck are supposed to have had their celebrated trial of strength. According to the ballad the friar flung the outlaw into the Skell and cudgelled him so soundly that Robin had to call in the help of his fifty followers. Then the friar whistled out fifty of his ban-dogs, but Little John let fly his arrows so fast among them that the friar, who had kept Fountainsdale "seven long years and more," asked for a truce.

Beyond this moss-grown well we came to a seat, and here we sat and rested, and, with the help of Mr. Walbran's valuable guide, traced out the plan of the monastery on this side, while a tame robin hopped about close to our feet, and ate the crumbs of biscuit we dropped for him. From this seat is perhaps the finest point of view. At our feet the river flows on beside a ruined wall tangled with brambles and briars, and disappears under the dark arch beneath the Abbots' kitchen.

Beyond is the grand tracery of the large east window, and through this we see the slender lofty shafts and graceful arches of the Lady Chapel; high above, threatening when it falls to crush the delicate shafts and lancet arches below, is the massive buttressed tower of Abbot Marmaduke Huby. This view, too, is exceedingly interesting on another account, as it enables one to see how completely Fountains illustrates the plan

of building which the Cistercians introduced into the religious architecture of England, where they founded no fewer than one hundred and nine monasteries and nunneries, nineteen of these being in Yorkshire.

The special Cistercian feature seems to have been that the buildings for the use of the Abbot and his brethren were always south of the church—having in the centre a court surrounded by four cloistered walks ; on the east of this a chapter-house divided by two vaulted passages from the fratry ; on the south, separated by a staircase from the fratry, the kitchen, refectory, buttery, and offices ; and lastly, on the west, stretching away from the south-west corner of the nave of the church, and reaching southwards beyond either fratry or refectory, a grand old vaulted hall or gallery—styled the Domus Conversorum—the apartment assigned to the lay brothers of the monastery whose duty consisted in field labour, the fratry and cloister court being reserved for the monks themselves. This was the ground-plan ; above the Domus Conversorum was the large dormitory of the conversi, the monks' dormitory being over the fratry and extending as far as the south transept, where was a small door admitting the brethren to the performance of nocturnal services within the church. Fountains was not the first of these splendid buildings ; some Cistercians had arrived in England some years before, sent by St. Bernard to Waverley in Surrey. After this St. Bernard sent another band of

monks into Yorkshire, and these were now settled at Rievaulx.

The wave of sanctity which led Robert de Molesme to Citeaux at the beginning of the century seems to have spread till it reached York and the Abbey of St. Mary, then under the rule of St. Benedict. Here Richard the Sacrist and the brothers Ralph, Gammel, Gregory, Hamo, Thomas, and Waltheof, had wearied of the relaxed rule of the house, and longed to live a severer and more penitent life. They had heard of the holiness of the Cistercian monks, and were zealous to imitate it. These seven men banded themselves together to observe certain stricter rules, and at first concealed their purpose from all, even from their Prior Richard. But soon they discovered that he too was striving after a better and more self-denying life, and they took counsel with him. Soon their numbers increased to thirteen; among these was but one heart and soul longing after the poverty and holy simplicity of the Cistercian rule. This being reported to the Abbot Geoffrey and the other monks disturbed by these new practices, there began to be violent discussions between the Abbot and the Prior and his associates; these ascetics were harshly treated by their fellow-monks, who found in their conduct a reproach to their own softer ways; and on June 28, 1132, Prior Richard, who was in high esteem with Turstin, or Thurstan, Archbishop of York, appealed to his protection, and a day was ap-

pointed for the visitation of the monastery by Turstin. But when the Archbishop appeared at the Abbey gates he was refused admittance, because of his large following. The Abbot told him that if he chose to enter alone he could do so, but there was no need of all this following of knights and armed men. At this Turstin, who knew that the Abbot had summoned all his friends to support him within the Abbey, waxed indignant, and placed the abbey church under an interdict. The monks scoffed, jeered at, and defied the Archbishop, and then, laying hold of Richard the Prior and his companions, they were about to drag them off to the prison cells of the monastery. But the Archbishop came to their rescue, and with his assistance the thirteen brethren sorrowfully freed themselves for ever from their indolent and self-indulgent home.

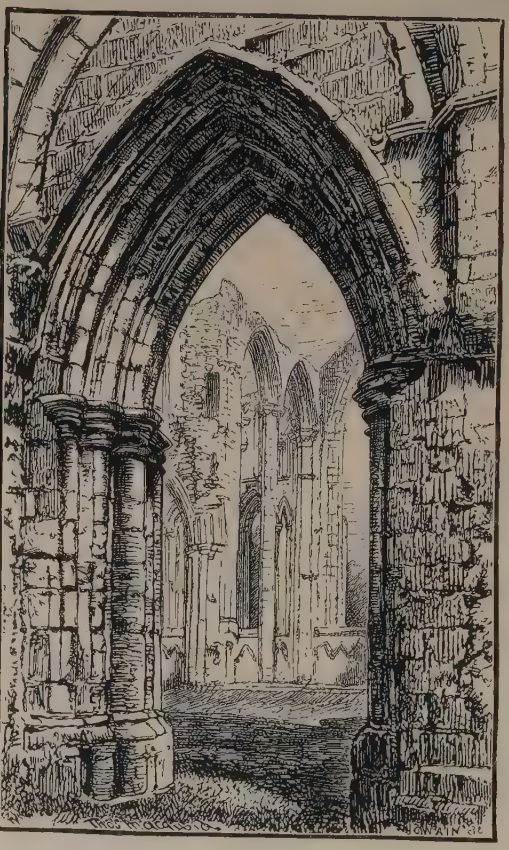
Turstin maintained these monks in his house till Christmas, namely: Richard, the Prior of St. Mary's, York, and first Abbot of Fountains; Gervase, sub-prior, afterwards Abbot of South Park; Richard, the Sacrist, second Abbot of Fountains; Walter, the Almoner, Abbot of Kirkstead; Robert, the precentor; Ralph, a monk, Abbot of Lysa in Sweden; Alexander, first Abbot of Kirkstall; Robert, a monk of Whitby, afterwards the saintly Abbot of Newminster; Geoffrey, the painter, and four others: in all, twelve priests and one sub-deacon.

Serlo, afterwards a monk at Fountains, was a layman when these events occurred in York, and he thus

begins the dictation of his Chronicle of Fountains Abbey to Hugh of Kirkstall :

"It is now the 69th year of my conversion. When I first came to Fountains to associate myself with the holy brotherhood I was, as I remember, about beginning my 30th year ; what occurred then I must needs know. When the monks left the monastery of York I myself was present. I had known their names and faces from my boyhood. I was born in their country, was brought up amongst them, and to several of them I was related by ties of blood. And although I am, as thou mayst see, far advanced in years, I am very grateful to my old age that my memory remains unimpaired, and particularly retentive of those things committed to it in early years." He goes on to say that in the fifth year of the establishment of Fountains he bade farewell to the world and made his profession. He had previously seen the monk Geoffrey of Clairvaux sent over by St. Bernard to instruct the brethren in the rules of Cistercian discipline. Serlo was then translated to Kirkstall, where he dictated the Chronicle to the monk Hugh. He tells us that Turstin resolved to give the thirteen refugees some land in the valley of the Skell, and that he took them with him when he went to keep Christmas at Ripon that year. Next day, December 26, 1132, the Archbishop and the thirteen monks set out for the valley of the Skell—then a wilderness of rocks and trees. He placed the brethren beside

the river near the hill of Herleshow; here they held a



SOUTH TRANSEPT DOORWAY.

council beneath the bare branches of a spreading elm-tree and chose Richard the Prior as Abbot, and then

the Archbishop departed, first giving them his solemn benediction.

It was a forlorn outlook for the poor hermits. In the depth of winter, far from any habitation, their sole shelter seven yew-trees—some of which still remain—they could only depend on chance means of subsistence. After a while they began to build a hut round the trunk of the elm-tree, which at one time furnished not only their shelter but their food. As soon as the winter had passed they sent some of the brothers to St. Bernard at Clairvaux to ask for help and guidance in their work. St. Bernard sent them the monk Geoffrey, who helped them to frame their code of rules, and urged them to lose no time in building themselves a suitable home. But their money was soon spent; seven clerks and ten laymen had joined them, but these had brought no funds to the common stock, only fresh demands on the common larder. They were still dependent on the bounty of the Archbishop, and far away from any inhabited place, and they began to suffer great privations. Just at this time, too, a famine spread over England, and the monks soon had to live chiefly on herbs and salted elm leaves, any better food being reserved for the workmen who were finishing the building of their house.

One day a traveller knocked at the gate and asked for bread.

"I have none to give you," said the porter. But the traveller, who seemed both hungry and weary,

begged for a loaf of bread in the name of the Blessed Saviour.

At this the porter went to the Abbot and told his perplexity.

"How much bread is there in the house?" said the good Richard.

"There are but two loaves and a half, reverend father, and these are wanted for the carpenters when they leave work."

"Give the poor man one loaf," said the Abbot; "there will be one and a half for the workers; as for us, God will provide at His pleasure."

And lo! soon after he had spoken there came to the gate two men, and these drew a cart full of the finest bread sent by Eustace FitzHugh of Knaresborough, who had heard of the sore straits of the brethren. Still no lasting help came, and Abbot Richard determined to go over the sea to Clairvaux and ask St. Bernard to give him and his monks work and shelter in some of the granges appertaining to his monastery. But it so chanced that even while the Abbot was still on the sea Hugh, Dean of York, fell sick, and feeling his end approaching, he ordered himself to be taken to Fountains Abbey, carrying with him a large store of books, money, and valuables; so it came to pass that when the Abbot returned from France he and his monks resolved to remain in Skelldale. Soon after this Serlo and Tosti, canons of York, retired here with all their

wealth and greatly enriched the Abbey; and in 1135, when King Stephen came to York, the monks obtained from him the confirmation of all their possessions, exemption from all taxes and rentages, and from all land service to superior lords.

Within three years of their arrival beside the Skell the monks of Fountains had become possessed of lands and of wealth.

Serlo is, however, much more anxious to tell the life of the brethren, and the way in which they sent out colonies of monks to found other houses, than to describe the building of Fountains Abbey. In 1146, when Murdac, the third Abbot of Fountains, was chosen Archbishop of York, the Abbey was set on fire. This injury was soon repaired, and it is supposed that until the end of the century building went on in the monastery.

Having refreshed our memories with our book while we rested, we went on past the magnificent ruins in search of the traditional yew-trees. As the path mounted from the hollow in which the Abbey stands we saw a part of the old wall that once surrounded the eighty acres of Abbey Close. Besides the Close there was a park of two hundred acres, more than half of which was covered by woods and fish-ponds. Only two yew-trees are left standing on a green knoll above the mill; they are supposed to have been seven in number, as the popular name for them was "The Seven

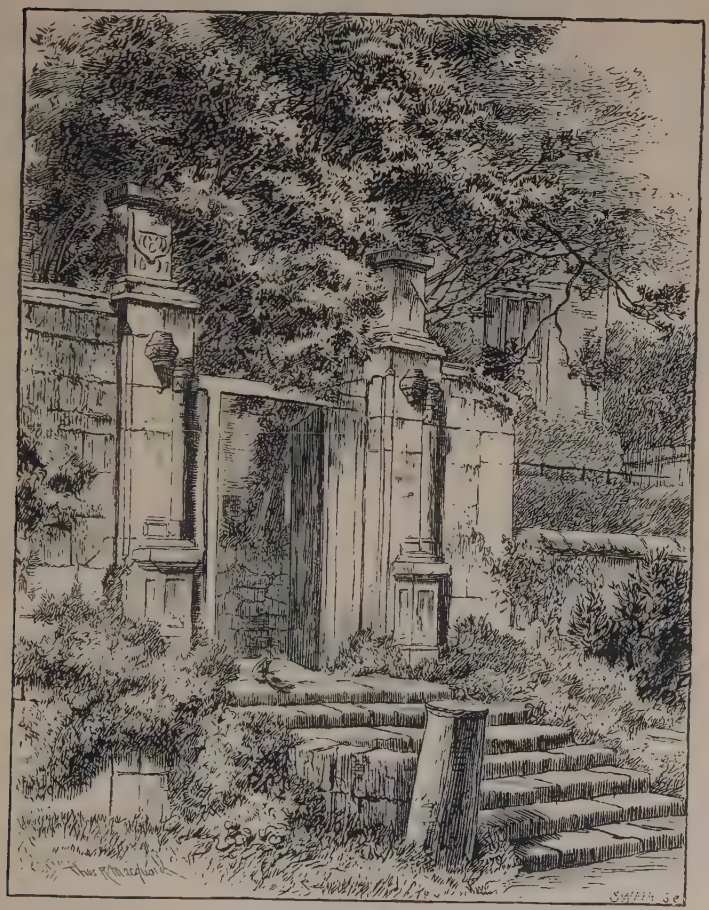
Sisters." Near the mill we crossed a quaint bridge and passed by a still remaining fragment of the gate-house. Next we came to Fountains Hall, a most picturesque old house, with statues and balcony and projecting windows, its gray gables now opal in the sunshine. The steps leading to its charming entrance gate, and also the low garden walls, were literally clothed with the delicate leaves and gold star-like blossoms of yellow cordalis ; but it lessened our interest in the beautiful old place when we learned that it was built by Stephen Proctor in the seventeenth century with "stone taken from the walls of the Abbey." Over the entrance are the crests of Sir Stephen Proctor and Honor his wife, and between them the legend—

"RIEN TROVANT GAINERAY TOUT."

Outside the Abbey are the ruins of the Hospitium and infirmary. From this side the building is massive and grand, less picturesque than at its south-eastern end, though the ruined narthex or Galilee makes a picture of the western entrance. We saw several grave-stones beneath this portico as we passed through it to enter the church.

The immense nave and its aisles are most impressive, though we wished the ivy had not been cleared away ; ivy seems as necessary to crumbling stonework as a cap does to an old woman's face : it softens and hides the marks of Time's fingers. There

has not been a triforium in the nave, the pointed arches



ENTRANCE GATE, FOUNTAINS HALL.

spring from columns twenty-three feet high ; above is a series of small splayed round-headed windows. There is a large west window with a gallery below it—and outside this is the niche where St. Mary of Fountains formerly stood. The nave is supposed to have been finished in the time of the fourth abbot, Richard Fastolph of Clairvaux.

In the middle of the floor of the nave, near the seventh pillar, are two curious walled trenches shaped like the letter L and about two feet deep. There was a ruined wooden screen across the church at this point, and in digging to remove it these trenches were found. In them were nine large coarse earthenware vases filled with charcoal ; the vases were placed here, it is supposed, to increase the sound of the organ which stood on the screen ; the charcoal is merely a record of the cruel spoliation of Fountains, when the lead covering the roof was melted down in furnaces in the church, and everything in the shape of plate, books, or ornaments was destroyed. On either side are lofty aisles, which have been divided into chapels eastward. Next come the transepts with two chapels in each, and at the north end of the north transept rises the splendid tower of Marmaduke Huby, nearly the last of the abbots. On the arch below this grand fifteenth-century tower, still nearly perfect, and in harmony with the style of the east side of the transepts, are the initials of its builder, M. H. Three rows of inscriptions in black letter

carved in stone run round the tower, and there are also coats-of-arms carved on shields and figures. There is much worthy of notice in the transepts, but a thorough description of Fountains would fill many chapters ; it is, however, deeply interesting to follow out the history of this noble abbey written in the stones of its building.

The history of Ralph, the seventh abbot, is told by Serlo in his Chronicle, which Mr. Walbran has translated. Ralph Haget had been from his youth a soldier, but when he reached his thirtieth year he became dissatisfied with the life he led. He often went to Fountains Abbey to see Sunnulph, a simple lay brother of the monastery. One day he opened his heart to his friend, and told him of the restlessness and discontent which continually beset him. Sunnulph did not offer him advice.

"I will pray for thee," he said gravely ; "but remember to lead a life in keeping with my prayers."

Ralph left the monastery, and soon after, when he was travelling, darkness overtook him ; finding a low house near a chapel, he therein fell asleep.

He dreamed that he arose, went into the chapel, and knelt down before the altar ; then he prayed for guidance on the subject that so troubled him. Suddenly there came a voice from the crucifix. "And why comest thou not—why delay so long ?"

Ralph awoke, and at once started off to Fountains ; he sought out his humble friend, and told him his dream.

Sunnulph became silent and absorbed—then all at once he burst into tears. "I feel a divine revelation," he said, "that thou wilt receive the religious habit and end thy days at Fountains."

Thus encouraged, Haget craved to see the abbot, and at once made his profession.

When he had been thirteen years a monk he was removed to Kirkstall as abbot; but, as we have seen, he mismanaged the affairs of that abbey; however, when after a time he was chosen Abbot of Fountains, Ralph instituted a strict reform both therein and also in the houses which had sprung from it—namely, Newminster, Sawley, Roche, Kirkstall, and Meaux in Yorkshire; Kirkstead on the Wytham; Pipewell Abbey in Northamptonshire; Woburn in Beds; Lysa in Norway; Louth Park and Bytham in Lincolnshire. Bytham was afterwards removed to Vaudey Abbey.

In the fourth year of Ralph arose the terrible famine of 1193, caused by incessant rains, both in France and England.

After the famine came fever of so infectious a kind that nurses could scarcely be found for the sick or buriers for the dead. The poor from far and wide fled from their houses and surrounded Fountains, and so numerous were they that they could not at once be housed. Then the wise abbot ordered huts to be made around the Abbey Close with branches of trees. He procured nurses, and sent priests to succour the sick

and dying outside the walls. This plague raged for six months, and ceased in the winter of 1194.

The abbot Ralph lies buried in the chapter-house. The next abbot, John de Ebor, began as novice at Fountains, next he was made cellarer, and then Abbot of Louth Park. It is recorded of him that "while he guided and loved the humble and meek, he severely reproved and chastised the reckless and dissolute, but he ever exalted mercy above judgment."

It was in the abbacy of this John of York that rapacious King John bethought him of the Cistercian monasteries. He fleeced them all round, demanding of Fountains the sum of 1200 silver marks. John the abbot, seeing how evil were the times, paid this sum, and also opened his barns and storehouses for the relief of distressed brethren flying from other persecuted monasteries. Such great prosperity and renown accrued to the abbey from this charitable action that the influx of visitors proved too great for both church and monastery—there was not room enough for the monks to pray devoutly. Seeing this, John de Ebor conceived the idea of adding a larger choir to the church. Although this project excited indignation, he laid the foundation of this new part of the church just before his death. The walls of this choir are of remarkable design. Externally there is only one lancet window in each bay, but from within this shows under a treble arcade of one pointed and two round heads ; these rest on slender

shafts, one ending with the window, and another descending lower and clustering with the columns which once supported the vaulting of the roof; below is an exquisite trefoil-headed arcade, but the gray marble shafts have been destroyed. The effect of this choir is beautiful, in spite of its cruel mutilation, for the graceful shafts which once reached the clerestory have nearly all been torn away.

The screen which once divided the choir from the nave, and which was the work of Abbot Huby, has been entirely destroyed. Under the ruins of this screen was discovered the splendid slab of blue marble which now lies in front of the high altar. The brass has been removed, but the figure of an abbot with mitre and staff remains. The rivets are there still, and we could trace the grooves for the solder which held the brass fixed to the stone. This is the grave of a later abbot, John de Ripon, who died in 1434.

The platform of the high altar is paved with quaint black and red and yellow tiles. It is said that John de Cancia, who came next but one to John de Ebor, and who seems to have inherited his ideas, paved both choir and Lady Chapel in this fashion. This Lady Chapel, or chapel of the nine altars, is the most picturesque part of the church, and reaches north and south as far as the extension of the transepts, that is to say, 150 feet. It is beautiful in design—Early Lancet, like the choir; the great east window and some of the

buttresses are, however, of fifteenth-century work. In the centre of this chapel are lofty octagonal columns,

LADY CHAPEL, FOUNTAINS.

which, though scarcely two feet in diameter, support graceful pointed arches on a level with the clerestory of

the choir. The grace of these arches high overhead, with their slender pillars, the surroundings of ruined walls, bits of greenery peeping in through some lancet openings on the north, cannot be put in words. The light and shade, too, on this brilliant afternoon were perfect—although we again grieved that it had been found necessary to remove so much of the clinging ivy from the walls and arches; its absence gives a baldness to these grand ruins when compared with the exquisite contrast offered at Rievaulx and Easby by clinging leaves and ruddy brier arms against the gray stones. John de Cancia, or John of Kent, is said to have placed nine altars at the east end of this chapel. We found some of the piscinæ of these altars and traces of others placed, as they are at Jervaux, on the floor; the two most perfect piscinæ are in the abbey museum. John of Kent built also the abbots' house, the finest of that period—the first half of thirteenth century—the most famous time of St. Mary of Fountains.

We went to these ruins by a long passage on the south of the Lady Chapel; this passage, in places bordered by a trefoil-headed arcade, led us to the abbots' great hall, 171 feet long by 70 feet wide, once divided from end to end by a double row of columns. Next the hall is the chapel, rather later in style, and down a flight of steps on the right we came to a vaulted cellar and storehouse; next this is a scullery, and then to the south the kitchen. Here there have been two huge

fireplaces and a boiler; and in the corner near the river is a stone grate in the ground open to the water, which runs below. This is supposed to have been a ventilator needed when extra hospitality brought all the ovens and fireplaces into use. Beyond the kitchen was a reservoir fed by a spring, and the coal-yard. During the excavations kitchen refuse was found here under a large heap of cinders, as fresh as if it had been lately thrown down, a silver spoon, broken pottery, oyster shells, etc. These buildings deserve minute examination. Probably at the time of the death of their founder, John of Kent, the abbey was almost complete. It seems to have maintained its power and its reputation for sanctity till 1539, when, at the general dissolution of the monasteries, Marmaduke Bradley, thirty-third abbot of Fountains, resigned it into the hands of the Commissioners. Henry the Eighth had promised that its revenues should endow a bishopric of Lancaster, but next year he sold the site and most of the lands of Fountains to Richard, father of Sir Hugh Gresham of London. The Greshams sold it to Sir Stephen Proctor, who pulled down the abbots' house and some portions of the abbey to build his house of Fountains Hall. After this the abbey was purchased by a succession of owners till in 1768 the ruins came into the possession of William Aislabie, and from him passed finally to the present owner, Lord Ripon.

We went back to get a last look at the Lady

Chapel by a passage leading out of the one by which we had reached the abbots' house; on the left of this we passed the remains of earlier buildings. Coming out of the church again, close to the south transept, we saw a gloomy place called the penitential cell, and next this is the sacristy. Just beyond we came into the chapter-house, a long square hall,—84 feet by 41,—once divided into three by two rows of columns. The deeply-splayed windows remain, and all round is a triple row of seats ranged one above another; below the abbot's seat is the ridged gray marble slab of the great abbot, John de Cancia, who died in 1247; the inscription is on each side. Eastward are four stone coffins, supposed to be the tombs of the builder of the chapter-house, Robert Fastolph of Clairvaux, and his successors; there are several other gravestones. A vaulted stone passage[1] beside the chapter-house led us into the great cloister court, with a walk on each of its four sides. In the midst stands an old yew-tree, and beside this the huge stone lavatory. It is very still here, sheltered on one side by the church, and east and west by the chapter-house and the Domus Conversorum. Probably the north and west sides were once enclosed, and the brethren taught and the novices studied in the still retreat. The quiet place is so full of suggestive thought and of peaceful beauty that we

[1] At the east end of this and the next passage are traces of buildings supposed to be as old as the early part of the church.

lingered some time in it before we found the little staircase to the court-house at the south-east angle of the cloister court. We could see into the fratry from this staircase.

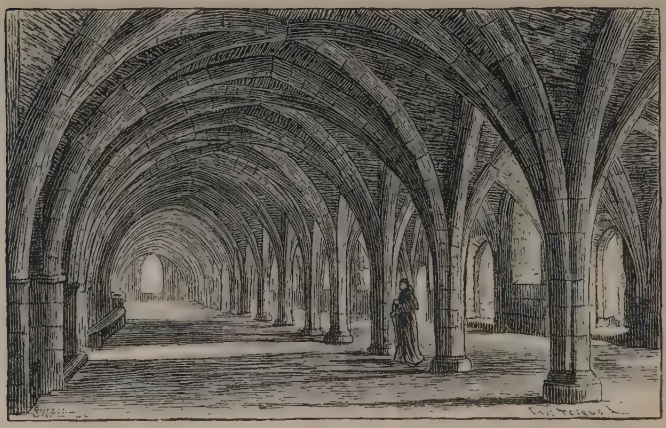
Beyond were the cellar and brewhouse, and then three prisons. The court-house is beautiful; it has a stone-ribbed vaulted roof, in good preservation, springing from a pillar in the centre, and is lighted by triple lancets; it contains a museum of interesting relics of the abbey.

Coming down the staircase again, we went into the kitchen below the court-house, vaulted in the same manner to a central pillar. This is of later date; there are two huge fireplaces here, and two openings on the western side through which provisions were passed into the refectory—a scullery extends beyond the kitchen. Next the kitchen is the refectory; we went from the cloister court up three steps and through a fine circular-headed doorway into this splendid dining-hall, more than a hundred feet long and nearly fifty feet wide; originally there were four marble columns down the centre, and it was lighted by long lancet windows. A little staircase on the western side, behind a low round-headed doorway, led us to the reading gallery; the bracket of the pulpit used by the reader during the monks' repasts still remains.

From this height we could look down into the buttery, which has a double range of windows. The

buttery opens into the cloister court, and near it is an opening into the long cloister or Domus Conversorum.

We had left this grand old gallery till late, and the effect of the level sunshine striking on the shafts of its arcade more than 300 feet long, with the gloom of the heavily-groined roof above, was most picturesque. The



THE DOMUS CONVERSORUM, FOUNTAINS.

southern end was built by John de Cancia, and there is still a staircase at each end leading to the dormitory above; the whole structure is full of interest, but its beauty, and the broad effects of light and shade on its massive proportions, completely absorbed us, and made us forget all historical associations, and also how late it was growing. When we first reached the abbey we had been dismayed by the sight of numerous visitors,

and by the sounds of talking and laughter among the solemn old ruins; but we had become so interested in tracing out the plan of the building that we had lost sight of these merry-makers. Now, in the deep gloom of the cloister, the stillness struck us as a new feature of the place, and all at once we found that it was long past five o'clock, the hour at which the ruins are closed. One of us tried the gate by which we had come in; it was fast locked, and we soon discovered that there was no other means of outlet—we were prisoners in the heart of Studley Park, far away from the house and its gardens. Going round the ruins we found every outlet fastened, and after calling as loudly as we could it was evident our voices could not reach the mill, the only habitation we had seen near. We waited a long time in the hope that one of the gardeners might pass by on his way from work and hear us calling, but no one came. At last we remembered the triple row of seats in the chapter-house with the splayed windows above them; we climbed these steps, and my son dragged me up into the window, and dropped on the grass below; then, as I in some terror sprang from the window, he caught me.

When we reached the entrance gate at Studley Royal the lodge-keeper seemed to think it would have been better to pass the night in the ruins than to have escaped in such a very unconventional manner. "I never heard of such a way of getting out of a place," he said severely.

We had come back along the opposite bank of the Skell—a much shorter road—past the famous Echo Cliff, feeling that we would willingly have stayed much longer; for certainly the interest attached to these beautiful ruins is all-absorbing; they require a long and careful examination, and can be visited again and again with fresh interest.

CHAPTER XI.

THIRSK, HELMSLEY AND RIEVAULX, NUNNINGTON, COXWOLD AND BYLAND.

FROM Ripon we went by the North-Eastern Railway to Thirsk, a quaint town built round a large market-place in view of the picturesque range of Hambleton Hills. The Mowbrays had their stronghold here, but the castle seems to have been destroyed in the twelfth century. The church stands at the top of Kirkgate Street, above the River Codbeck; it is very interesting, and we thought ourselves fortunate to see it before it was restored. The ancient church was given by Roger de Mowbray in 1145 to the Priory of Newburgh. The present building is of fifteenth-century date, and when we saw it, had a very fine wooden roof and a lofty tower with massive buttresses. One of the bells within the tower is said to have been brought from Fountains Abbey, and has the inscription, "JESU 1410." There is a rich open parapet to the tower. In a niche above the large west window is a figure of the Virgin and Child. The porch

has a room over it. On the north side of the chancel we saw a curiously-panelled door, leading to what is called the crypt; this is a room above ground now used as the parish library. A quaint parapet goes round the church, and gargoyles project from the buttresses. The font has an old wooden canopy. There is a little good glass in one of the windows, collected by the late Canon Coates, once Vicar of Thirsk. On the left of the church is the hall, and coming back from this we had a very pretty walk by the Holywell, called the Holms. The light and shade on the little tree-shaded beck were charming on this brilliant August morning.

The pretty village of Sowerby is a sort of suburb to Thirsk; it has many quaint cottages, and we were much amused and interested in the talks we got with some of their occupiers.

We had been told at Thirsk that Helmsley was a charming little out-of-the-way place, and that we should have no difficulty in finding room in one of its inns; when we had toiled up the hot road from the station and reached the town the quaint charm of the place was sufficiently evident.

Its well-to-do-looking chief inn, standing as if to greet the traveller, and its fine church rising from the market-place backed by distant woods, and nearer by some quaint half-timbered houses, make a picture. On the left the gray ruins of the old castle show among

the hanging woods of Duncombe; through the town itself the ever-singing Rye takes its way; in the market-place is a cross erected in memory of the last Lord Feversham. Everything looked quaint and yet well cared for, and seemed to promise us a pleasant holiday-rest in the primitive little town; but when we entered the inn our hopes were met by a severe check.

We learned that there was no room for us either there or in any other inn of the town, and that all the lodgings were let; some great meeting was to take place in a day or two, and every bedroom to be had was engaged. They told us we must even wait to get anything to eat, for just then it was dinner-time, and the inn's rooms were full to overflowing with hungry diners.

The afternoon waxed hotter, and there was no return train to Thirsk for some hours; so while one of our party went to the parsonage to present a letter of introduction, we others rested in the church porch and actually fell asleep there. The vicar of Helmsley took much kind trouble in our behalf, giving us the names of at least a dozen lodgings, but the going in search of these took time, and some hours passed before we could find a resting-place. At last we heard there was room in a small cottage, and thither we went. The mistress, a clean, quaint old woman in a cap with huge frills, told us, "Mah man is out in t' fields; when Ah hev fettled mysen Ah'll go for him." At least this was

what we could understand of her broad dialect, which sounded almost like an unknown tongue. We answered that we wanted something to eat, but at this she put her fingers to her ears and made us understand she was deaf; however, one of us, inspired by hunger, went and bought a slate, and we soon made her understand our wishes; but it was all one to the sturdy Yorkshire woman; she would fettle herself, she would go and fetch her man, and then we should have everything we wanted; meantime we might come in and rest on a small hard sofa and a miserable rickety "easy" chair. I think the other chairs had wooden seats, but the floor, the walls, and the furniture were scrupulously clean, and everything, that could be polished, glistened with brightness. However, she came back after a while and cooked a dinner for us, and when we grew used to her deafness we found her a capital old woman, and her husband, who always waited on us in his shirt-sleeves, and used to set the dinner in a big wooden tray in the middle of the table, was very independent and amusing.

In the evening we sauntered through the town and found our way through the park gates to the ruins of Helmsley Castle, which stand a short distance from the entrance. This was formerly a strong fortress, but was almost demolished by the Parliamentarians in 1644. Helmsley was once possessed by Walter de l'Espec, the founder of Rievaulx, then by Peter de Ros, whose son built a castle here called Castle Fursan. One of the

knights in the Temple Church, London, is the effigy

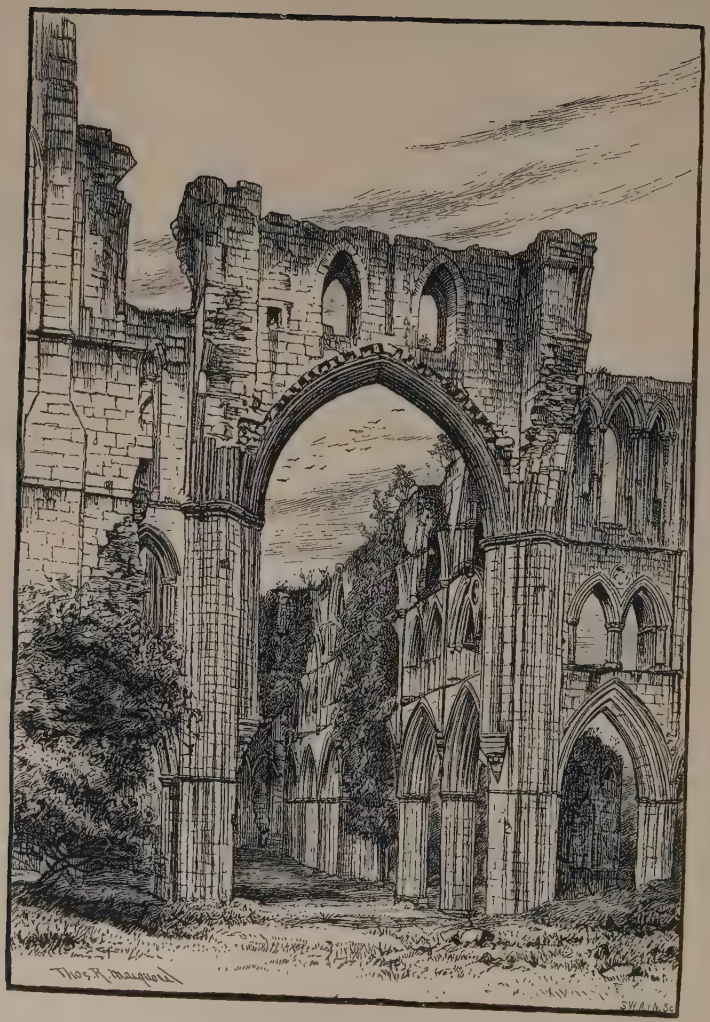
HELMSLEY CASTLE.

of this Robert de Ros, surnamed Fursan. Later on

Helmsley belonged to both of the Villiers, Dukes of Buckingham; the second of these dukes is said to have partially restored the castle when he left the Court, and it became his favourite residence; and here his body was brought from the gabled house at Kirby Moorside where he died, though not in such abject misery as Pope describes.

The arch of the outer gateway of the castle, the walls within this part of the great tower and of some lesser ones, still remain; and in the inner court there is a range of later buildings. A lofty gray tower looks down on the two grassed moats, now cumbered by forest trees which give a pleasant shade: we found the ruins a picturesque and charming place to rest in. The tower was riven from top to bottom by the explosion which destroyed so much of the strong fortress, a record of the wanton destruction of 1644. The Rye goes singing on through the park and past the castle, when the weather is not too dry, on its way from Bilsdale, close by the avenue stretching away from the "House." We did not go into Duncombe House, since our visit partly destroyed by fire; but the terraces and woods overhanging Ryedale are beautiful, although one cannot see from them the lovely hills which are such interesting features from many parts of Helmsley. Indeed, whichever way one looks, this pretty little town is surrounded by charming country, and the walks and drives from it seem inexhaustible; we can look across

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES



RIEVAULX.

the broad Vale of Pickering as far as the Wolds, while between Helmsley and Bilsdale the scenery is yet more romantic.

The most interesting of the drives is of course the excursion to Rievaulx Abbey. We had been enjoying the sunny morning and the very beautiful road, but I shall never forget our first sight of the grand old ruin; suddenly the road turned, and down in the valley below us we saw the hoary abbey in its green nest of wooded hills. It is impossible to describe the beauty of these ruins; they are different from all the other Yorkshire abbeys (except St. Agatha's, Easby), there is no formal trimmed-up look about them: ivy and creeping garlands of greenery fling where they will a rampant growth over the graceful shafts and delicate arches, and the effects of light and shade are bewitching. The choir and transepts of the church and the refectory are all that is left of Walter de l'Espec's foundation. But enough of the building can be traced to show that this was once a splendid monastery, as much an outcome of sorrow and faith as was that of Bolton Abbey, for in 1131 Walter de l'Espec and Adeline his wife had the grief of losing their only son by a fall from his horse.

Sir Walter then resolved to make Christ the heir of at least a part of his lands by founding three monasteries.

First he built a Priory at Kirkham for Augustinian canons on the site of the accident; then he sent to

Clairvaux for a band of Cistercian monks, and placed

EXTERIOR DOORWAY, RIEVAULX.

them in the valley of the Rye or Rievall. Later on he retired to this monastery, and was buried here. His third foundation was in Bedfordshire, the Abbey of Wardon or de Sartis, and this was supplied with monks from Rievall. Walter de l'Espec gave the Abbey of Rievall much land and many rights and privileges in his manor and forest of Helmeslac or Elmeslac, as Helmsley is called in Domesday Book. The first two abbots of Rievall were friends of St. Bernard, but the third, the monk Ælred or Ailred, was the literary abbot of Rievaulx ; he wrote its history. Ailred also founded Melrose Abbey, the first Cistercian community of Scotland. As Walter died without heirs the manor of Helmsley passed to the husband of his youngest sister, Peter de Ros, an ancestor of the Rutlands, and the Rutlands held it until Lady Katherine, daughter and heiress of the sixth Earl of Rutland, married George Villiers.

Of the nave of the church at Rievaulx only the foundations remain. We entered the ruins under a lofty graceful arch which connects the choir with the transept. The choir has aisles on each side divided into seven bays, the pointed arches supported by piers with clustered engaged columns ; the ornaments and foliage on some of the brackets above are still remarkable ; the triforium has double arches in pairs enclosed in a circular arch, with a quatrefoil in the spandrel of the end nearest the transept. In both transepts the triforium arches are more acutely pointed than those in

the choir itself; some of the triple-headed clerestory windows are especially graceful, each arch supported by clustered columns with tooth moulding between; in some places where the columns have been broken away the moulding remains; a gallery runs along from arch to arch.

At the end of each of the transepts are three lofty lancet windows reaching from the level of the triforium to the top of the clerestory. Here and there among the gray stones tufts of golden ragwort and long grass have niched themselves, and ivy climbs wherever it can get a hold on the crumbling walls.

The chancel steps still remain encumbered by earth. Above the place where the altar stood is a double row of three lancet windows tapestried with ivy. In the north transept towards the nave there is part of the original church, lighted by four splayed circular-headed windows with a lancet arcade above. Only one portion of roof is left at the end of the south transept, and some stone vaulting ribs remain entire; there is also a turret, in which is a staircase. This is a most prosaic version of these beautiful remains; no words can render the exquisite charm of the scene; the pearly gray stone seems to gem the green valley, while at every moment we got glimpses of beauty, either of the woods around through some graceful archway, or of exquisite effects of light and shade in the abbey itself.

Standing near the altar outside the wall we got a

charming view through the clustered columns of what is said to be the circular-headed arcade of the dormitory and of the lancet windows of the refectory, through which the light showed golden; the flying buttresses

ENTRANCE TO THE REFECTORY.

of the choir add a special fairy-like feature to the ruin. West of where the nave has been we found traces of the cloister court, and rambling among the weeds and briars which mask the ruins, we came into the refectory

by a lovely trefoil-headed doorway. This must have been a splendid hall of 125 feet long; the walls and lancet windows still remain, and we made out the recess for the reading pulpit. Fragments of the stone vaulting ribs show where the upper floor came; beyond are traces of the abbot's buildings. It seemed to us that if the ruins were carefully excavated the rest of the monastic buildings might be brought to light; but this excavation might destroy the present exquisite charm of Rievaulx—its wild, untrimmed aspect amidst the hills above the Rye. Certainly it is the most beautiful of the Cistercian abbeys, and, although the first erected, is far richer than the rest in its remains of sculptured ornament. In some ways the position of Rievaulx is like that of Bolton, except that the Rye is inferior in beauty to the Wharfe, and that this abbey has not the advantage of perfect loneliness: one longs to remove the unsightly cottages close to the walls which are built with the stones of the abbey. It is said that all the houses round show traces of this cruel spoliation. While one of our party sketched, the rest of us climbed up to the terrace and rested in the wooded shade; the view of the ruins through the trees is enchanting; one could dream away a long summer day enjoying this perfect scene.

But at last we came down to a farmhouse below, where they gave us a delicious Yorkshire tea; and then we had a delightful drive home in the even-

ing. The sun was setting over the valley, and as we reached the turn in the steep road we had to mount, the lofty bank on each side framed in a lovely triangular picture, half veiled by prismatic vapour; one wooded hill rose behind another in soft purple lines; when we reached the top the view opened widely, the horizon was bounded by a wide sweep of moor flooded with golden light, a few green bushes and some busily cropping sheep standing out in the foreground.

There are other beautiful dales in this neighbourhood — Bilsdale, whence we heard the view was very fine, Riccalldale, and others. There is a walk nearer at hand leading to Beckdale and following the course of a little beck, which also runs through Helmsley. Leaving the little chattering stream, we climbed the steep bank, and then crossed a broad stretch of waste till we reached the edge of an oak wood. We got some grateful shade here, for, though the trees stood some way apart, the broad branches stretched across till one met the other. Behind us lay the town, buried out of sight in the valley, only betraying its existence by wreaths of blue smoke, among which are the tower and roof of the church. Dark lines of pine-trees stretched east and west; behind rose the slope of the hills, glowing on one side with yellow corn, while on the other was a range of purple moorland. Beyond all stretched interminable woods, veils of mist showing where the dales came between. From the wood we

crossed a hilly field and reached another wood, where we had to walk carefully, for tall ash and beech trees sent out massive roots across the narrow track.

All at once we heard the little beck singing below us, and we knew we were in the right track; the winding path turned abruptly and began to descend. Through the tree trunks we saw that we were approaching the edge of the bank overhanging the stream, and that we were still some way above it; but we were leaving the wood now, and the path was smoother. Very soon we reached a green meadow at the foot of the hill; it was darker down here, and looked later than it really was. Through a gap in the hedge that bordered the meadow we saw a plank laid across the beck, and crossing this we found ourselves in the dale itself.

The stream went winding on, dwindling sometimes to a narrow line, between low, gravel-edged banks; large stones showed red and brown through the clear water, and graceful ash-trees bent over it from the hedge—a hedge backed by the steep hill we had come down. Before we had nearly reached the end of the dale the sun sank behind this hill, and a breeze stirred the water below into gray rippled patches, in vivid contrast with the reflections from the still glowing sky. Just where the dale broadened a steeply-rising wood opposite made the place a charming green valley apparently without an end.

Suddenly we came upon the signs of a school treat;

there had evidently been a plentiful tea, judging by the supply of cake that remained on the table-cloth spread on the grass. The children had scattered themselves so widely that we thought it would not be easy for the gentle-looking schoolmistress and the teachers to recall them. One bright-eyed group of girls was swinging on the ash-boughs ; others had climbed into the wood and were playing hide-and-seek, their shouts of merry laughter sounded among the trees ; baskets full of wild-flowers lay about on the grass, and two gipsy-looking girls were washing their feet in the beck, screened by a projecting tree trunk at the bend of the little stream ; they were evidently afraid of being caught. But the trees now looked dark and massive, and the grass had toned down to a deep olive,—it was wonderfully smooth to walk on,—and through it the beck went babbling on, sometimes by a sudden curve making its way almost to the centre of the dale and then again retreating beside the hedge. In some places the heat had so shrunk the rivulet that it ran only like a silver thread. On the hill-top the clear yellow sky showed behind a fence of dried furze and twigs ; we felt that we must walk fast to get back to Helmsley by daylight.

Next day we drove to the village of Nunnington, so called from an ancient nunnery which is said to have stood on the site of the old hall. Leaving the river, we drove up under the shady and splendid avenue

of sycamores to the top of the Caulkley Hills. There is a grand view across the moors as far as Cleveland, while to the east we were told we could see across the Vale of Pickering almost as far as to the sea-coast.

NUNNINGTON CHURCH.

On the top of this ridge, some hundreds of feet above the valley, is Nunnington Church—old and gray, with a low crenelated tower—sheltered by a screen of tall fir-trees. These old thin scraggy trees, set north and west, within a loosely-piled stone fence round the churchyard, give a weird, haunted look to the place. This weirdness seems in keeping with the ghost stories told about the old hall in the valley below; the tall

trees hold aloof from their surroundings, and seem to be gazing at the long range of hills across the river. Outside the stone fence is a farmyard, and opposite its large white gate, through which some brown and white cows were going in for milking, are two cottages, each with thatched roof and low wide lattices. Over one of the doors the large blossoms of a white convolvulus made a graceful frame, stirred by every breeze. Beyond the farmyard a red brick gable shows through the branches of the orchard, while far away right and left stretch golden corn-land varied with strips of hedge-bordered meadow. This is backed by woodland ; and then again golden cornfields and pasture-land are tipped by a stretch of purple-brown moorland crested by the line of Hambleton Hills, purple almost to blackness to-day in the glowing afternoon light.

Within the church we saw some quaint monuments, especially one of a cross-legged knight near a large carved oak pew. We asked the old man who showed us the church if he could tell us the legend of the ghost at the old hall, but the question seemed to trouble him.

"Ah knaws nowt aboot 'em," he said. I repeated my inquiry ; and then, looking over his shoulder, he whispered : "There's t' rastlin, t' skirts rastlin," and hurried away as if he had committed a crime.

There is one very quaint epitaph—"Here lie the remains of one Thomas Jackson, who was born at

Thornton-in-the-Shed, near Thirsk, was bred at Black Hamilton, and crowned with laurels at New Market. He died worn out in the service of his friends, Feb. 2, 1766, aged 62."

Looking across behind the farmyard we saw a green sloping meadow covered with gray and white geese; and some way beyond this came a closely-trimmed holly hedge; above it rose the white gables of the parsonage, framed by the fruit-laden trees of its orchard, with a background of distant hills. From the parsonage there must be a fine view of these purple hills, for the ground goes down from it steeply to the old hall beside the river. We gazed at this parsonage with deep interest, for we knew that Annie Keary, the gifted author of *Castle Daly* and so many other charming books, had passed some of her childhood in this house when her father was vicar of Nunnington.

From the church the road goes down so steeply through the village that we left our carriage and walked down the picturesque, straggling street. The quaint houses are perched on a high grassed bank on either side; some of them have gardens in front ended by a stiff box hedge clipped into a formal arch over the gate, from which a flight of steps leads down into the roadway. On the left stands another farm with a huge walnut-tree overshadowing the road, and before us at the foot of the descent is the Rye with its bridge and the far-off line of hills.

Nunnington Hall is to the right beside the river, and we crossed the bridge so as to get a better view of it. We wished to see the interior, as we had heard of the old staircase, and of the tapestry, and of a certain room hung with painted leather and supposed to be haunted; but the person we asked about it shook his head. "In Sir Bellingham Graham's time," he said, "'twas different—ah, he was a foine man—he used to drive up to London four-in-hand—but these fooaks is away fra t' Hall."

The old house looks weird and dreary, a heavy gray building with two wings projecting towards the river; in front a neglected lawn, swept in the centre by the drooping branches of a cedar, and at the sides by large trees which partly hide the house itself. The river runs darkly and swiftly past the low wall, which forms a sort of curved terrace; brambles fling their arms over this to the edge of the water, and willow-trees standing in a group dip their leaves in deeply, and give a dark damp look to the corners formed by the ends of the wall, one of which is completely hidden by the pendent boughs. To-day there is no sign of life, not even smoke rising from the chimneys; the lonely old house seems a fitting haunt for the spirit of the "Proud Lady."

Years ago a lord of Nunnington was left a widower with an only son, and he married a fair young wife; but she was as proud as she was beautiful, and she

hated her stepson. When her baby was born she hated the stepson still more, and she wished for his death. Her husband died, and then she was very cruel to the boy. But the story is best told, as far as may be, as Annie Keary tells it in her delightful child's book, *Mia and Charlie*, the scene of which is laid at Nunnington.

"She (the Proud Lady) loved the little boy very much, and wanted to have all the land and money for him, and for that reason she hated her stepson. . . . Every one knew this, and pitied the poor eldest son, but they dared not help him, or speak kindly to him, for they all feared the Proud Lady.

"She kept a strict watch over every one. The sound of her step was never heard as she moved about, she trod so lightly, only the rustle of her silk gown; for she always dressed in silks and satins while her stepson had scarcely food to eat or warm clothes to wear. The only one who dared to comfort the poor lad was his little brother, and he loved him very dearly. Whenever he could get away from his mother he used to steal up to the painted leather room, the room in which the eldest boy was shut up by himself, and take him cakes and playthings. One day when he went up the painted room was empty—the brother was gone—no one knows how he got away or where he went. It is thought he must have run away to the sea-coast, and got on board some ship and been drowned. At all events, he was never heard of afterwards. The Proud

Lady was glad; but the little boy was very sorry; no one could comfort him.

"They used to tell him how he was a great lord now, and had money and lands; but he always said he did not care for that; he wanted nothing but his brother. He never would believe that his brother had really gone away. He used to go up and down the oak stairs a great many times every day, and walk round and round the leather room, and call for his brother out of the window. . . . At last one evening he leaned too far out of the window to see if his brother was coming, and he fell out, and his poor little head was dashed to pieces on the gravel walk. After that the Proud Lady was never happy again; . . . she would sit still for hours talking in a low voice to herself; and every now and then she used to jump up and hurry up the oak staircase as if she were looking for something, and go into the painted room, and look out of the window on to the place where her son was killed; then she would sigh deeply and walk slowly back, and five minutes after she would do all this again. At last she died too, and quite different people came to live in the house—but—often even now at night the rustle of the Proud Lady's dress is heard as she hurries up the stair, and she has been seen to open the door of the leather room, and look out of the broken window, and then a faint rustling of silk is heard as she goes slowly away."

The stone bridge close to the Hall has three arches,

and just beyond it the river broadens to make room for a tree-covered islet. Beyond this is a narrow wooden bridge, and close by is the old mill. It seemed to us that in such a lovely place, with such an outlook over the surrounding country, the hall had been built in the dampest, though perhaps the most sheltered, corner of the village, for it is surrounded by thick trees.

There is a railway station at Nunnington, about a mile from the village, but as yet its proximity does not appear to have disturbed the primitive old place. There used to be, and perhaps there still is, a rooted belief in witches in this and in other parts of Yorkshire. If a cow was sick the wise woman of the parish was consulted, and usually her verdict was that the "coo" had been bewitched. It was openly said that the witch had taken a "coo's heart" and stuck it full of pins, and unless this charm could be reversed the cow must die. So lately as forty years ago, as has been already said, this tale was gravely told as a truth by a respectable farmer to the vicar of Nunnington.

There is also a legend connected with Helmsley, but it was not so tragical in its results as the story of Nunnington Hall. It is said that many years ago the lord of the manor, an ancestor of the present Lord Feversham, riding one day home to Duncombe, saw a girl in a sun-bonnet swinging to and fro on the gate of the park. He reined up his horse, and as she swung he heard her sing these words to herself:—

"It may so happen, it may so fall,
That Ah may be laady o' Duncombe Hall."

Then she turned and showed the wondering squire the prettiest face he had ever seen. He fell headlong in love with the beautiful face. The girl was about fourteen, and he persuaded her parents to send her to school at his expense for several years; when she returned to her home well educated and more lovely still he married her—and made her mistress of Duncombe.

The air at Helmsley is singularly pure and bracing, and this, combined with the beauty of the place and its surroundings, made us linger there. So much that is interesting can be easily reached from Helmsley that it seemed to us a good centre from which to visit this part of Yorkshire.

One morning we started by train for Coxwold, which is only a few miles off. The village here is singularly charming; the yellow road mounts to it, shaded on each side by trees, and nearly at the end of the village it takes a curve just where an enormous elm-tree stands out on the pathway. Beyond is the church, and not far from this we came to the long one-storied, white-washed house, with gables at each end and tall chimneys, called Shandy Hall (Shandy in the dialect of this country stands for crazy), where Laurence Sterne wrote the *Sentimental Journey* and part of *Tristram Shandy*. He lived for seven years at "Coxwould," as he writes it. He says in his letter dated June 1767: "I am as

happy as a prince at Coxwould, and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live—'tis a land of plenty. I sit down alone to venison, fish, and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks with curds and strawberries and cream, and all the plenty which a rich

SHANDY HALL, THE HOUSE OF LAURENCE STERNE.

valley (under Hamilton Hills) can produce—with a clean cloth on my table, and a bottle of wine on my right hand, and I drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard, and not a parishioner catches a hare, or a rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me . . . I am in high spirits; care never enters this cottage. I take the air every day in my post-chaise, with two long-tailed post-horses, they turn out good ones; and as to myself, I think I am better upon the whole."

He seems, however, to have tired of his seclusion, for in the following August he writes: "I sit here alone, as solitary and sad as a tom-cat, which, by the bye, is all the company I keep; he follows me from the parlour to the kitchen, into my garden, and every place."

We were shown the parlour in which he wrote the *Sentimental Journey* and part of *Tristram Shandy:* it has small windows, and outside is a narrow garden. On each side of the panelled entrance-door are old variegated holly-trees which perhaps stood there in the days of Yorick. Certainly the surroundings must have been very soothing to a worn-out invalid; all around are hills of varied tints, green and then gold with ripened corn, and sometimes dark with thick woods. We wondered if the rustics of Coxwould understood his sermons; but Sterne seems to have been popular with his neighbours, and with his squire at Newburgh Park, the interesting manor-house with its memorials of Cromwell built on the ruins of the famous priory founded in 1145 by Roger de Mowbray. The historian William of Newburgh was one of the Augustinian canons who dwelt at Newburgh. Inside the church are some fine monuments; one to Thomas Belasyse, Earl Fauconberg, "ambassador to Venice," son-in-law of Oliver Cromwell, also a courtier; he seems to have been as easy-conscienced as the Vicar of Bray: the date of this monument is 1700. One, older still,

is dated 1603, a most singular erection; at the base of it the mason has carved his own record:

"Thomas Browne Did Carve this Tome
Himself alone of Hesselwood Stone."

The bosses of the roof of this church are quaint and original.

The inn is a primitive place, but we got luncheon there, although provisions are not so good or plentiful as they were in Sterne's time, for we were asked to choose between tough beefsteak and a ham which had seen better days; and when we asked for a carriage we were told we could have a "gig" and a pony—the days of "long-tailed post-horses" had evidently gone by.

The gig was only supposed to hold two, but we three managed to squeeze into it, and the boy who drove us perched himself on the step at the risk of being flung into the road. The road was so bad, and the jolts were so numerous, that it was wonderful he escaped, but we soon reached the old gray ruin of Byland, which, indeed, is within a short walk of Coxwold.

The best view of Byland Abbey is through the ruined gatehouse at some little distance, but we drove up at once to the west front, which must have been very fine with its three varied doorways. The central doorway is trefoil-headed, under a pointed arch enriched with tooth ornament; between the mouldings withered ivy sprays add additional decoration. On each side

are smaller doorways, that on the south being much older in style than the other; over it is a narrow deeply-splayed Norman window. Above the central doorway is a grand row of windows, three tall lancets richly ornamented and deeply recessed, with a smaller lancet arch between each light. Still higher are the remains of what has been a magnificent rose window. The capitals of the shafts at each doorway vary. Some are plain and square, while others are carved. The walls of the north aisle, transept, and chancel are still standing up to some height, and there are remains of the south side of the church. It stands on a plateau of high ground, screened from the north by the range of Hambleton Hills. The eastern wall has been pierced with lancet windows of severe style, deeply splayed. The south wall of the chancel shows the remains of galleries both in triforium and clerestory. In the transept we saw a few sculptured capitals of admirable workmanship. The east windows are long, circular-headed, and deeply splayed. There seems to have been little attempt made at Byland in the way of excavation; the ground within the ruins is broken and rough, and weeds and ivy are rampant everywhere. In 1818, however, a stone coffin was discovered full of perfect human bones, said to be those of Roger de Mowbray.

Roger de Mowbray, the founder of no fewer than thirty-five monasteries, founded Byland Abbey, at the

request of his mother, Gundreda, in 1143. Nine years before, thirteen monks (the number sent forth was always thirteen, in memory of our Lord and his Apostles) from Furness Abbey had begun to build a monastery at Calder, on some land granted by Roger de Meschines, Earl of Chester and Cumberland. But the Scots drove the monks from their home, and they found the gates of Furness closed against them. In their distress the houseless monks and their abbot, Gerold, applied for help to Archbishop Thurstan, whose goodness to the monks of Fountains had been bruited abroad. Thurstan gave the abbot letters to Roger de Mowbray, afterwards the famous crusader, but he being a minor, his mother, Gundreda, established the brethren at Hode with a hermit who had once been a monk at Whitby. Here Gundreda supported them till her son came of age and granted them some land to build on. But the situation of the land he gave them was found unsuitable, and Roger granted to the monks, out of his mother's dower-lands, the site called Old Byland. They stayed here five years, and then finding themselves too near the sound of Rievaulx bells, De Mowbray granted them another site, where they built a small church, a cloister, and some houses. In 1177 they began to build the present abbey, and removed there as soon as the splendid pile was completed.

The monks of Byland seem to have been rich in privileges. Pope Alexander II. released them from the

obligation of paying tithes on such lands as they owned or rented. Gregory II. decreed that they need not pay tithes on the produce of their own mines; and other

BYLAND ABBEY.

Popes confirmed these rights. King Henry II. loved this abbey, and gave the monks and their dependants entire freedom from tolls "in all cities, boroughs, markets, fairs, bridges, and ports in England and Nor-

mandy;" and his grandson, Henry III., entitled the monks of Byland to have secular jurisdiction in their manors of Sutton and Clifton in Yorkshire, and of Wardcop in Westmoreland.

At the Dissolution the abbot and monks seem to have received pensions. But the abbey was plundered, the lead was stripped from the roof, and, with the seven bells and 516 ounces of plate, was sold for the king's use. Many houses in the village are built of stones taken from the ruin, but enough of it remains to show that it was once a splendid building, apparently built at about one period, for round-headed arches, lancets, and tooth ornament are the prevailing features of its remains.

We drove back to the quaint inn at Coxwold, and thence went by train to Gilling to see the castle. This pretty village is pleasantly placed at the mouth of a valley through which flows a beck, and is so surrounded by trees that the castle is not visible from a distance though it stands on a height above the village. The church has been admirably restored, and is full of interest in the way of monuments and architecture; there is one very remarkable tomb of a knight, name unknown, of the Decorated period.

After seeing the church we climbed the hill to the castle. This is a fine old dwelling, once possessed by the Mowbrays, but since the time of Henry VII. it has been the property of the Fairfaxes; the eastern and oldest part is said to have existed in Plantagenet times,

and is highly picturesque. Its present occupant—a member of the Fairfax family—is most kind and courteous in permitting strangers free access to the castle, even to the rooms inhabited by the family. At first we hesitated to go in; but the housekeeper saw us looking up at the house, and coming forward she told us we were welcome to see the interior, which was freely shown to strangers. The great dining-hall is very fine, with an oriel at one corner of it, from which is an extensive view over the country. The windows here are of sixteenth-century painted glass with shields and coats of arms; the panels of this hall are carved and inlaid, and are painted above in colour with armorial trees; these bear the arms of every family of note in each wapentake of the country in the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Some part of the castle dates from Edward I., some is Tudor, and some was built by Sir John Vanbrugh.

But though Gilling Castle itself is full of interest and most picturesque, its gardens give it a crowning charm; the house is built at the top of a steep hill, and these gardens are formed on five terraces, one above another, dazzlingly gay on this evening with roses, geraniums, and blue lobelia, and crowned with the old gray walls; from these terraces we got a most exquisite view over Ryedale. Gorgeous peacocks stood on the terraces or walked up and down with tails outspread. We were unwilling to leave this exquisite

retreat; it seemed a place to spend days in, for every moment we discovered fresh beauties. But evening was close at hand, so we went slowly down hill into the quiet village, and got some tea and Yorkshire cakes and fruit at the little inn; and then as soon as the train came up we went back to Helmsley.

There is very much to see around the charming little town—beautiful country and interesting ruins, etc. Kirkdale Church, with its very ancient sun-dial; the famous Cave, and the dales near it, are worth visiting; and then there is Malton, not far off by rail; Old Malton, an ancient Roman settlement, where many treasures have been found, and near New Malton stood Malton Priory, part of which still exists in the parish church.

Though we did not stay at Malton, we went by rail thence to Pickering. Not far from Malton we said good-bye to the lovely Rye, which, joined by Pickering Beck, runs into the Derwent going south, and falls into the Ouse near Selby.

The town of Pickering looks quaint but not very interesting. The ruins of the castle seem to be of some extent, and we learned that inside the church were some curious old tombs, one of which, with two recumbent figures, is pointed out as the monument of "John of Gaunt and his wife." Pickering makes a good station for visiting the country around it, and its beck seems to connect it at either end with some of the most interesting parts of Yorkshire.

We had heard so much of the beauty of this bit of railway through the Vale of Pickering that we were a little disappointed; the scenery is very like some part of the Ardennes, but on a smaller scale and less interesting; still, the colour on the hills is very fine, and every now and then, at a turn in the road, we come upon exquisite bits of distance. Doubtless it is a country to be explored, not to be seen only from the railway, for Pickering Vale runs through some of the loveliest parts of the country, stretching as it does from Coxwold, at the foot of the Hambleton Hills, to Filey, on the coast near Scarborough.

Not far from Levisham station are the famous Cawthorn camps, four in number, through which the Roman road passed to Dunsby Wyke.

At a short distance from the Roman camps is the old Norman church of Lastingham, so mutilated and desecrated to gratify the vanity of the painter Jackson that one can only wonder such Vandalism should have been permitted. Jackson seems to have been much thought of by Whitby people of those days, and in 1835 he was allowed to carry out a design for "repairing and beautifying" this curious and ancient church. To display the altar-piece he painted for the church—only a copy of Correggio's "Christ in the Garden"—he destroyed the ancient apse. Doubtless the painter believed that his work would be more edifying than the venerable architecture, some of which may have been

in existence before the destruction of the ancient church visited by Bede. Happily the crypt, an excellent specimen of Norman work, escaped this sad mutilation.

Between Pickering and Levisham station the high grassy banks open frequently into picturesque gorges, showing exquisite bits of distance beyond them. We longed to penetrate into some of the glens thus suddenly revealed. The moor on either side was red with heather, and with the orange brown of the bracken and the brilliant green and soft olive of the patches of turf, made a glow of colour on both sides of the line of railway which literally seems to wind beside the beck. This is the loveliest part of the journey: the valley through which Levisham Beck flows is charmingly wild and full of colour. We have lofty banks broken by lateral valleys; next come bare cliffs, half clothed here and there with bramble and gorse. After this there is bare moorland, in colour brilliant green, suggestive of bogs; rich stripes of purple heather varying it now and then. Before we reach Grosmont we see the richly-wooded valley of the Esk, and the country is pretty and varied; next we pass the far-stretching moors at Sleights, and in a few moments more we are at Whitby.

CHAPTER XII.

WHITBY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

A GRAY sea coming slowly in, in long white rollers that break on the sand; the great stretch of bay is ended by a point of cliff, its broken side telling how the sea has encroached on it, and how short a past or future have the tufts of grass niched in its hollows. More than one of these broken points projects out into the deep sand-fringed curve and breaks it into a succession of smaller bays, each with their stretch of tawny sand and foam; this is north-west of the river's mouth, for the Esk on its way to the sea divides Whitby in two: the east cliff crowned by its ruined abbey, and the west cliff covered with modern houses, with foreground of sands and bathers and far-stretching pier. Standing on this west cliff we see the green heights opposite, with the brown ruined abbey, and just below it the square tower of the old gray church. In front of the abbey comes a low range of red-roofed buildings, and lower down, hanging on the side of the steep hill, is the old

town of Whitby, with its mingling of red and slated roofs hemmed in between the busy harbour and the cliff.

Beyond the old church, built on a projecting spur,

WHITBY HARBOUR.

the cliff ends abruptly, going down straight till it projects in another spur on a level with the steep street that takes its way through the old town. Some way below this spur a wooden staircase, that literally hangs in the air, leads to the east pier. At low tide one passes under this staircase to the Scar, a hard broad pavement of lias, famed for the sea treasures to be found there. The cliff is higher here, and gorgeous in colour, opening now into dark caves, now projecting in glowing headlands ; a tempting walk for sea-lovers, but full of danger,

for the tide creeps up silently by small channels among the stones and rocks, and we heard that often a boat has to be put out to rescue unwary loiterers on the Scar cut off by the hungry sea—for no one could hope to climb the face of the cliff. Between the staircase in the air and an inner pier or bar across the harbour there is a sandy strand below the green hillside with its sprinkling of red-topped cottages, and here at low tide the Whitby washerwomen stretch clothes to dry.

Looking on to the harbour, the town, veiled in smoke, chiefly caused by herring-kippering, reaches for some distance; green hills show above the forest of masts in the inner harbour closed by the bridge; far away are the boundless moors which once made Whitby an almost inaccessible town, scarcely to be reached except by sea.

It is very curious to think that although as early as the fourteenth century one hears of a herring fishery at Whitby, the place was till a hundred and thirty years ago practically separated from the rest of England by the absence of roads. "Till the year 1751 all the roads about Whitby lay in a state of nature, rough, rugged, and uneven; it was dangerous for a man on horseback to come into the town in the winter season—but more so for any loaded carriage then to approach the place. . . . In 1759 a design was formed to join Whitby to the other parts of England by turnpiking the post road that led from thence over those great moors which lie to

the southward thereof, so that passengers now ventured to pass over the moors without fear or danger, where no stranger before that time durst ever presume to come without a guide." So Lionel Charlton, "teacher of the mathematics," wrote a hundred years ago. It is perhaps a consequence of this long-continued isolation that Whitby and its inhabitants are still so primitive, and set such an unlimited value on the importance and beauty of their town and its surroundings. And they may be justly proud of the position of the town, built on each side of the deep valley through which the Esk runs swiftly to the sea, of the fine old abbey which crowns the east cliff, and of the neighbouring country.

About the middle of the seventh century there dwelt in this region a prince named Henerick and his virtuous wife Berewick. They took refuge from some outbreak at the court of the British king Cerdic, where Henerick was murdered. Before the birth of her second child Berewick dreamt that she was seeking her husband, and feeling weary sat down to rest. All at once she spied a light under her cloak, and drawing the cloak aside she beheld a luminous jewel, which shone forth not only over the place she was in, but spread its beams over the whole island of Britain. She told her dream, and it was interpreted to relate to her coming infant. In due time a daughter was born to her, who was baptized Hilda. The child grew fair and saintly, and after due training became superior of a convent at Hartlepool,

where her life soon established her reputation for sanctity. In 658 either she or Oswy, king of Northumbria, secured this land, then called Streonshalh, in Saxon "Tower on

WHITBY ABBEY.

the Strand," and built there a monastery for Benedictine monks and nuns in honour of St. Peter. Hilda and the infant princess Æthelfleda, entrusted to her care by King Oswy, removed here from Hartlepool with a com-

pany of nuns. Hilda's abbey was built on the top of the lofty cliff at some distance from the sea, but the waves have little by little so encroached on the hard rock that now one side of the abbey is near the verge of the precipice, and exposed to all the fury of the fierce gales of the North Sea. In its position Whitby Abbey carries out the saying,

> "Bernard loved the valley,
> And Benedict the hill;"

so strangely does its exposed position contrast with the wooded nests of the Cistercians—Fountains, Rievaulx Jervaux, etc.

But when they took possession of their new dwellings the nuns and their abbess were sorely plagued; for they found that the rocks were infested by snakes, and that these loathsome reptiles were perpetually crawling around and about their steps. Hilda was greatly troubled, but she prayed that the snakes might be made to crawl down the rocks never to return to the abbey. Her prayer was granted, and the snakes fell on their heads on the rocks, and their bodies were turned into stones, supposed to be the ammonites so frequently found imbedded in the cliffs, and hence called St. Hilda's stones.

The abbey seems at once to have become famous. The saintly reputation of its foundress spread all over the land, like the light of her mother's jewel, and St.

Peter's Abbey, as it was then called, was chosen as the place for the famous synod which settled the dispute respecting the time for observing Easter, between the Culdees, who held thereon the teaching of St. John and the Eastern Church, and were represented by Bishop Colman and others; and the disciples of St. Augustine, the apostle of the Southern Saxons, who, in the persons of Agilbert and St. Wilfrid of Ripon, enforced the teaching of Rome and of St. Peter. Oswy, king of Northumbria, and the Abbess Hilda held with the Culdees. Finally Wilfrid's eloquence prevailed; the present law of observance was established, and the monastery was resorted to by all illustrious persons, saintly, highly-gifted, and royal. Streonshalh itself, however, remained unknown for many centuries—it is not named in Domesday Book, though Egton and some neighbouring villages are therein mentioned. Hilda's sanctity attested itself by other miracles besides the petrified snakes; sea-fowl in full flight paused and drooped when they reached the abbey, and fell to the ground in attempting to fly over it. In *Marmion* this is spoken of, and Drayton says—

> "Over this attractive earth there may no wild goose fly,
> But presently they fall from off their wings to earth;
> If this no wonder be, where is there wonder found?
> Thereat may ye more behold
> Snakes that in their natural gyves are up together rolled."

Cædmon, the first British poet, is said to have been

inspired with his gift within the abbey walls, and for more than two hundred years all was prosperous. Then the fierce Vikings—Hubba and his companions—sailed across the sea; they had heard of the fame of the abbey. They landed at the mouth of the Esk, and, scaling the rocks, burned the monastery—probably a wooden building—plundered it, and destroyed all living souls. For two hundred years more the place lay ruined, and the name of Streonshalh was forgotten. The land near the abbey was called first Presteby, or the house of priests, and then Whitby, for which more than one derivation is given. After the Conquest the abbey was rebuilt by Reinfred, who had been one of William the Conqueror's soldiers, but who, having become a monk, desired to restore the devastated ruins to the worship and glory of God; this second dedication seems only to have been for monks, and the new abbey was called St. Hilda's. The abbots' book tells how great troubles seem to have come upon the brethren; pirates from the sea and robbers from the land attacked them, plundering the abbey, and even carrying some of the monks into captivity. But in the beginning of the twelfth century peace appears to have been restored, and in the time of the fourth abbot, Richard, about the middle of the century, the buildings were greatly enlarged and beautified.

On December 14, 1539, the last abbot, Henry de Vall, and his eighteen monks resigned their monastery to Henry VIII. Then the building was stripped of

everything that could be turned into money, and left for the wind to work its will on. The monastery has perished, but a considerable part of the abbey church still remains, and shows how splendid it must have been. The rich browns of the stone make it yet more picturesque, and the views framed in by its ruined windows are very striking. Near it is a gloomy, haunted-looking house called Whitby Hall, said to have been built of the stones of the abbey.

The view from this interesting old ruin is very grand. The cliff on which it stands is 250 feet high, and goes down almost perpendicularly to the Scar below, while right and left the coast stretches away in a series of bold headlands or nabs, rich in geological wonders. At low water one sees that the Scar—as the flat slabs of lias are called—is not always flat; farther out are cruel and dangerous-looking rocks, and on one of these brown monsters the ship bearing the abbey bells—which were, says Charlton, "very noble and antique"—is supposed to have foundered. The bells were on their way to London, but no tidings came of their arrival; and sometimes, when the gale is tearing so fiercely round the Nab that no fishing-boat dares leave the harbour, old fishermen have heard from beneath the waves the sound of the drowned abbey bells.

Turning away from the sea, the moors stretch out as far as we can see, at first in a flat range, a continuance of the abbey plain; then the country is varied

with dark hills, sometimes wooded, but oftener purple and brown with heather, as the moor stretches on to Fylingdales, which, with all the intervening country, under the name of Whitby Strand, once belonged to the Abbot of St. Hilda's.

A little way down the cliff is the parish church, nestling against its side ; this church is said to be older than the abbey, but it is so encrusted with galleries, and defaced by monuments, whitewash, and padded pews, that one considers it more as a curiosity than as a church. Cholmley's gallery cuts off the chancel, and is supported by twisted pillars with a row of very fat cherubim as entablature ; in front of it the clock keeps up a ghastly tick-tack. The chancel, floored over to reach the aforesaid gallery, makes a kind of tunnel to the altar. The pews are wonderful to see, lined with green and red baize in all stages, some fresh, some in decay, while the brass nails that stud them may be counted by thousands ; but faded and worm-eaten though they be, the pews are carefully covered up with old cloths between Sunday and Sunday. Windows and sky-lights break out in unexpected places, wherever the wall is not covered with tablets, or with tablet-frames with texts painted in them ; yet in corners, especially on the south walls, one comes on a splayed Norman window or a bit of early moulding. It is evident from Charlton's account that the church was in much the same state in his time.

The view from the churchyard is very interesting, and more varied than that from the abbey, for it overlooks the meeting of the river with the sea far below. From it we come down the long flight of straggling steps "worn by the feet of generations," steps which seem to hang in air between the church and the town below, and remind us of Mont St. Michel in Normandy ; only here, at every landing-place, is a bench where one can rest and gaze down on the busy harbour or the broad North Sea. These are the steps that Sylvia Robson climbed on the day she made acquaintance with the speck-sioneer over his dead comrade's grave. The touching, idyllic book, *Sylvia's Lovers*, seems to give an added charm to Whitby ; as we come down the long street which leads through this old part of the town to the bridge across the Esk we find ourselves constantly talking of Sylvia. Just here, at the shop near the bridge, she bought that red duffel cloak in defiance of Philip's warning ; here, too, she saw the fatal struggle between the newly-landed sailors, eager to meet their wives and sweethearts, and the pressgang waiting to seize them.

The hardihood and daring of the Whitby men were well known, and sailors from the crews of the whaling vessels were eagerly sought after in the terrible days when men were made to fight for their country against their will. Charlton says : "The genius of the inhabitants of Whitby has a most surprising turn for

the sea ; children as soon as they are capable of action endeavour to get upon the water, to handle an oar, to manage the sails of a boat, and to steer. Hence it comes to pass that, when they are sent to sea at the age of thirteen or fourteen, they are more than half sailors."

These Whitby men are fine-looking fellows, highly picturesque in their yellow oilskin head-coverings and leggings, as well as in their blue jerseys ; but the women have a coarse seafaring aspect, and one can imagine how flower-like the beauty of Sylvia Robson must have seemed compared with the hard-featured lasses one now sees on the Staithes. The tale on which Mrs. Gaskell founded her *Sylvia's Lovers* was true so far as regarded the execution of Sylvia's father, but doubtless many tragedies connected with the pressgang have been enacted on the quays of the busy little town ; we heard one, the truth of which was vouched for, and which happened within the memory of people now living.

In one of the glens running up from the sea between Whitby and Robin Hood's Bay there lived a farmer named Mossburn and his wife and their two daughters. These two sisters, both pretty and virtuous maidens, were beloved by two brothers engaged in the Greenland fishery ; they had "fancied" one another before the last voyage, but the young men had not then ventured to speak, for the farmer was a well-to-do man, and not likely to give his daughters in marriage without being sure of their future. Now both brothers had returned from a suc-

cessful voyage ; they had shown great bravery, and had each been appointed to the command of a vessel by the shipowner in whose ships they had served. On the first evening after their arrival they went off joyfully to the farm in the gully (as these grassed clefts leading to the sea are called). On their way, a short distance from the town, they met a girl named Polly, and stopped to speak a few words to her.

"Ye'll turn wi' me, Bill," she said to the youngest ; "'tis a weary while sin' Ah've seed you."

Bill coloured up, his heart was full of his errand of love ; in the old days when he laughed and joked with Polly he had never been seriously in earnest, and he had not then seen Hester Mossburn.

"Nay, Polly," he said kindly, for the lad's heart was so brimming over with love that it just poured out of him. "Ah cannot gan wi' you, Ah've other fish to fry."

Polly was a tall, strongly-built lass, rough-haired and freckle-skinned, like most Whitby girls. She fixed her pale blue eyes keenly on the young sailor.

"Ista thinking on Hester Mossburn ?" she said scornfully. "She's noane for you, Bill."

"Wheesht, lass," said the brother, whose name was Peter. "Bill's all right, an' knows his way ; he and Hester agree like bells, they want nowt but hanging, an' mebbe we'll fix thatter t'neet."

He gave a sly wink, but Polly wrenched her arm away from the grasp he had laid on it.

"Curse her!" she said passionately; "curse the pair on 'em!" and she fled away like the wind.

"Curses come home to roost, mah lass," said Peter; but both the lads felt that this meeting had dashed their joy.

When they reached the gully and began to climb upwards to the farm—for they had come along beside the strand—the dogs set up such a notice of arrival that both Hester and her sister Dorothy came to the door to see who the visitors might be; and in the joy of meeting after such long absence restraint was forgotten, words were said, and vows were exchanged—and kisses too—and the two couples walked in to the house hand in hand, and made their confession to Dame Mossburn. Soon came in the farmer, and when he heard how matters stood he gave his consent heartily. Then Bill and Peter both began to press that a speedy day might be named for the double marriage. It was true that they should not go on another voyage till next season, but why should they not be made happy as soon as might be? The father took their side; the girls made faint objection, and before they parted the tender whispers of their lovers as they all sat in the firelight round the hearth prevailed, and a day not far off was fixed for the wedding. It was growing late, and the farmer, after sundry yawns, told the lovers that they would have a lonesome walk to Whitby. Then first Peter and Dorothy stole out to take a fond farewell outside

the house. Dorothy lingered long, and her mother, after some bridling and shaking of her head, rose up to fetch her in, when suddenly the door was flung open, and Dorothy, pale as ashes, rushed into the kitchen shrieking with terror.

"T' pressgang!" she screamed, "they've gotten Peter fast; nobbut ye're a man, Bill, ye'll save t' lad fra' them."

Her passionate cry, and their own indignation, robbed the farmer and Bill of their judgment. Both rushed out to rescue the sailor, but the farmer was seized and overpowered, while Bill was dragged off to take his place beside his brother in a boat lying in the creek.

In the silence that followed the two young women crept out to see what had happened, but they only found their father lying speechless with a broken head, and when he came to his senses he was utterly ignorant of the fate of their lovers.

Months went by; the country was rife with rumours of glorious victories, but to Hester and Dorothy these only meant a chance of death for their absent lads; for might they not have been in the very thick of one or other of these great sea-fights?

So they grew sadder and paler, and at last both put on mourning clothes for their loved ones.

Polly heard of this, and she mocked openly. One day at a fish auction on the Staithes she boasted that

if a lad broke faith with her she knew how to punish him. "Ye can ask Hester Mossburn," she said.

She was startled by the sudden silence that fell on the noisy group, just now full of laughter and coarse jokes.

Then the oldest fisherman, near whom she stood, gripped her arm.

"Ista false, Polly?" he said. "Ah wud not hev thowt sic a steeany-heart lived amongst us;" and he flung her from him with violence.

The man against whom the push sent her flung her away also as if she were plague-stricken. At this Polly gathered herself up with an angry scowl, but as she met the stony glances of the eyes all fixed on her,—glances that to her guilty soul seemed to promise a speedy vengeance for her treason,—she fled away, and from that day she never showed her face on the Staithes. But the story spread like wild-fire over the town and down into the gullies. Polly's landlady turned her out of doors, and not a soul would give shelter or employment to the girl who had betrayed Whitby sailors to their natural enemies.

At last shame and privation and exposure took away her reason, and crazy Polly, as she was called, wandered over the moor, telling wayfarers that she was waiting for her lad.

Hester and Dorothy waited on, rejecting all offers of marriage though four years had gone by, and not one word had reached them from their lovers.

But at last their constancy was rewarded. One day Bill and Peter stood before them safe and sound, though both had been severely wounded during their service on board a man-of-war; and it is to be presumed they married and lived happily ever after, as all true lovers should do.

One lingers on Whitby Bridge; the view of the harbour and its shipping is so quaint, with the wooden galleries and stairs, many-coloured in the sunlight. The broad quay west of the bridge is full of life of the most primitive kind; tall stalwart fishermen, red-bearded like their Danish forefathers—though some are dark with long eyes that gleam like those of a Breton—sit chatting on the rails till a bell sounds from the Staithes, the crowded flagged corner of the quay. A great heap of fish has been brought from the boats moored alongside, and the auctioneer is ready to put them up for sale. Hard-featured women, with shawls over their heads and tucked-up skirts, carry the fish in baskets placed on their heads up the slippery wooden steps that lead from the boats to the quay. They rarely raise a hand to steady their baskets as they walk, either to the flagstones where the auctioneer is standing, or to a group farther on, waiting with barrels of salt to strew over the shining loads they carry.

The sun was shining when we reached this scene, and the river was full of boats from Cornwall, Scotland, and elsewhere, their open hatchways, a dazzling display

of colour, with heaps of fish glistening and shimmering like prism-tinted silver, while on the other side of us the quaint humour exchanged between the buyers and the auctioneer was most amusing. We saw a huge cod-fish sold for half-a-crown, and a hundred of herrings went for a few pence. The end of this walk beside the quay leads us to the west pier, stretching far into the sea; at the extreme end of this pier one gets a real idea of the sea, even when it is not very rough weather. We saw one gale at Whitby when no one could venture to the end of the pier, the waves dashed so furiously over it—clouds of spray were even flung over the light-houses; it seems marvellous that either piers or light-houses can withstand the force of the furious sea.

The Greenland trade which so enriched Whitby, and to which its principal families owe their wealth, seems only to have begun in the middle of last century. In 1753 two ships sailed from Whitby for Greenland, but the war with France and Spain checked the whale-fishery for a time; in 1767 it was resumed, and until 1838 it seems to have flourished. In rather more than fifty years the Whitby ships brought home 3200 whales, besides a vast amount of whale fins. At present the herring-fishery in July, August, and September is a great feature of Whitby, and many of its inhabitants are shipowners. The ammonites, already mentioned, and other fossils are found in the rocks near, and the Ichthyosaurus, Plesiosaurus, and Teleosaurus have all

been found in its neighbourhood. There is also a remarkable basaltic dyke, seventy feet in width, to be traced by geologists about seventy miles in a north-westerly direction.

But the neighbourhood of Whitby teems with objects of more general interest than the basaltic dyke. The walks near at hand are so charming that it is difficult to choose among them.

We drove one day to Rigg Mill, and going on foot to the bottom of the deep green basin in which it is placed, we found a disused mill surrounded on one side by a jungle of tangled vegetation, and on the other by the river, which has hollowed out fantastic caves in the banks, so that the tree roots on the higher side hang in air. This place is almost weird in its interest. Then crossing the river, we came home by Ruswarp, a pretty inland village beside the Esk. But the most delightful surroundings of Whitby are the moors towards Cleveland, which can be easily reached by rail to Egton Bridge, and Glaisdale. There seems to be an enhanced enjoyment in breathing moorland air near the sea; it is almost life-giving. The springy feel of the heather under foot gives a sparkle and animation; it seems to make fatigue impossible, and sets the spirits dancing, and when from these moors one can gaze one's fill at the sea the conjunction makes a sort of paradise. Nearer than either Egton or Glaisdale are Aislaby and Sleights.

The approach to Aislaby is charming; a rick-yard beside the road stands out vividly against the dark background of Blackbrow, and just beyond is a screen of trees with purple distance showing through. Aislaby itself is a long straggling village; on the left is the

VILLAGE OF AISLABY.

valley of the Esk, from which the moor rises. At the end of the village we came to a gate, and from this point we got a far-reaching view over the moors of Egton, Grosmont, and the villages near them. One of us walked on about half a mile to an old quarry, and from the top of this got a magnificent view of the country.

We went to Sleights by train, and found the uphill climb from the station very steep and not specially interesting, till all at once the broad road, as if tired of going straight uphill, flings out a spacious curve, and

shows little red cottages, set up by twos and threes, and wholly unlike one another, clinging to each side of the road. Some have gardens in front, some only a chicken or pig-yard; at the end is the church, with a farmhouse opposite it, and then behind them rises the broad moor. The road sweeps round again, and we almost circle huge Blackbrow on the right; on the left is a hedge, and from this the ground goes down steeply, showing that we are on the side of the hill. Deep down in the green valley a pretty little village nestles among the trees. We climb a little higher, and the moor spreads out before us vast and sombre. Behind us is Sleights sleeping peacefully in the curve of the broad yellow road, grass-grown up here as if seldom trodden; away across the green valley are the cliffs of Whitby, and the ruins of St. Hilda's Abbey standing out against the evening sky; beyond, the gray North Sea. From Sleights the train took us to Egton Bridge, where we found ourselves again beside the Esk, no longer the tranquil brown stream we had seen a week ago at Ruswarp, but fretting and foaming over stones as the water from the hills, brimmed by the floods of rain, rushed down little gorges and glens, and joined it. Egton Bridge was quite the loveliest little village we had seen in our wanderings.

At the inn a pretty-looking girl said they could not lodge strangers, but that at a house "across t' watter" we could get rooms. We went down the inn garden,

and there was the river rushing along and eddying in yellow foam over a row of sunken stepping-stones, after which it curved round on either side under the shade of drooping trees; sunshine stole down here and there through the trees, and from the little plank bridge the subdued green light made the scene still more lovely. We crossed the stream, and found ourselves on a green island, and facing us the pleasant-looking house we had come to seek; here was another row of stepping-stones, but, alas! we could not cross: the wide brown river was dashing furiously over them, and they were all deep under water. There was nothing for it but to go back; still, we could not regret having seen the Esk with its war-paint on. At the rate at which it was travelling it would carry all obstacles swiftly to the sea; every dry branch within reach was snapped off and borne along as if it had been a twig, and the yellow foam and sullen roar made its fury seem lion-like. Egton Bridge is a place to linger in; it has nooks and corners full of pictures besides those on the Esk, and it is surrounded by the grandest moors in this part of Yorkshire; on one side is Egton Low Moor and on the other Egton High Moor, and the country close round the village is well wooded with picturesque farmsteads nestling among the trees; here and there are haystacks gilding the rural pictures. The church at Egton, about a mile away, is old and interesting; the view from the churchyard is very fine; we heard

that trout were still found in the Esk, which runs rapidly through the village, but salmon, for which Egton was once famous, exist no longer ; on every side views over the moors were delightful and most varied.

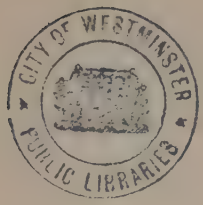
We learned that the best way of seeing Glaisdale was to take train to Egton Bridge and then to walk

VILLAGE OF EGTON BRIDGE.

through Arncliffe Woods. Much of the footpath is a kind of causeway broken and uneven, leading through the trees on to the steep heights above the river, which rushes through rocky banks below. Little streams, overhung with trees, and making tiny cascades over stones, crossed our path and formed lovely glens, recalling the vallies of the Lynn in North Devon. Huge blocks of rock lay on either side of our path among the thick

trees, offering tempting mossy seats, but the woods were too wet for thorough enjoyment, and when we tried to scramble after ferns we sank into the soft oozy bank. Presently we came to some still bigger rocks; out of one of them had grown a great oak-tree; the changing tints made the woods overhead like Aladin's cave, for the trees are chiefly beech; but in spring it must be fairyland here, for one can see that the place will be carpeted with wild flowers, and we heard that the Nab, the lofty hill at the end of the wood, is literally covered with primroses in April. We climbed up the Nab, and felt well rewarded when we got to the top, for it is at the end of a narrow ridge of hills, and we looked right down into Glaisdale, with its farmsteads nestling among the trees: behind us were the valleys of the Esk and the beautiful woods we had come through; beyond the village of Glaisdale and the sadly-disfiguring ironworks, hidden from view till the top of the Nab is reached, is the splendid moor. Beyond Glaisdale moor is Rhosdale, and here was a priory for Cistercian nuns, of which very small traces remain. The suddenness with which Rhosdale opens from Glaisdale moor is said to be very striking. We learned that somewhere here is one of the curious groups of hut foundations found in this part of Yorkshire, and supposed to be the sites of British villages.

We came down the Nab, and went into a little inn beside the moor; it had clean, comfortable-looking rooms,


CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

THE BEGGAR'S BRIDGE.

and we were very glad to rest there; then we went down hill till we reached the railway arch beside the river, and found our way across a frail plank bridge to the famous "Beggar's Bridge," which spans the Esk in one arch raised high above the water. It is so embowered in trees that we had to go some way along the muddy bank to get a good view of it. It is singularly light and graceful, and does credit to the lover who built it in memory of his own disappointment. A Yorkshire poetess tells us that—

> "The dalesmen say
> That their light archway
> Is due to an Egton man,
> Whose love was tried
> By a whelming tide," etc.

The "Egton man" loved a Glaisdale maiden, and was in the habit of visiting his mistress by fording the river just where the bridge now stands. He was very poor, and determined to go forth into the world and carve out for himself a livelihood. He had promised to go and say farewell to his beloved on the eve of his departure. Twice he tried to swim across to the opposite bank, but the rough whirling eddy still swept him ashore. At last he gave up the attempt, and climbed the hill-side, and there, gazing on the light in his beloved's window, he vowed to St. Hilda that no other lover should be thwarted as he had been; if he returned home wealthy enough to claim his bride, he

would build a bridge on this very spot. The poem adds :—

"The rover came back from a far distant land,
And he claimed of the maiden her long-promised hand;
But he built, ere he won her, the bridge of his vow,
And the lovers of Egton pass over it now."

The scenery of these woods on one side, and those of Limber Hill on the other, tempted us to wish we had weeks to spend here. We went by train to Egton Bridge, and then had a pleasant walk to Grosmont, now full of smelting-works, but we could not find any remains of the old priory built here at the beginning of the thirteenth century.

There is much to explore on these beautiful moors; from Glaisdale to Castleton there is constant and varied interest. Danby Beacon and Roseberry Topping are both fine points of view in Cleveland.

It seems a pity that the picturesque legend told in *Marmion* has been proved a mere tradition.

"Then Whitby's nuns exulting told
How to their house three barons bold
Must menial service do;
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry, 'Fye upon your name!
In wrath for loss of sylvan game
St. Hilda's priest ye slew.'
This, on Ascension Day each year,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."

CHAPTER XIII.

ROBIN HOOD'S BAY, SAND'S END, RUNSWICK.

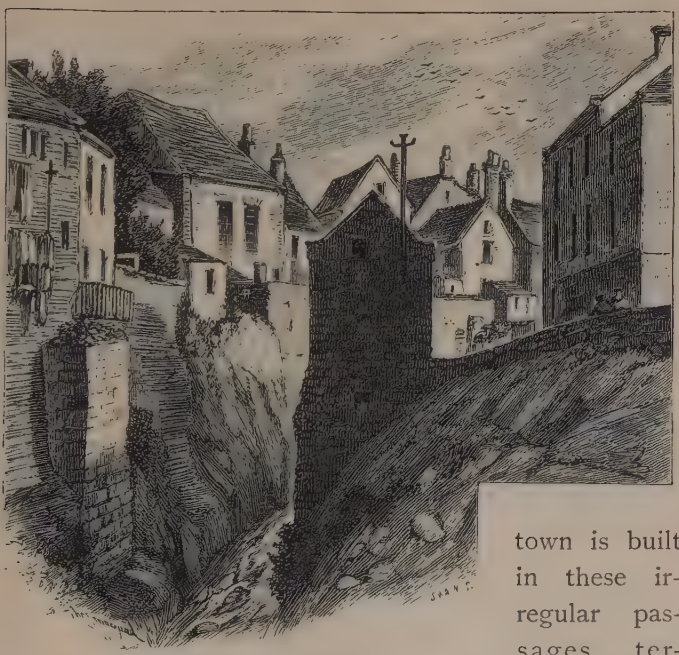
THERE is nothing specially remarkable in the drive from Whitby to Robin Hood's Bay, except that in this direction one gets a splendid view of the town and also of St. Hilda's Abbey. A traveller approaching Whitby from this side receives a much grander idea of the fine old ruins crowning the headland than he gets when reaching Whitby from the inland by Pickering, for it must be confessed that the view of this abbey from the west cliff of Whitby has a bare and skeleton effect, and the ruins appear of very small extent. But otherwise the country and the villages on this road are not very interesting.

Some little way, however, before we reached the steep descent to the bay town, we got a most picture-like view of one side of the broad bay, three miles across from nab to nab, with a narrow girdle of sand and a pavement of rock. At the farther end is the Peak, about five hundred feet high. On this near side

rises a green hill with clusters of brown-walled red-roofed cottages clinging to its side like a crowd of red-tufted birds. Then the road turns a little, up comes the cliff-side between us and our picture, and the fishing town, like the castle of the Vale of St. John, seems to have vanished into the side of the hill to which it clings so closely.

At the top of the descent our driver halted, and told us the road was so steep that it was customary to walk down hill. It is indeed a very steep road, and some distance down is crossed by a river on its way from the moor; this stream forms a ravine or gully, as these clefts are called, beside the road. The rocky sides of this cleft were in brilliant light, orange and rich reds and browns, with graceful wreaths of greenery clinging here and there; the farther side was walled in some places to support the houses, which looked as if they grew out of the rock, with their brown sides and slated and red-tiled roofs above. Facing us, with its back to the sun, so that its steep gabled side was almost black with shadow, was a tall house that rose from the bottom of the gully and reached above the top of it. The road is terraced along one side of the gully and leads down through the street to the bay itself; but a bridge crosses the cleft where we had halted, and we found our way by this to the inaccessible-looking houses on the rock. These are built in a succession of narrow twisting alleys paved with irregular round stones, first a few stone cottages

on either side, and then a flight of shallow grass-grown steps, with another flight at a sharp angle. At the corner of one of these alleys was a pump, the ground falling away from it on all sides, so that there was only space for one pitcher at a time to stand to receive water. We found as we went down that the whole



THE GULLY, ROBIN HOOD'S BAY.

town is built in these irregular passages, terraced one above another, with sudden, and often rugged, flights of steps connecting them. These steps start up un-

expectedly, and the houses are often set at angles, turning away from one another as though they had quarrelled ; the corner thus left between the houses is irregularly paved with grass-grown pebbles. Outside the doors are wooden porches to keep off the wind, and we saw some with balconies gay with scarlet and blue jerseys hung to dry on the rails. Some of the balconies were gay with geraniums and nasturtiums, and leading down into the pebble-paved passage were quaint wooden stair-flights ; here and there a withered-faced old woman stood calling down to girls below who were hanging clothes to dry across the passage.

Going to the end of a pebble-paved passage we saw cottages clinging to the side of the steep cliff one above another, walls sometimes built up from below to support them ; in the chinks of these was an abundance of wall-flower blossom.

Everywhere huge nets were stretched out to dry. Rosy-cheeked children and pigs were plentiful, playing about promiscuously ; sometimes a small bit of garden is walled up above the pathway, and is gay with sweet-william and snapdragon. We crossed the steep street to the opposite side of the town, and began to mount the broken, grassed cliff; on one side we found a steep flight of steps leading to the last cottage in the place. Its door stood open, a bit of fire on the hearth behind him showed a cobbler at his work in a low-roofed tiny room. He looked as if he might have

been sitting there for years, a bit of dark wrinkled still-life, seemingly unconscious of passers-by.

Outside, in front of the brown-shuttered window, was a row of huge covered tubs, and beyond, a plot of brilliant orange marigolds sloping up to a potato ground which encroached on the moor. We climbed a little higher and got a grand view of the bay, with its stretch of silver sands and the bold cliffs rising from them. At our feet, and clinging up the side of the cliff, which seems to have been partially hollowed out to hold it, is the quaint little bay town.

Two old fishermen, one with long silver-white hair reaching to his shoulders, were sitting on the brow of the cliff when we reached it. They were quite ready to talk, and pointed out to us a yawl at the usual landing-place, just now inaccessible on account of a high tide. The yawl, they said, had brought coals to the town, but these could not be landed. Folk must wait, one of the men told us, till the carts and wheel-barrows of the place could reach the boat.

"There's nobbut little fishing now in t' bay," he said.

"T' lads is at t' seea," said the white-haired man; "they'se at t' Baltic and such like;" and then he added with a grand air, "Ah've seean t' Baltic."

His companion, who looked ten years younger, and who was trying to keep in order a red-cheeked, strong-willed boy about four years old, said:

"He's seean t' Baltic an' ivvery place, an' he's

aughty-foive;" then he looked as if he thought we ought to do homage to this patriarch of the place.

He pointed out the inn to us, standing out in front of the town almost in the sea itself. This inn seems to be in a somewhat dangerous position, but when we reached it we saw that the view from its windows is very fine.

Robin Hood's Bay looks in some ways like a small sketch of Whitby, taken before modern improvements robbed the larger town of much of its quaintness and picturesque beauty.

The original name of the little town seems to have been Fyling, but it was afterwards called after Robin Hood, who often came here when some more desperate fray than usual obliged him to leave Nottinghamshire. The broad trackless moors that separate Whitby and its neighbourhood from the rest of the country made this a safe retreat; or he could at once take refuge with his men on board the fishing-boats, which were always in readiness for him.

There is a legend which tells how Robin Hood and Little John dined with the Abbot of Whitby. After dinner the Abbot said to the outlaw captain that he should like to see a specimen of the famous archery he had heard of. Upon this Robin Hood proposed that they should all go up to the top of the Abbey. From thence he and his lieutenant each shot an arrow; both the shafts flew an immense distance; they fell near

Whitby Lathes, one on one side of the lane, one on the other; but Little John's arrow flew farther than his captain's did.

The Abbot was so delighted with the feat that he caused a pillar to be set up in memory of it at each of the places where the arrows had fallen. Charlton says that in his day these pillars were still standing; "the field where Robin's arrow fell being called 'Robin-his-Field,' and the other, wherein is the pillar for Little John's arrow, still preserving the name of 'John's Field.'" The distance from these points to the Abbey is more than a mile!

The vast stretch of moor behind the bay is called Fylingdales. We lunched pleasantly at the inn in a bow-windowed room, full of sunshine, looking over the sea, and then climbed the steep hill to our carriage and drove to Fyling Thorpe, a quaint little village on the fringe of Fylingdales Moor. About midway between this village and the sea we passed an interesting modern church, built from the designs of the late Mr. Street.

The view from Thorpe is exquisite; in front is the broad bay, a semicircle ended by the lofty Peak, and behind the village rises the long dark stretch of moorland, full of hidden glens and deep gullies, with tiny streams here and there murmuring over stones on their way to the sea. Some of the cottages look charming. One, placed sideways to the road, surrounded by a most quaint and truly English garden, is called the

Old Vicarage; clematis and honeysuckle made a bower of the porch, and the vegetable plot was screened by espaliers, glowing russet and yellow with apples, and bordered by tasselled fuchsias, gay asters, fragrant cloves, and sweet peas. At the farther end was a row of straw beehives, and close by them grew a patriarch among rosemary bushes—it had a trunk almost as large as that of a forest tree, and looked as if it might have been there since the days of Robin Hood; it was tenderly propped, too, no doubt for preservation from some more than usually keen blast from the sea.

The cottage was exquisitely clean and neat within. There were lodgings to be had here, and we thought they looked pleasant and comfortable. Something in the atmosphere both of the place and of its owners—an old man and his daughter—suggested sunshine and leisure; it was a place one would have liked to linger in for days.

"Would you like some tea?" the mistress asked when she had taken us over her house and round her garden, and we had praised her flowers.

We thought this a delightful suggestion: she brought quickly, and placed deftly, tea and eggs and cake and jam on a snowy table-cloth, spread in the pretty little parlour with its clematis-framed window. It was a charming end to our day; we could not do full justice to our hostess's good cheer, but it was delicious to rest in the cool, flower-bowered room with the hum of the gnats

coming in through the window above the deep distant chorus of the sea.

We wondered a little about provisions in such a secluded spot, and we asked the owner of the cottage how she procured them.

"T' carrier's cart goes twice a week to Whitby," she said; "an' you can ride in it an' willin'." She went on to explain that the carrier also kept a waggonette, which could be hired when his horse was not wanted for the cart.

In fine weather this must be a delightful nook; and we thought that a storm must be a grand sight at Fyling Thorpe, both on the sea and on the moor. The people are very primitive in this secluded little village; the nearest railway station is six miles off. We heard that the "Evil eye" is still believed in through the district, and that till quite lately one of the inhabitants, thus fatally gifted, always walked about with his eyes fixed on the ground, and never looked at any one to whom he spoke; his glance was cursed, and he dared not speak to one of the rosy children, lest some blight should fall on it.

While we sat indoors at tea we had noticed our hostess in the garden among her flowers, and when we said good-bye to this charming little retreat she handed into the carriage a huge nosegay which she had gathered for us, made up of her choicest blossoms.

Our next journey was to the coast north of Whitby,

which we had heard was wilder and more interesting than any part we had seen. The drive through Mulgrave woods is beautiful; the trees are stately, and there is a handsome, well-kept appearance about the place. But we thought these woods far less romantic and picturesque than those near Egton and Glaisdale. The castle is large, and there is also a ruined castle of ancient date in the woods between the becks of Sand's End and East Row, said to have been founded by a giant called Wade.

IN MULGRAVE WOODS.

Sand's End lies in the gully made by the beck, and is a charming little village, sweet and peaceful in the evening light, and as old as the year 1200. Alum rocks border this coast, and both at Sand's End and at

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

SAND'S END.

Kettleness, the projecting point beyond, there are alum works on a large scale. Above, on the top of the cliff, is Lythe, which commands a fine view of St. Hilda's Abbey. Indeed, in whichever direction one goes, the fine old ruin is a landmark.

From here to Saltburn the coast is high, presenting a wall of rock only broken by bays and the gullies worn by the little becks ; in stormy weather the rock-strewn shore is full of danger for vessels. Beyond Kettleness are Runswick Bay and, next to it, Staithes, the most romantically-placed village on this coast.

Staithes, which lies farthest off, is a small village built below the cliff, an almost perpendicular wall on each side of a narrow creek, with a charming little beck finding its way to the sea beside Colburn Nab, a huge black rock that seems to curve round and shelter this little sequestered place. The stratum of jet for which Whitby is famed ends at Staithes.

It is not easy to get in and out of Staithes except by the seaway, for the road leading to it is singularly steep. The houses stand perilously near the sea, and many of the original dwellings have been beaten down by the waves, as well as a sea wall once built to protect the village.

The most interesting association connected with the little fishing town now lies buried under the shingle ; this is the site of Saunderson's drapery and grocery shop, in which the famous Captain Cook sold pounds of tea and yards of calico when a lad of fourteen, for

he was apprenticed to Saunderson and destined for a quiet tradesman, till one day he left his situation and went to sea.

Cook was not, however, a native of Staithes; he was the son of a day labourer of Marton, a small village in Cleveland about eight miles from Yarm. In the church register book of Marton is the entry: "November 3, 1778, James, ye son of James Cook, day-labourer, baptised." One hears nothing of the great sailor's mother, but his father's burial-place is testified to by these lines:—

> "No monumental stone adorns the nook
> Where rests the parent of the gallant Cook:
> Cook stands aloft upon a hill of fame,
> His father lies at Marske without a name."

Marske is a fishing town north of Staithes, once terribly celebrated for smuggling exploits.

There is a touching tradition that James Cook, then living at Redcar, began to learn to read at seventy-seven years of age, so that he might read for himself the marvellous tidings of his son's first voyage round the world. What a state of mingled joy and pride the old man must have lived in when the wonderful news first reached his ears!

I was extremely interested in gleaning all I could learn about Captain Cook—the first hero of my childish days that I can remember. He always comes back to me in the shape of a huge brown leather folio volume,

much worn, the inside leaves yellow with age, but filled with the most delightful pictures — black ladies and gentlemen, huge-faced and tattooed, their noses and lips pierced with heavy jewelled ornaments, and their woolly hair towering up into shapes that almost rivalled the chignons and other fashionable monstrosities with which women disfigured themselves some years ago. I can remember that when I reached my grandmother's house my first thought was Captain Cook, and that when I had been duly greeted by grandmother and aunts my first words were, "I want Captain Cook." It was a book never to be tired of, its only drawback in my eyes being that I was too tiny to turn over the leaves, so that I was never left in undisturbed possession of it, and that the aunt who showed it to me could never tell me satisfactorily the histories of those wonderful black beauties.

So it was delightful to visit the neighbourhood in which Captain Cook had been brought up, and to hear how my hero had learned to read.

As soon as he was old enough he was sent to tend sheep and run errands for the husband of "Dame Walker," who lived at Marton Grange. Dame Walker was village schoolmistress, and she was also daughter to the wealthiest farmer in the neighbourhood. She being a thrifty soul undertook to pay her little errand-boy for his services by teaching him to read, and in the evening, when the sheep were folded and work was

over for the day, the little lad placed his stool beside the dame as she sat near the hearth and learned first his alphabet and then how to read. One wonders if he were as quick at learning as he was in discovery.

FISHERMEN.

At eight years old he was taken away from Dame Walker and put to school not far off, at Ayton. "Not far from Ayton, upon Easby Moor," says a quaint old guide-book, "stands a hollow obelisk erected in memory of Captain Cook by the late Mr. Campion of Whitby,

which tells of the Captain's virtues and the times and places of his birth and death, on three iron plates, at a wearisome length to read when the cold winds are sweeping over the moor." The only record in Marton Church is a small tablet, "To the memory of Captain James Cook, navigator." His ships were built at Whitby.

The fishermen of Staithes bear a high character for courage and intelligence, and the women seem in all ways their equal, taking a full share of work—unloading the boats on their return, spreading the huge nets to dry, for two-thirds of the population are employed in the fishery. There is no safe anchorage for large boats at Staithes, so the yawls from Saturday morning to Sunday evening are taken round to Rosedale Wyke, more than a mile south-east. Many lives are lost in these fisheries. It is a common saying at Staithes, "T' sea gat him," in speaking of a departed fisherman.

Runswick is about a mile nearer Whitby than Staithes is. The bay here is very fine, and enters deeply into the shore. The rugged cliff on its north-west side is broken into shelves or steps, on which the quaint houses of the town are perched, at various elevations, on the face of the rock ; at Runswick Bay the very arrangement of the houses seems to suggest secure hiding-places for contraband cargoes. Many of these houses have fallen from their dangerous position in the landslips that occasionally take place. But the people are indifferent about this risk. They tell you

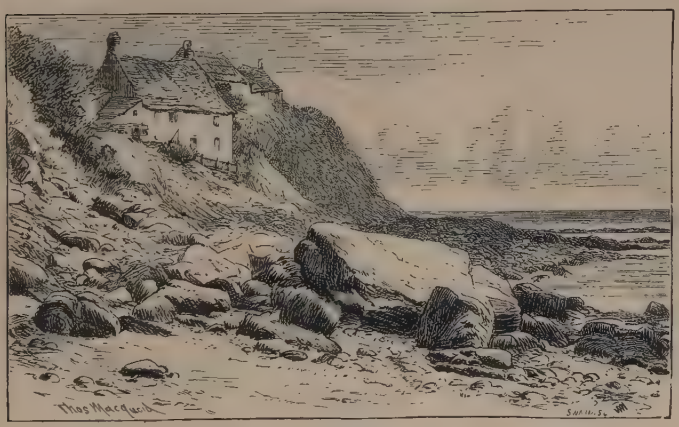
that, two hundred years ago, one wild winter night the whole village, except one house, sank gradually from its foundations towards the sea, and that not one of its inhabitants perished. The Runswick Bay men are also a fine bold race of fishermen : it is said, however, that when they reach the bay with their boats full of glittering fish they never attempt to bring their nets ashore ; that charge is left to the wives and mothers of the community, who may be seen toiling along, their heavy-laden baskets on shoulders or on head, like the *poissardes* at Portel, near Boulogne.

Young, the Whitby historian, writing some years ago, says that the Runswick Bay folk are full of singular superstitions. "Among the animals that feel the changes of the atmosphere the domestic cat is distinguished, and this, no doubt, has associated puss with witches and other storm-raising spirits. When the fishermen of Runswick are expected home, their wives and children, the better to ensure their safe arrival, exterminate the cats in the village and procure a fresh supply after the boats have returned. If the wind is unpropitious the children light a fire on the top of the cliff and dancing round it invoke the spirit of the storm in this way :—

> "Souther wind, souther,
> And blow father home to my mother."

Between the village and Kettleness Point, which

ends Runswick Bay, stretching out between it and Sand's End, there is a cave in the alum rock. The tide fills this cave at high water; and it used to be regarded as the abode of a goblin called Hob; it is still called Hob's Hole. Wonderful stories were told of



RUNSWICK.

Hob, and how he was resorted to by mothers when their children suffered from whooping-cough. At low water the mother carried her child into the cave, and then in a loud voice evoked the goblin: "Hob, Hob, Hob, mah bairn's getten kink-cough; tak' 't off, tak' 't off."

The cave is seventy feet long and twenty wide at the mouth, and was once divided by a double natural column. Hob used to wander over the moors behind

the bay with a lantern, and often decoyed travellers into the "pots" to be found among the rocks, or else, in a driving night-storm of rain, would offer them shelter in his hole and leave them to perish by the incoming sea when the tide rose. Of late years a belief in these superstitions has been indignantly repudiated, but it will be long before the quaintness of the people and the primitive aspect of Staithes and Runswick Bay can be taken from them. There is a daring character about these north-eastern Yorkshiremen that recalls their Northern ancestry, and seems to accord with the wild character of the country.

We felt tempted to explore Cleveland from this point and to visit the priory of Guisborough and the castles of Danby and Saltburn. Besides Captain Cook, Cædmon, the ancient bard, whose poetic inspirations came to him in his cell at Streonshalh, was a Cleveland man; Gower, too, and Roger Ascham were born on the outskirts of this wild picturesque country. But the weather was very rainy, and instead of exploring the Cleveland Hills we turned southward, and went back to York by rail through the Vale of Pickering.

We were obliged to neglect several points of interest, notably Castle Howard and Kirkham Priory, founded by Walter de l'Espec; here the high altar is said to have been reared on the spot where the only son of Walter and his wife Adeline was found after being flung from his horse, which had been startled by a wild boar.

It is said that he fell against a stone still in the cross before the gateway of the ruins, and that he was dragged to the place where his father laid the altar stone. Not far off is a fine Elizabethan manor-house, Howsham Hall, and on the other side of the railway are Sheriff Hutton Castle and Church. South-east are the far-famed Minster of St. John of Beverley and St. Mary's Church, and nearer Hull are the fine ruins of Wressel Castle and one of the most interesting specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in Yorkshire, the Church of Howden, with its ruined choir and chapter-house.

But one might, in this part of Yorkshire, stop at every stage of the journey, sure of finding some ruin or church or ancient building to reward one's expectation.

INDEX.

ADDLEBOROUGH, 100, 105.
Adel Church, 205.
    Grange, 204.
Ailcy Hill, 219.
Ainstey of York, 2.
Airedale, 184.
Aislaby, 325.
Angram, 141.
Annie Keary, 5, 290.
Apedale Beck, 105.
Aram, Eugene, 124, 130, 132, 134.
Arncliffe Woods, 329.
Askrigg, 99.
Aysgarth Force, 112.
Ayton, 346.

BALIOL'S CASTLE, 39.
Barden Fell, 162.
    Tower, 159.
Barguest, 4, 70.
Barnard Castle, 39.
    Bowes Museum, 44.
Bars of York, 10.
Beamsley Beacon, 162.
Beare Park, 114.
Beckdale, 285.
Beggar's Bridge, 331.
Bellerby, 88.
Ben Rhydding, 165.
Beverley Minster, 351.
Bewerley, 143.
Bishopdale, 77.
Bishopsthorpe, 38.
Blagrove's, 41.
Bolton Castle, 105.
Bolton Priory, 152.
    Woods, 157.
Bowes, 60.
    Castle, 64.
    Church at, 63.
    Roman Baths, 63.
Brignall Banks, 53.
Brimham Rocks, 147.
Brontë, Charlotte, 170.
Butter-tubs, 115.
Byland Abbey, 298.

CAEDMON, 313.
Calverley Hall, 205.
Captain Cook, 343.
Carperby, 109.
Castle Dykes, 215.
    Howard, 350.
Catcastle Rocks, 73.
Cawood Castle, 37.
Cawthorn Camps, 304.
Clifford, Henry, 159.
    Lady Anne, 161.
Colburn Nab, 343.
Coverham Abbey, 85.

Cow and Calf, 165.
Coxwold, 295.

Dairy Bridge, 58.
Deepdale, 42, 73.
Denton, 169.
Dobie, the Briggate, 70.
the Mortham, 60.
Dotheboys Hall, 61.
Doubergill, 143.
Duncombe House, Helmsley, 278.
Dunsby Wyke, 304.

Easby, Abbey of, 93.
Edwin and Emma, 62.
Eglin's Hole, 140.
Eglistone, Abbey of, 44.
Legend of, 47.
Egton Bridge, 327.
Elmete, Forest of, 179.
Escrick, 38.
Esholt, Nunnery of, 212.

Farnley Hall, 177.
Force, Aysgarth, 112.
Hardraw, 120.
Mill-Gill, 103.
Park, 139.
Whitfield Gill, 116.
Fors, Abbey of, 101.
Fountains, Abbey of, 248.
Hall, 258.
Fylingdales Moor, 339.
Fyling Thorpe, 339.

Gabble-ratchet, 143.
Ghastrell Strid, 163.
Gilling Castle, 302.
Glaisdale, 330.
Godmundham or Goodmanham, 21.
Goodramgate, 12.
Gordale Scar, 141.
Gowthwaite Hall, 128.
Goydon Pot, 135.
Grange, the, 101.
Great Whernside, 134.
Greenhow Hill, 148.
Greta, the, 53.
Grey Friar's Tower, 92.
Grosmont, 332.
Guisborough, 350.
Guy's Cliff, 147.
Tarn, 147.

Hambleton Hills, 273, 289.
Hardraw Force, 120.
Hart Leap Well, 88.
Hawes, 119.
Helena, St., 11.
Hell-Gill, 122.
Helmsley, 274.
Castle, 276.
Hob's Hole, 349.
Hotels—
Station Hotel, York, 13.
King's Head, Barnard Castle.
King's Arms, Askrigg, 99.
King's Arms, Pateley Bridge, 123.
Bolton Arms, Leyburn.
Howden Church, 351.
Howsham Hall, 351.
How Stean Beck, 136.

Ilkley, 171.

Jervaux, Abbey of, 236.
Jews, Massacre of, 13.

Kettleness, 343.
Kettlewell, 163.
Kilnsey Crag, 163.
Kirkdale Cave, 303.
Church, 303.
Kirkham Priory, 350.

Kirkstall, Abbey of, 182.
Legend of, 183.

LARTINGTON, 72.
Lastingham, 305.
Leeds, 178.
Legends of—
Barguest, 70.
Eglistone Abbey, 47.
Fountains Abbey, 253.
Helmsley, 294.
Jervaux Abbey, 237.
Kirkstall Abbey, 183.
Lady Ann Day, 70.
Low Hall, 210.
Mary the Maid of the Inn, 194.
Mortham Tower, 60.
Nappa Hall, 118.
Percy Myre Castle, 71.
Priest's Hill, 75.
Proud Lady, the, 291.
Runswick Bay, 348.
Semerwater, 110.
Stanmore, 65.
Strid, the, 149.
Whitby, 318.
York, 22.
Levisham, 304.
Beck, 306.
Leyburn, 77.
The Shawl, 78.
Lofthouse, 142.
Low Hall, 210.
Legend of, 210.
Lythe, 343.

MAISON DIEU, Ripon, 225.
Malton, Old and New, 303.
Marmions, Tombs of the, 227.
Marske, 345.
Marston Moor, 37.
Marwood Chase, 71.
Masham, 232.
Maze-holes, 122.
Mickle Fell, 46.
Middleham, 80.
Castle, 81.
Middlesmoor, 140.
Middleton, Queenhow Hall, 231.
Mill, Flax, Marshall's, 202.
Mill-Gill Beck, 103.
Force, 103.
Mortham Tower, 59.
Mount Grace, 39.
Muker Pass, 115.
Mulgrave Woods, 342.

NAPPA HALL, 117.
Legend of, 118.
Neville, Anne, 84.
Newburgh, Priory of, 297.
Nidd, the, 124.
Nidderdale, 123.
Nunnington, 287.
Church of, 288.
Legend of, 291.

PATELEY BRIDGE, 123.
Penhill, 77, 105.
Percy Beck, 72.
Percy Myre Castle, 71.
Pickering, 304.
Vale of, 304.

QUEEN'S GAP, 78.
Queen Mary's Gloves, 211.
Rooms, 106.
Legend about, 118

RAMSGILL, 134.
Ravensgill, 146.
Raydale, 77.

Red Hall, Leeds, 180.
Reeth, 115.
Rey Cross, 64.
Rhosdale, 330.
Riccall, 37.
Church, 37.
Riccall Parsonage, 38.
Richmond Castle, 89.
Hall of Scolland, 91
Rievaulx, Abbey of, 278
Rigg Mill, 325.
Rilston Fell, 162.
Ripon, 213.
Abbey of, 216.
Minster, 221.
St. Anne's Hospital, 224.
St. Wilfrid's Needle, 223.
Ripping Gill, 132.
Robin Hood, 338.
Robin Hood's Bay, 333.
Well, 249.
Rokeby, 53.
Hall, 57.
Rombald's Moor, 173.
Runswick Bay, 347.
Ruswarp, 327.
Rye, the, 274.

Sand's End, 342.
Scar, the, Whitby, 308.
Scargill, 54.
Scarthnick, 87.
Scott's Cave, 58.
Selby Abbey, 34.
Barn of, 37.
Legend of, 35.
Semerwater, 110.
Legend of, 110.
Shandy Hall, 295.
Sheriff Hutton Hall, 351.
Shire-Oak, 180.
Simon's Seat, 162.
Skell, the, 246.
Skipton Castle, 172.
Sleights, 326.
Snape Castle, 230.
Sowerby, 274.
Staithes, 343.
Stamford Bridge, 37.
Stanmore, Legend of, 65.
Strid, the, 158.
Studley Royal, 246.
Stump Cross Caverns, 148.
Swale, the, 88.
Swaledale, 114.
Sylvia's Lovers, 317.

Tanfield, West, 226.
Tees, the, 46.
Temple, 110.
Thirsk, 273.
Thoralby, 110.
Thoresby, 110.
Thorsgill, 51.
Towton, 37.

Valley of Desolation, 164.

Walburn Hall, 88.
Walter de l'Espec, 279.
Wapentake, origin of, 2.
Wath, Church of, 230.
Nidderdale, 143.
Well, Church of, 230.
Wensley, 95.
Wensleydale, 76.
West Burton, 87.
Wharfedale, 149, 163.
Whitby, 307.
Abbey of, 310.
Legend of, 318.
Old Church, 316.

Whitby, the Staithes, 323.
Whitcliffe Wood, 89.
Whitfield Gill Force, 115, 116.
Wilfrid, St., 216.
William of Newburgh, 297.
Witchcraft, belief in, 9.
Wressel Castle, 351.

YORE, the, 76.
York, 8.
Abbey of St. Mary, 15.
Bedern, 29.
Blind Asylum, or Palace of the Stuarts, 29.
Bootham Bar, 29.
Castle, 31.
Church of All Saints, North Street, 34.
Holy Trinity, 28.
St. Crux, 33.
St. Dennis, 33.
St. Helen's on the Walls, 29.
St. Margaret's, 33.
Clifford's Tower, 31.
Conversion of Coifi, 19.
Edwin, 18.
York (*continued*),
Five Sisters' Window, 18.
Foss Bridge, 33.
Goodramgate, 29.
Guildhall, the, 17.
Horn of Ulphus, 20.
Hospitium, 17.
Legend of York Minster, 22.
Mansion House, 17.
Massacre of Jews, 13.
Micklegate, 31.
Minster, the, 17.
Monk Bar, 29.
Multangular Tower, 14.
Names of York, 11.
Old Houses, 33, 34.
Red Tower, 33.
St. Leonard's Hospital, 14.
St. William's College, 27.
Shambles, the, 33.
Stonegate, 17.
Strafford Arms, 31.
Tomb of Julia Fortunata, 15.
Vale of York, 3.
Walmgate Bar, 33.
Yorkshire Tragedy, The, 206.

THE END.

17/9